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THE RECORD OF A QUAKER CONSCIENCE

On July 13, 1863, Cyrus Guernsey Pringle, in company with two fellow Quakers of Charlotte, Vermont, was drafted for service in the Union Army. Through religious scruples, the conscripts refused under any considerations to bear arms, and although, in the case of Pringle, a well-to-do uncle offered to pay the price of a substitute, the Quaker's ardent conscience would not permit him to tempt another to commit in his place the sin which he believed to be against the Word of God. Mr. Pringle died not long ago, and his diary, interesting alike as a study of character and as the record of an extraordinary experience, may now be given to the public. — THE EDITORS.

AT Burlington, Vt., on the 13th of the seventh month, 1863, I was drafted. Pleasant are my recollections of the 14th. Much of that rainy day I spent in my chamber, as yet unaware of my fate; in writing and reading and in reflecting to compose my mind for any event. The day and the exercise, by the blessing of the Father, brought me precious reconciliation to the will of Providence.

With ardent zeal for our Faith and the cause of our peaceable principles; and almost disgusted at the lukewarmness and unfaithfulness of very many who profess these; and considering how heavily slight crosses bore upon their shoulders, I felt to say, 'Here am I Father for thy service. As thou wilt.' May I trust it was He who called me and sent me forth with the consolation: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Deeply have I felt many times since that I am nothing without the companionship of the Spirit.

I was to report on the 27th. Then, loyal to our country, W. L. D. and I

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appeared before the Provost Marshal with a statement of our cases. We were ordered for a hearing on the 29th. On the afternoon of that day W. L. D. was rejected upon examination of the Surgeon, but my case not coming up, he remained with me, — much to my strength and comfort. Sweet was his converse and long to be remembered, as we lay together that warm summer night on the straw of the barracks. By his encouragement much was my mind strengthened; my desires for a pure life, and my resolutions for good. In him and those of whom he spoke I saw the abstract beauty of Quakerism. On the next morning came I. M. D. to support me and plead my case before the Board of Enrollment. On the day after, the 31st, I came before the Board. Respectfully those men listened to the exposition of our principles; and, on our representing that we looked for some relief from the President, the marshal released me for twenty days. Meanwhile appeared L. M. M. and was likewise, by the kindness of

the marshal, though they had received instructions from the Provost Marshal General to show such claims no partiality, released to appear on the 20th day of the eighth month.

All these days we were urged by our acquaintances to pay our commutation money; by some through well-meant kindness and sympathy; by others through interest in the war; and by others still through a belief they entertained it was our duty. But we confess a higher duty than that to country; and, asking no military protection of our Government and grateful for none, deny any obligation to support so unlawful a system, as we hold a war to be even when waged in opposition to an evil and oppressive power and ostensibly in defense of liberty, virtue, and free institutions; and, though touched by the kind interest of friends, we could not relieve their distress by a means we held even more sinful than that of serving ourselves, as by supplying money to hire a substitute we would not only be responsible for the result, but be the agents in bringing others into evil. So looking to our Father alone for help, and remembering that 'Whoso loseth his life for my sake shall find it; but whoso saveth it shall lose it,' we presented ourselves again before the Board, as we had promised to do when released. Being offered four days more of time, we accepted it as affording opportunity to visit our friends; and moreover as there would be more probability of meeting P. D. at Rutland.

Sweet was the comfort and sympathy of our friends as we visited them. There was a deep comfort, as we left them, in the thought that so many pure and pious people follow us with their love and prayers. Appearing finally before the marshal on the 24th, suits and uniforms were selected for us, and we were called upon to give

receipts for them. L. M. M. was on his guard, and, being first called upon, declared he could not do so, as that would imply acceptance. Failing to come to any agreement, the matter was postponed till next morning, when we certified to the fact that the articles were 'with us.' Here I must make record of the kindness of the marshal, Rolla Gleason, who treated us with respect and kindness. He had spoken with respect of our Society; had given me furloughs to the amount of twenty-four days, when the marshal at Rutland considered himself restricted by his oath and duty to six days; and here appeared in person to prevent any harsh treatment of us by his sergeants; and though much against his inclinations, assisted in putting on the uniform with his own hands. We bade him Farewell with grateful feelings and expressions of fear that we should not fall into as tender hands again; and amid the rain in the early morning, as the town clock tolled the hour of seven, we were driven amongst the flock that was going forth to the slaughter, down the street and into the cars for Brattleboro. Dark was the day with murk and cloud and rain; and, as we rolled down through the narrow vales of eastern Vermont, somewhat of the shadow crept into our hearts and filled them with dark apprehensions of evil fortune ahead; of long, hopeless trials; of abuse from inferior officers; of contempt from common soldiers; of patient endurance (or an attempt at this), unto an end seen only by the eye of a strong faith.

Herded into a car by ourselves, we conscripts, substitutes, and the rest, through the greater part of the day, swept over the fertile meadows along the banks of the White River and the Connecticut, through pleasant scenes that had little of delight for us. At Woodstock we were joined by the conscripts from the 1st District, — alto-

gether an inferior company from those before with us, who were honest yeomen from the northern and mountainous towns, while these were many of them substitutes from the cities.

At Brattleboro we were marched up to the camp; our knapsacks and persons searched; and any articles of citizen's dress taken from us; and then shut up in a rough board building under a guard. Here the prospect was dreary, and I felt some lack of confidence in our Father's arm, though but two days before I wrote to my dear friend, E. M. H.,—

I go to-morrow where the din
Of war is in the sulphurous air.
I go the Prince of Peace to serve,
His cross of suffering to bear.

BRATTLEBORO, 26th, 8th month, 1863.
—Twenty-five or thirty caged lions roam lazily to and fro through this building hour after hour through the day. On every side without, sentries pace their slow beat, bearing loaded muskets. Men are ranging through the grounds or hanging in synods about the doors of the different buildings, apparently without a purpose. Aimless is military life, except betimes its aim is deadly. Idle life blends with violent death-struggles till the man is unmade a man; and henceforth there is little of manhood about him. Of a man he is made a Soldier, which is a man-destroying machine in two senses,—a thing for the prosecuting or repelling an invasion like the block of stone in the fortress or the plate of iron on the side of the Monitor. They are alike. I have tried in vain to define a difference, and I see only this. The iron-clad with its gun is the bigger soldier: the more formidable in attack, the less liable to destruction in a given time; the block the most capable of resistance; both are equally obedient to officers. Or the more perfect is the soldier, the

more nearly he approaches these in this respect.

Three times a day we are marched out to the mess houses for our rations. In our hands we carry a tin plate, whereon we bring back a piece of bread (sour and tough most likely), and a cup. Morning and noon a piece of meat, antique betimes, bears company with the bread. They who wish it receive in their cups two sorts of decoctions: in the morning burnt bread, or peas perhaps, steeped in water with some saccharine substance added (I dare not affirm it to be sugar). At night steeped tea extended by some other herbs probably and its pungency and acridity assuaged by the saccharine principle aforementioned. On this we have so far subsisted and, save some nauseating, comfortably. As we go out and return, on right and left and in front and rear go bayonets. Some substitutes heretofore have escaped and we are not to be neglected in our attendants. Hard beds are healthy, but I query cannot the result be defeated by the *degree*? Our mattresses are boards. Only the slight elasticity of our thin blankets breaks the fall of our flesh and bones thereon. Oh! now I praise the discipline I have received from uncarpeted floors through warm summer nights of my boyhood.

The building resounds with petty talk; jokes and laughter and swearing. Something more than that. Many of the caged lions are engaged with cards, and money changes hands freely. Some of the caged lions read, and some sleep, and so the weary day goes by.

L. M. M. and I addressed the following letter to Governor Holbrook and hired a corporal to forward it to him.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., 26th, 8th month, 1863.

FREDERICK HOLBROOK,

Governor of Vermont:—

We, the undersigned members of

the Society of Friends, beg leave to represent to thee, that we were lately drafted in the 3d Dist. of Vermont, have been forced into the army and reached the camp near this town yesterday.

That in the language of the elders of our New York Yearly Meeting, 'We love our country and acknowledge with gratitude to our Heavenly Father the many blessings we have been favored with under the government; and can feel no sympathy with any who seek its overthrow.'

But that, true to well-known principles of our society, we cannot violate our religious convictions either by complying with military requisitions or by the equivalents of this compliance, — the furnishing of a substitute or payment of commutation money. That, therefore, we are brought into suffering and exposed to insult and contempt from those who have us in charge, as well as to the penalties of insubordination, though liberty of conscience is *denied* us by the Constitution of Vermont as well as that of the United States.

Therefore, we beg of thee as Governor of our State any assistance thou may be able to render, should it be no more than the influence of thy position interceding in our behalf.

Truly Thy Friend,

CYRUS G. PRINGLE.

P. S. — We are informed we are to be sent to the vicinity of Boston tomorrow.'

27th. — On board train to Boston. The long afternoon of yesterday passed slowly away. This morning passed by, — the time of our stay in Brattleboro, and we neither saw nor heard anything of our Governor. We suppose he could not or would not help us. So as we go down to our trial we have no arm to lean upon among all men; but why

dost thou complain, oh, my Soul? Seek thou that faith that will prove a buckler to thy breast, and gain for thee the protection of an arm mightier than the arms of all men.

28th. CAMP VERMONT: LONG ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR. — In the early morning damp and cool we marched down off the heights of Brattleboro to take train for this place. Once in the car the dashing young cavalry officer, who had us in charge, gave notice he had placed men through the cars, with loaded revolvers, who had orders to shoot any person attempting to escape, or jump from the window, and that any one would be shot if he even put his head out of the window. Down the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, all through its broad intervals, heavy with its crops of corn or tobacco, or shaven smooth by the summer harvest; over the hard and stony counties of northern Massachusetts, through its suburbs and under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument we come into the City of Boston, 'the Hub of the Universe.' Out through street after street we were marched double guarded to the wharves, where we took a small steamer for the island some six miles out in the harbor. A circumstance connected with this march is worth mentioning for its singularity: at the head of this company, like convicts (and feeling very much like such), through the City of Boston walked, with heavy hearts and down-cast eyes, two Quakers.

Here on this dry and pleasant island in the midst of the beautiful Massachusetts Bay, we have the liberty of the camp, the privilege of air and sunshine and hay beds to sleep upon. So we went to bed last night with somewhat of gladness elevating our depressed spirits.

Here are many troops gathering

daily from all the New England States except Connecticut and Rhode Island. Their white tents are dotting the green slopes and hill-tops of the island and spreading wider and wider. This is the flow of military tide here just now. The ebb went out to sea in the shape of a great shipload just as we came in, and another load will be sent before many days. All is war here. We are surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of war, and enveloped in the cloud thereof. The cloud settles down over the minds and souls of all; they cannot see beyond, nor do they try; but with the clearer eye of Christian faith I try to look beyond all this error unto Truth and Holiness immaculate: and thanks to our Father, I am favored with glimpses that are sweet consolation amid this darkness.

This is one gratification: the men with us give us their sympathy. They seem to look upon us tenderly and pitifully, and their expressions of kind wishes are warm. Although we are relieved from duty and from drill, and may lie in our tents during rain and at night, we have heard of no complaint. This is the more worthy of note as there are so few in our little (Vermont) camp. Each man comes on guard half the days. It would probably be otherwise were their hearts in the service; but I have yet to find the man in any of these camps or at any service who does not wish himself at home. Substitutes say if they knew all they know now before leaving home they would not have enlisted; and they have been but a week from their homes and have endured no hardships. Yesterday L. M. M. and I appeared before the Captain commanding this camp with a statement of our cases. He listened to us respectfully and promised to refer us to the General commanding here, General Devens; and in the mean time released us from duty. In a short time

afterward he passed us in our tent, asking our names. We have not heard from him, but do not drill or stand guard; so, we suppose, his release was confirmed. At that interview a young lieutenant sneeringly told us he thought we had better throw away our scruples and fight in the service of the country; and as we told the Captain we could neither accept pay, he laughed mockingly, and said he would not stay here for \$13.00 per month. He gets more than a hundred, I suppose.

How beautiful seems the world on this glorious morning here by the sea-side! Eastward and toward the sun, fair green isles with outlines of pure beauty are scattered over the blue bay. Along the far line of the mainland white hamlets and towns glisten in the morning sun; countless tiny waves dance in the wind that comes off shore and sparkle sunward like myriads of gems. Up the fair vault, flecked by scarcely a cloud, rolls the sun in glory. Though fair be the earth, it has come to be tainted and marred by him who was meant to be its crowning glory. Behind me on this island are crowded vile and wicked men, the murmur of whose ribaldry riseth continually like the smoke and fumes of a lower world. Oh! Father of Mercies, forgive the hard heartlessness and blindness and scarlet sins of my fellows, my brothers.

PRISON EXPERIENCES FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE — OUR PRISON

31st., 8th month, 1863. IN GUARD HOUSE. — Yesterday morning L. M. M. and I were called upon to do fatigue duty. The day before we were asked to do some cleaning about camp and to bring water. We wished to be obliging, to appear willing to bear a hand toward that which would promote our own and our fellows' health and convenience; but as we worked we did not feel easy. Suspecting we had been assigned to

such work, the more we discussed in our minds the subject, the more clearly the right way seemed opened to us; and we separately came to the judgment that we must not conform to this requirement. So when the sergeant bade us 'Police the streets,' we asked him if he had received instructions with regard to us, and he replied we had been assigned to 'Fatigue Duty.' L. M. M. answered him that we could not obey. He left us immediately for the Major (Jarvis of Weathersfield, Vt.). He came back and ordered us to the Major's tent. The latter met us outside and inquired concerning the complaint he had heard of us. Upon our statement of our position, he apparently undertook to argue our whimsies, as he probably looked upon our principles, out of our heads. We replied to his points as we had ability; but he soon turned to bullying us rather than arguing with us, and would hardly let us proceed with a whole sentence. 'I make some pretension to religion myself,' he said; and quoted the Old Testament freely in support of war. Our terms were, submission or the guard-house. We replied we could not obey.

This island was formerly occupied by a company, who carried on the large farm it comprises and opened a great hotel as a summer resort.

The subjects of all misdemeanors, grave and small, are here confined. Those who have deserted or attempted it; those who have insulted officers and those guilty of theft, fighting, drunkenness, etc. In *most*, as in the camps, there are traces yet of manhood and of the Divine Spark, but some are abandoned, dissolute. There are many here among the substitutes who were actors in the late New York riots. They show unmistakably the characteristics and sentiments of those rioters, and, especially, hatred to the blacks drafted and

about camp, and exhibit this in foul and profane jeers heaped upon these unoffending men at every opportunity. In justice to the blacks I must say they are superior to the whites in all their behavior.

31st. P. M. — Several of us were a little time ago called out one by one to answer inquiries with regard to our offenses. We replied we could not comply with military requisitions. P. D., being last, was asked if he would die first, and replied promptly but mildly, *Yes*.

Here we are in prison in our own land for no crimes, no offense to God nor man; nay, more: we are here for obeying the commands of the Son of God and the influences of his Holy Spirit. I must look for patience in this dark day. I am troubled too much and excited and perplexed.

1st., 9th month. — Oh, the horrors of the past night — I never before experienced such *sensations* and fears; and never did I feel so clearly that I had nothing but the hand of our Father to shield me from evil. Last night we three lay down together on the floor of a lower room of which we had taken possession. The others were above. We had but one blanket between us and the floor, and one over us. The other one we had lent to a wretched deserter who had skulked into our room for *relief*, being without anything of his own. We had during the day gained the respect of the fellows, and they seemed disposed to let us occupy our room in peace. I cannot say in quiet, for these caged beasts are restless, and the resonant boards of this old building speak of bedlam. The thin board partitions, the light door fastened only by a pine stick thrust into a wooden loop on the casing, seemed small protection in case of assault; but we lay down to sleep in quiet trust. But we had scarcely fallen

asleep before we were awakened by the demoniac howlings and yelling of a man just brought into the next room, and allowed the liberty of the whole house. He was drunk, and further seemed to be laboring under delirium tremens. He crashed about furiously, and all the more after the guard tramped heavily in and bound him with handcuffs, and chain and ball. Again and again they left, only to return to quiet him by threats or by crushing him down to the floor and gagging him. In a couple of hours he became quiet and we got considerable sleep.

In the morning the fellow came into our room apologizing for the intrusion. He appeared a smart, fine-looking young man, restless and uneasy. P. D. has a way of disposing of intruders that is quite effectual. I have not entirely disposed of some misgivings with respect to the legitimacy of his use of the means, so he commenced reading aloud in the Bible. The fellow was impatient and noisy, but he soon settled down on the floor beside him. As he listened and talked with us the recollections of his father's house and his innocent childhood were awakened. He was the child of pious parents, taught in Sabbath School and under pure home influences till thirteen. Then he was drawn into bad company, soon after leaving home for the sea; and, since then, has served in the army and navy, — in the army in Wilson's and Hawkins's [brigades]. His was the old story of the total subjection of moral power and thralldom to evil habits and associates. He would get drunk, whenever it was in his power. It was wrong; but he could not help it. Though he was awakened and recollected his parents looking long and in vain for his return, he soon returned to camp, to his wallowing in the mire, and I fear to his path to certain perdition.

3d. [9th month.] — A Massachusetts major, the officer of the day, in his inspection of the guard-house came into our room to-day. We were lying on the floor engaged in reading and writing. He was apparently surprised at this and inquired the name of our books; and finding the Bible and Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, observed that they were good books. I cannot say if he knew we were Friends, but he asked us why we were in here.

Like all officers he proceeded to reason with us, and to advise us to serve, presenting no comfort if we still persisted in our course. He informed us of a young Friend, Edward W. Holway of Sandwich, Mass., having been yesterday under punishment in the camp by his orders, who was to-day doing service about camp. He said he was not going to put his Quaker in the guard-house, but was going to bring him to work by punishment. We were filled with deep sympathy for him and desired to cheer him by kind words as well as by the knowledge of our similar situation. We obtained permission of the Major to write to him a letter open to his inspection. 'You may be sure,' said E. W. H. to us at W., 'the Major did not allow it to leave his hands.'

This forenoon the Lieutenant of the Day came in and acted the same part, though he was not so cool, and left expressing the hope, if we would not serve our country like men, that God would curse us. Oh, the trials from these officers! One after another comes in to relieve himself upon us. Finding us firm and not lacking in words, they usually fly into a passion and end by bullying us. How can we reason with such men? They are utterly unable to comprehend the pure Christianity and spirituality of our principles. They have long stiffened their necks in their own strength. They

have stopped their ears to the voice of the Spirit, and hardened their hearts to his influences. They see no duty higher than that to country. What shall we receive at their hands?

This Major tells us we will not be tried here. Then we are to be sent into the field, and there who will deliver us but God? Ah, I have nursed in my heart a hope that I may be spared to return home. Must I cast it out and have no desire, but to do the will of my Master. It were better, even so. O, Lord, Thy will be done. Grant I may make it my chief delight and render true submission thereto.

Yesterday a little service was required of our dear L. M. M., but he insisted he could not comply. A sergeant and two privates were engaged. They coaxed and threatened him by turns, and with a determination not to be baffled took him out to perform it. Though guns were loaded he still stood firm and was soon brought back. We are happy here in guard-house, — too happy, too much at ease. We should see more of the Comforter, — feel more strength, — if the trial were fiercer; but this is well. This is a trial of strength of patience.

6th. [9th month.] — Yesterday we had officers again for visitors. Major J. B. Gould, 13th Massachusetts, came in with the determination of persuading us to consent to be transferred to the hospital here, he being the Provost Marshal of the island and having the power to make the transfer. He is different in being and bearing from those who have been here before. His motives were apparently those of pure kindness, and his demeanor was that of a gentleman. Though he talked with us more than an hour, he lost no part of his self-control or good humor. So by his eloquence and kindness he made more impression

upon us than any before. As Congregationalist he well knew the courts of the temple, but the Holy of Holies he had never seen, and knew nothing of its secrets. He understood expediency; but is not the man to 'lay down his life for my sake.' He is sincere and seems to think what Major Gould believes cannot be far from right. After his attempt we remained as firm as ever. We must expect all means will be tried upon us, and no less persuasion than threats.

AT THE HOSPITAL, 7th. [9th month.] — Yesterday morning came to us Major Gould again, informing us that he had come to take us out of that dirty place, as he could not see such respectable men lying there, and was going to take us up to the hospital. We assured him we could not serve there, and asked him if he would not bring us back when we had there declared our purpose. He would not reply directly; but brought us here and left us. When the surgeon knew our determination, he was for haling us back at once; what he wanted, he said, was willing men. We sat on the sward without the hospital tents till nearly noon, for some one to take us back; when we were ordered to move into the tents and quarters assigned us in the mess-room. The Major must have interposed, demonstrating his kindness by his resolution that we should occupy and enjoy the pleasanter quarters of the hospital, certainly if serving; but none the less so if we declined. Later in the day L. M. M. and P. D. were sitting without, when he passed them and, laughing heartily, declared they were the strangest prisoners of war he ever saw. He stopped some time to talk with them and when they came in they declared him a kind and honest man.

If we interpret aright his conduct, this dangerous trial is over, and we

have escaped the perplexities that his kindness and determination threw about us.

13th. — Last night we received a letter from Henry Dickinson, stating that the President, though sympathizing with those in our situation, felt bound by the Conscription Act, and felt liberty, in view of his oath to execute the laws, to do no more than detail us from active service to hospital duty, or to the charge of the colored refugees. For more than a week have we lain here, refusing to engage in hospital service; shall we retrace the steps of the past week? Or shall we go South as overseers of the blacks on the confiscated estates of the rebels, to act under military commanders and to report to such? What would become of our testimony and our determination to preserve ourselves clear of the guilt of this war?

P.S. We have written back to Henry Dickinson that we cannot purchase life at cost of peace of soul.

14th. — We have been exceeding sorrowful since receiving advice — as we must call it — from H. D. to enter the hospital service or some similar situation. We did not look for that from him. It is not what our Friends sent us out for; nor is it what we came for. We shall feel desolate and dreary in our position, unless supported and cheered by the words of those who have at heart our best interests more than regard for our personal welfare. We walk as we feel guided by Best Wisdom. Oh, may we run and not err in the high path of Holiness.

16th. — Yesterday a son-in-law of N. B. of Lynn came to see us. He was going to get passes for one or two of the Lynn Friends, that they might come over to see us to-day. He informed

us that the sentiment of the Friends hereabouts was that we might enter the hospital without compromising our principles; and he produced a letter from W. W. to S. B. to the same effect. W. W. expressed his opinion that we might do so without doing it in lieu of other service. How can we evade a fact? Does not the government both demand and accept it as in lieu of other service. Oh, the cruelest blow of all comes from our friends.

17th. — Although this trial was brought upon us by our friends, their intentions were well meant. Their regard for our personal welfare and safety too much absorbs the zeal they should possess for the maintenance of the principle of the peaceableness of our Master's kingdom. An unfaithfulness to this through meekness and timidity seems manifest, — too great a desire to avoid suffering at some sacrifice of principle, perhaps, — too little of placing of Faith and confidence upon the Rock of Eternal Truth.

Our friends at home, with W. D. at their head, support us; and yesterday, at the opportune moment, just as we were most distressed by the solicitations of our visitors, kind and cheering words of Truth were sent us through dear C. M. P., whose love rushes out to us warm and living and just from an overflowing fountain.

I must record another work of kind attention shown us by Major Gould. Before we embarked, he came to us for a friendly visit. As we passed him on our way to the wharf he bade us Farewell and expressed a hope we should not have so hard a time as we feared. And after we were aboard the steamer, as the result of his interference on our behalf, we must believe, we were singled out from the midst of the prisoners, among whom we had been placed previous to coming aboard, and allowed

the liberty of the vessel. By this are we saved much suffering, as the other prisoners were kept under close guard in a corner on the outside of the boat.

FOREST CITY UP THE POTOMAC. 22nd. [9th month.]—It was near noon, yesterday, when we turned in from sea between Cape Charles and Henry; and, running thence down across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, alongside Old Point Comfort, dropped anchor off Fortress Monroe. The scene around us was one of beauty, though many of its adornments were the results and means of wrong. The sunshine was brighter, the verdure greener to our eyes weary of the sea, and the calm was milder and more grateful that we had so long tossed in the storm.

The anchor was soon drawn up again and the Forest City steamed up the James River toward Newport News, and turning to the left between the low, pine-grown banks, passed Norfolk to leave the New Hampshire detachment at Portsmouth.

Coming back to Fortress Monroe, some freight was landed; and in the calm clear light of the moon, we swung away from shore and dropping down the mouth of the river, rounded Old Point, and, going up the Chesapeake, entered the Potomac in the night-time.

OFF SHORE, ALEXANDRIA. 23d. — Here we anchored last night after the main detachment was landed, and the Vermont and Massachusetts men remained on board another night. We hear we are to go right to the field, where active operations are going on. This seems hard. We have not till now given up the hope that we were not to go out into Virginia with the rest of the men, but were to be kept here at Washington. Pierce, indeed, are our trials. I am not discouraged entirely;

but I am weak from want of food which I can eat, and from sickness. I do not know how I am going to live in such way, or get to the front.

P.S. We have just landed; and I had the liberty to buy a pie of a woman hawking such things, that has strengthened me wonderfully.

CAMP NEAR CULPEPER. 25th. — My distress is too great for words; but I must overcome my disinclination to write, or this record will remain unfinished. So, with aching head and heart, I proceed.

Yesterday morning we were roused early for breakfast and for preparation for starting. After marching out of the barracks, we were first taken to the armory, where each man received a gun and its equipments and a piece of tent. We stood in line, waiting for our turn with apprehensions of coming trouble. Though we had felt free to keep with those among whom we had been placed, we could not consent to carry a gun, even though we did not intend to use it; and, from our previous experience, we knew it would go harder with us, if we took the first step in the wrong direction, though it might seem an unimportant one, and an easy and not very wrong way to avoid difficulty. So we felt decided we must decline receiving the guns. In the hurry and bustle of equipping a detachment of soldiers, one attempting to explain a position and the grounds therefor so peculiar as ours to junior, petty officers, possessing liberally the characteristics of these: pride, vanity, conceit, and an arbitrary spirit, impatience, profanity, and contempt for holy things, must needs find the opportunity a very favorable one.

We succeeded in giving these young officers a slight idea of what we were; and endeavored to answer their questions of why we did not pay our com-

mutation, and avail ourselves of that provision made expressly for such; of why we had come as far as that place, etc. We realized then the unpleasant results of that practice, that had been employed with us by the successive officers into whose hands we had fallen, — of shirking any responsibility, and of passing us on to the next officer above.

A council was soon holden to decide what to do with us. One proposed to place us under arrest, a sentiment we rather hoped might prevail, as it might prevent our being sent on to the front; but another, in some spite and impatience, insisted, as it was their duty to supply a gun to every man and forward him, that the guns should be put upon us, and we be made to carry them. Accordingly the equipment was buckled about us, and the straps of the guns being loosened, they were thrust over our heads and hung upon our shoulders. In this way we were urged forward through the streets of Alexandria; and, having been put upon a long train of dirt cars, were started for Culpeper. We came over a long stretch of desolated and deserted country, through battlefields of previous summers, and through many camps now lively with the work of this present campaign. Seeing, for the first time, a country made dreary by the war-blight, a country once adorned with graves and green pastures and meadows and fields of waving grain, and happy with a thousand homes, now laid with the ground, one realizes as he can in no other way something of the ruin that lies in the trail of a war. But upon these fields of Virginia, once so fair, there rests a two-fold blight, first that of slavery, now that of war. When one contrasts the face of this country with the smiling hillsides and vales of New England, he sees stamped upon it in characters so marked, none but a

blind man can fail to read, the great irrefutable arguments against slavery and against war, too; and must be filled with loathing for these twin relics of barbarism, so awful in the potency of their consequences that they can change even the face of the country.

Through the heat of this long ride, we felt our total lack of water and the meagreness of our supply of food. Our thirst became so oppressive as we were marched here from Culpeper, some four miles with scarcely a halt to rest, under our heavy loads, and through the heat and deep dust of the road, that we drank water and dipped in the brooks we passed, though it was discolored with the soap the soldiers had used in washing. The guns interfered with our walking, and, slipping down, dragged with painful weight upon our shoulders. Poor P. D. fell out from exhaustion and did not come in till we had been some little time at the camp. We were taken to the 4th Vermont regiment and soon apportioned to companies. Though we waited upon the officer commanding the company in which we were placed, and endeavored to explain our situation, we were required immediately after to be present at inspection of arms. We declined, but an attempt was made to force us to obedience, first, by the officers of the company, then, by those of the regiment; but, failing to exact obedience of us, we were ordered by the colonel to be tied, and, if we made outcry, to be gagged also, and to be kept so till he gave orders for our release. After two or three hours we were relieved and left under guard; lying down on the ground in the open air, and covering ourselves with our blankets, we soon fell asleep from exhaustion, and the fatigue of the day.

This morning the officers told us we must yield. We must obey and serve. We were threatened great severities

and even death. We seem perfectly at the mercy of the military power, and, more, in the hands of the inferior officers, who, from their being far removed from Washington, feel less restraint from those Regulations of the Army, which are for the protection of privates from personal abuse.

26th. [9th month.] — Yesterday my mind was much agitated: doubts and fears and forebodings seized me. I was alone, seeking a resting-place and finding none. It seemed as if God had forsaken me in this dark hour; and the Tempter whispered, that after all I might be only the victim of a delusion. My prayers for faith and strength seemed all in vain.

But this morning I enjoy peace, and feel as though I could face anything. Though I am as a lamb in the shambles, yet do I cry, 'Thy will be done,' and can indeed say, —

Passive to His holy will
Trust I in my Master still
Even though he slay me.

I mind me of the anxiety of our dear friends about home, and of their prayers for us.

Oh, praise be to the Lord for the peace and love and resignation that has filled my soul to-day! Oh, the passing beauty of holiness! There is a holy life that is above fear; it is a close communion with Christ. I pray for this continually but am not free from the shadow and the tempter. There is ever present with us the thought that perhaps we shall serve the Lord the most effectually by our death, and desire, if that be the service He requires of us, that we may be ready and resigned.

REGIMENTAL HOSPITAL, 4th Vermont. 29th. [9th month.] — On the evening of the 26th the Colonel came to us apologizing for the roughness

with which he treated us at first, which was, as he insisted, through ignorance of our real character and position. He told us if we persisted in our course, death would probably follow; though at another time he confessed to P. D. that this would only be the extreme sentence of court-martial.

He urged us to go into the hospital, stating that this course was advised by Friends about New York. We were too well aware of such a fact to make any denial, though it was a subject of surprise to us that he should be informed of it. He pleaded with us long and earnestly, urging us with many promises of indulgence and favor and attentions we found afterwards to be untrue. He gave us till the next morning to consider the question and report our decision. In our discussion of the subject among ourselves, we were very much perplexed. If all his statements concerning the ground taken by our Society were true, we seemed to be liable, if we persisted in the course which alone seemed to us to be in accordance with Truth, to be exposed to the charge of over-zeal and fanaticism even among our own brethren. Regarding the work to be done in hospital as one of mercy and benevolence, we asked if we had any right to refuse its performance; and questioned whether we could do more good by endeavoring to bear to the end a clear testimony against war, than by laboring by word and deed among the needy in the hospitals and camps. We saw around us a rich field for usefulness in which there were scarce any laborers, and toward whose work our hands had often started involuntarily and unbidden. At last we consented to a trial, at least till we could make inquiries concerning the Colonel's allegations, and ask the counsel of our friends, reserving the privilege of returning to our former position.

At first a great load seemed rolled away from us; we rejoiced in the prospect of life again. But soon there prevailed a feeling of condemnation, as though we had sold our Master. And that first day was one of the bitterest I ever experienced. It was a time of stern conflict of soul. The voice that seemed to say, 'Follow me,' as I sought guidance the night before, kept pleading with me, convincing of sin, till I knew of a truth my feet had strayed from His path. The Scriptures, which the day before I could scarcely open without finding words of strength and comfort, seemed closed against me, till after a severe struggle alone in the wood to which I had retired, I consented to give up and retrace my steps in faith. But it was too late. L. M. M. wishing to make a fair, honest trial, we were brought here — P. D. being already here unwell. We feel we are erring; but scarce anything is required of us and we wait to hear from Friends.

Of these days of going down into sin, I wish to make little mention. I would that my record of such degradation be brief. We wish to come to an understanding with our friends and the Society before we move; but it does not seem that we can repress the upheavings of Truth in our hearts. We are bruised by sin.

It is with pleasure I record we have just waited upon the Colonel with an explanation of our distress of mind, requesting him to proceed with court-martial. We were kindly and tenderly received. 'If you want a trial I can give it to you,' he answered. The brigade has just marched out to join with the division for inspection. After that we are to have attention to our case.

P.M. There is particular cause for congratulation in the consideration that we took this step this morning, when now we receive a letter from H. D. charging us to faithfulness.

When lately I have seen dear L. M. M. in the thoroughness and patience of his trial to perform service in hospital, his uneasiness and the intensity of his struggle as manifested by his silence and disposition to avoid the company of his friends, and seen him fail and declare to us, 'I cannot stay here,' I have received a new proof, and to me a strong one, because it is from the experimental knowledge of an honest man, that no Friend, who is really such, desiring to keep himself clear of complicity with this system of war and to bear a perfect testimony against it, can lawfully perform service in the hospitals of the Army in lieu of bearing arms.

10th. mo., 3d. — To-day dawned fair and our Camp is dry again. I was asked to clean the gun I brought, and declining, was tied some two hours upon the ground.

6th. AT WASHINGTON. — At first, after being informed of our declining to serve in his hospital, Colonel Foster did not appear altered in his kind regard for us. But his spleen soon became evident. At the time we asked for a trial by court-martial, and it was his duty to place us under arrest and proceed with the preferring of his charges against us. For a while he seemed to hesitate and consult his inferior officers, and among them his Chaplain. The result of the conference was our being ordered into our companies, that, separated, and with the force of the officers of a company bearing upon us, we might the more likely be subdued. Yet the Colonel assured L. M. M., interceding in my behalf, when the lieutenant commanding my company threatened force upon me, that he should not allow any personal injury. When we marched next day I was compelled to bear a gun and equipments. My associates were more fortunate,

for, being asked if they would carry their guns, declined and saw no more trouble from them. The captain of the company in which P. D. was placed told him he did not believe he was ugly about it, and that he could only put him under arrest and prefer charges against him. He accordingly was taken under guard, where he lay till we left for here.

The next morning the men were busy in burnishing their arms. When I looked toward the one I had borne, yellow with rust, I trembled in the weakness of the flesh at the trial I felt impending over me. Before the Colonel was up I knocked at his tent, but was told he was asleep, though, through the opening, I saw him lying gazing at me. Although I felt I should gain no relief from him, I applied again soon after. He admitted me and, lying on his bed, inquired with cold heartlessness what I wanted. I stated to him, that I could never consent to serve, and, being under the war-power, was resigned to suffer instead all the just penalties of the law. I begged of him release from the attempts by violence to compel my obedience and service, and a trial, though likely to be made by those having no sympathy with me, yet probably in a manner conformable to law.

He replied that he had shown us all the favor he should; that he had, now, turned us over to the military power and was going to let that take its course; that is, henceforth we were to be at the mercy of the inferior officers, without appeal to law, justice, or mercy. He said he had placed us in a pleasant position, against which we could have no reasonable objection, and that we had failed to perform our agreement. He wished to deny that our consent was only temporary and conditional. He declared, furthermore, his belief, that a man who would not fight for his country did not deserve to

live. I was glad to withdraw from his presence as soon as I could.

I went back to my tent and laid down for a season of retirement, endeavoring to gain resignation to any event. I dreaded torture and desired strength of flesh and spirit. My trial soon came. The lieutenant called me out, and pointing to the gun that lay near by, asked if I was going to clean it. I replied to him, that I could not comply with military requisitions, and felt resigned to the consequences. 'I do not ask about your feelings; I want to know if you are going to clean that gun.' 'I cannot do it,' was my answer. He went away, saying, 'Very well,' and I crawled into the tent again. Two sergeants soon called for me, and taking me a little aside, bid me lie down on my back, and stretching my limbs apart tied cords to my wrists and ankles and these to four stakes driven in the ground somewhat in the form of an X.

I was very quiet in my mind as I lay there on the ground [soaked] with the rain of the previous day, exposed to the heat of the sun, and suffering keenly from the cords binding my wrists and straining my muscles. And, if I dared the presumption, I should say that I caught a glimpse of heavenly pity. I wept, not so much from my own suffering as from sorrow that such things should be in our own country, where Justice and Freedom and Liberty of Conscience have been the annual boast of Fourth-of-July orators so many years. It seemed that our forefathers in the faith had wrought and suffered in vain, when the privileges they so dearly bought were so soon set aside. And I was sad, that one endeavoring to follow our dear Master should be so generally regarded as a despicable and stubborn culprit.

After something like an hour had passed, the lieutenant came with his

orderly to ask me if I was ready to clean the gun. I replied to the orderly asking the question, that it could but give me pain to be asked or required to do anything I believed wrong. He repeated it to the lieutenant just behind him, who advanced and addressed me. I was favored to improve the opportunity to say to him a few things I wished. He said little; and, when I had finished, he withdrew with the others who had gathered around. About the end of another hour his orderly came and released me.

I arose and sat on the ground. I did not rise to go away. I had not where to go, nothing to do. As I sat there my heart swelled with joy from above. The consolation and sweet fruit of tribulation patiently endured. But I also grieved, that the world was so far gone astray, so cruel and blind. It seemed as if the gospel of Christ had never been preached upon earth, and the beautiful example of his life had been utterly lost sight of.

Some of the men came about me, advising me to yield, and among them one of those who had tied me down, telling me what I had already suffered was nothing to what I must yet suffer unless I yielded; that human flesh could not endure what they would put upon me. I wondered if it could be that they could force me to obedience by torture, and examined myself closely to see if they had advanced as yet one step toward the accomplishment of their purposes. Though weaker in body, I believed I found myself, through divine strength, as firm in my resolution to maintain my allegiance to my Master.

The relaxation of my nerves and muscles after having been so tensely strained left me that afternoon so weak that I could hardly walk or perform any mental exertion.

I had not yet eaten the mean

and scanty breakfast I had prepared, when I was ordered to pack up my things and report myself at the lieutenant's tent. I was accustomed to such orders and complied, little moved.

The lieutenant received me politely with, 'Good-morning, Mr. Pringle,' and desiring me to be seated, proceeded with the writing with which he was engaged. I sat down in some wonderment and sought to be quiet and prepared for any event.

'You are ordered to report to Washington,' said he; 'I do not know what it is for.' I assured him that neither did I know. We were gathered before the Major's tent for preparation for departure. The regimental officers were there manifesting surprise and chagrin; for they could not but show both as they looked upon us, whom the day before they were threatening to crush into submission, and attempting also to execute their threats that morning, standing out of their power and under orders from one superior to their Major Commanding E. M. As the bird uncaged, so were our hearts that morning. Short and uncertain at first were the flights of Hope. As the slave many times before us, leaving his yoke behind him, turned from the plantations of Virginia and set his face toward the far North, so we from out a grasp as close and as abundant in suffering and severity, and from without the line of bayonets that had so many weeks surrounded us, turned our backs upon the camp of the 4th Vermont and took our way over the turnpike that ran through the tented fields of Culpeper.

At the War Office we were soon admitted to an audience with the Adjutant General, Colonel Townsend, whom we found to be a very fine man, mild and kind. He referred our cases to the Secretary of War, Stanton, by whom we were ordered to report for service to Surgeon General Hammond. Here we

met Isaac Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture, waiting for our arrival, and James Austin of Nantucket, expecting his son, Charles L. Austin, and Edward W. Holway of Sandwich, Mass., conscripted Friends like ourselves, and ordered here from the 22nd Massachusetts.

We understand it is through the influence of Isaac Newton that Friends have been able to approach the heads of Government in our behalf and to prevail with them to so great an extent. He explained to us the circumstance in which we are placed. That the Secretary of War and President sympathized with Friends in their present suffering, and would grant them full release, but that they felt themselves bound by their oaths that they would execute the laws, to carry out to its full extent the Conscription Act. That there appeared but one door of relief open, — that was to parole us and allow us to go home, but subject to their call again ostensibly, though this they neither wished nor proposed to do. That the fact of Friends in the Army and refusing service had attracted public attention so that it was not expedient to parole us at present. That, therefore, we were to be sent to one of the hospitals for a short time, where it was hoped and expressly requested that we would consent to remain quiet and acquiesce, if possible, in whatever might be required of us. That our work there would be quite free from objection, being for the direct relief of the sick; and that there he would release none for active service in the field, as the nurses were hired civilians.

These requirements being so much less objectionable than we had feared, we felt relief, and consented to them. I. N. went with us himself to the Surgeon General's office, where he procured peculiar favors for us: that we

should be sent to a hospital in the city, where he could see us often; and that orders should be given that nothing should interfere with our comfort, or our enjoyment of our consciences.

Thence we were sent to Medical Purveyor Abbot, who assigned us to the best hospital in the city, the Douglas Hospital.

The next day after our coming here I. N. and James Austin came to add to our number E. W. H. and C. S. L., so now there are five of us instead of three. We are pleasantly situated in a room by ourselves in the upper or fourth story, and are enjoying our advantages of good quarters and tolerable food as no one can except he has been deprived of them.

[10th month] 8th. — To-day we have a pass to go out to see the city.

9th. — We all went, thinking to do the whole city in a day, but before the time of our passes expired, we were glad to drag ourselves back to the rest and quiet of D. H. During the day we called upon our friend I. N. in the Patent Office. When he came to see us on the 7th, he stated he had called upon the President that afternoon to request him to release us and let us go home to our friends. The President promised to consider it over-night. Accordingly yesterday morning, as I. N. told us, he waited upon him again. He found there a woman in the greatest distress. Her son, only a boy of fifteen years and four months, having been enticed into the Army, had deserted and been sentenced to be shot the next day. As the clerks were telling her, the President was in the War Office and could not be seen, nor did they think he could attend to her case that day. I. N. found her almost wild with grief. 'Do not despair, my good woman,' said he, 'I guess the President can be seen after

a bit.' He soon presented her case to the President, who exclaimed at once, 'That must not be, I must look into that case, before they shoot that boy'; and telegraphed at once to have the order suspended.

I. N. judged it was not a fit time to urge our case. We feel we can afford to wait, that a life may be saved. But we long for release. We do not feel easy to remain here.

11th. — To-day we attended meeting held in the house of a Friend, Asa Arnold, living near here. There were but four persons beside ourselves. E. W. H. and C. S. A. showed their copy of the charges about to have been preferred against them in court-martial before they left their regiment, to a lawyer who attended the meeting. He laughed at the Specification of Mutiny, declaring such a charge could not have been lawfully sustained against them.

The experiences of our new friends were similar to ours, except they fell among officers who usually showed them favor and rejoiced with them in their release.

13th. — L. M. M. had quite an adventure yesterday. He being fireman with another was in the furnace room among three or four others, when the officer of the day, one of the surgeons, passed around on inspection. 'Stand up,' he ordered them, wishing to be saluted. The others arose; but by no means L. The order was repeated for his benefit, but he sat with his cap on, telling the surgeon he had supposed he was excused from such things as he was one of the Friends. Thereat the officer flew at him, exclaiming, he would take the Quaker out of him. He snatched off his cap and seizing him by the collar tried to raise him to his feet; but finding his strength insufficient and

that L. was not to be frightened, he changed his purpose in his wrath and calling for the corporal of the guard had him taken to the guard-house. This was about eleven A. M. and he lay there till about six P.M., when the surgeon in charge, arriving home and hearing of it, ordered the officer of the day to go and take him out, telling him never to put another man into the guard-house while he was in charge here without consulting him. The manner of his release was very satisfactory to us, and we waited for this rather than effect it by our own efforts. We are all getting uneasy about remaining here, and if our release do not come soon, we feel we must intercede with the authorities, even if the alternative be imprisonment.

The privations I have endured since leaving home, the great tax upon my nervous strength, and my mind as well, since I have had charge of our extensive correspondence, are beginning to tell upon my health and I long for rest.

20th. We begin to feel we shall have to decline service as heretofore, unless our position is changed. I shall not say but we submit too much in not declining at once, but it has seemed most prudent at least to make suit with Government rather than provoke the hostility of their subalterns. We were ordered here with little understanding of the true state of things as they really exist here; and were advised by Friends to come and make no objections, being assured it was but for a very brief time and only a matter of form. It might not have been wrong; but as we find we do too much fill the places of soldiers (L. M. M.'s fellow fireman has just left for the field, and I am to take his place, for instance), and are clearly doing military service, we are continually oppressed by a sense of guilt, that makes our struggles earnest.

21st. — I. N. has not called yet; our situation is becoming almost intolerable. I query if patience is justified under the circumstances. My distress of mind may be enhanced by my feeble condition of health, for to-day I am confined to my bed, almost too weak to get downstairs. This is owing to exposure after being heated over the furnaces.

26th. — Though a week has gone by, and my cold has left me, I find I am no better, and that I am reduced very low in strength and flesh by the sickness and pain I am experiencing. Yet I still persist in going below once a day. The food I am able to get is not such as is proper.

11th mo., 5th. — I spend most of my time on my bed, much of it alone. And very precious to me is the nearness I am favored to attain to unto the Master. Notwithstanding my situation and state, I am happy in the enjoyment of His consolations. Lately my confidence has been strong, and I think I begin to feel that our patience is soon to be rewarded with relief; insomuch that a little while ago, when dear P. D. was almost overcome with snow, I felt bold to comfort him with the assurance of my belief, that it would not be long so. My mind is too weak to allow of my reading much; and, though I enjoy the company of my companions a part of the time, especially in the evening, I am much alone; which affords me abundant time for meditation and waiting upon God. The fruits of this are sweet, and a recompense for affliction.

6th. — Last evening E. W. H. saw I. N. particularly on my behalf, I suppose. He left at once for the President. This morning he called to inform us of his interview at the White House. The President was moved to sympathy in my behalf, when I. N. gave him a letter from one of our Friends in New York. After its perusal he exclaimed to our friend, 'I want you to go and tell Stanton, that it is my wish all those young men be sent home at once.' He was on his way to the Secretary this morning as he called.

Later. I. N. has just called again informing us in joy that we are free. At the War Office he was urging the Secretary to consent to our paroles, when the President entered. 'It is my urgent wish,' said he. The Secretary yielded; the order was given, and we were released. What we had waited for so many weeks was accomplished in a few moments by a Providential ordering of circumstances.

7th. — I. N. came again last evening bringing our paroles. The preliminary arrangements are being made, and we are to start this afternoon for New York.

Note. Rising from my sick-bed to undertake this journey, which lasted through the night, its fatigues overcame me, and upon my arrival in New York I was seized with delirium from which I only recovered after many weeks, through the mercy and favor of Him, who in all this trial had been our guide and strength and comfort.

DE SENECTUTE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

CATO MAJOR, *a man of fifty.*

SCIPIO }
LÆLIUS } *Students at Harvard College.*

Cato: Welcome, Scipio; your father and I were friends before you were born. And a hearty welcome to you, too, Lælius; all your family I esteem my kinsmen. Is this the holiday season, or how comes it that you have at this time shuffled off the coil of academic life?

Scipio: We have a few free days now according to the liberal usage of our college, and we have come, relying upon your kinship with Lælius, and your friendship for my father, to ask you some questions.

Cato: I had thought that seniors of Harvard College were more disposed to answer questions than to ask them; but I am truly glad that you have come, and as best I can, I will endeavor to satisfy your curiosity.

Lælius: We have been disputing, sir, in the interim between academic studies, as to the value of life; whether, taking it all in all, life should be regarded as a good thing or not. We are agreed that, so far as Youth is concerned, life is well worth the living, but we are doubtful whether, if Old Age be put into the same balance with Youth, the whole will outweigh the good of never having lived.

Scipio: You see that we have really come to ask you about Old Age, for as to Youth, that we know of ourselves.

Cato: About Old Age! Naturally that has been the subject of my meditations,

and I will gladly impart my conclusions, such as they are.

Scipio: Thank you very much. I regret to say that we are obliged to take the next train back to town, so our time is all too short.

Cato: We have half an hour. I will waste no time in prologue. And I shall begin by asking Scipio's pardon, for I shall flatly contradict his assumption that the young have a knowledge of Youth.

Scipio: Of course we beg you to let neither our youth nor our opinions hamper the free expression of your views.

Lælius: We are all attention, sir.

I

Cato: In the first place, my young friends, Age has one great pleasure which Youth (in spite of its own rash assumption of knowledge) does not have, and that is a true appreciation and enjoyment of Youth.

You who are young know nothing of Youth. You merely live it. You run, you jump, you wrestle, you row, you play football, you use your muscles, without any consciousness of the wonderful machinery set in motion. You do not perceive the beauty of Youth, the light in its eye, the coming and going of color in its cheek, the ease and grace of its movements. Nor do you appreciate the emotions of Youth. You are contented or discontented, merry or sad, hopeful or downcast; but whatever that *feeling* is, you are wholly

absorbed in it, you are not able to consider it objectively, nor to realize how marvelous and interesting are the flood and ebb of youthful passion.

In fact, the young despise Youth; they are impatient to hurry on and join the ranks of that more respectable and respected body, their immediate seniors. The toddling urchin wishes that he were old enough to be the interesting schoolboy across the way, who starts unwillingly to school; the school-boy, as he whistles on his tedious path, wishes that he were a freshman, so splendid in his knowledge, his independence, his possessions, so familiar with strange oaths, so gloriously fragrant of tobacco. The freshman would be a sophomore. You seniors wish to be out in the great world, elbowing your way among your fellow men, busy with what seem to you the realities of life. Youth feels that it is always standing outside the door of a most delectable future.

Appreciation of Youth is part of the domain of art. There is no virtuoso like the old man who has learned to see the manifold beauties of Youth, the charm of motion, the grace of carriage, the glory of innocence, the fascination of passion. The world of art created by the hand of man has nothing that can challenge comparison with the masterpieces of Youth. No man, in his own boyhood, ever had as much pleasure from running across the lawn, as he gets from seeing his sons run on that very spot; no laughter of his own was ever half so sweet to his ears as the laughter of his little girl. No man in his youth ever understood the significance of the saying, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' You may smile condescendingly, young men, but in truth the appreciation of Youth is a privilege and possession of Old Age.

Laelius: I did but smile in sympathy.

Scipio: If I understand you aright,

Cato, Youth is a drama, in which the actors are all absorbed in their parts, while Age is the audience.

Cato: You conceive my meaning. The play is worthy for the gods to watch,—it out-Shakespeares Shakespeare.

II

Cato: The second great acquisition that comes to Old Age is the mellowing and ripening of life.

As I look back across the years I can see that I and my friends were all what are called *individualists*. We were all absorbed in self, just as you young men are. We went through our romantic period in which self, with a feather in its cap and a red waistcoat, strutted over the stage. It monopolized the theatre; everybody else — parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, schoolmates — were supernumeraries, whose business was to look on while the hero recited his lines. With attention concentrated all on self, the youth is shy of all other youths, of everybody whose insolent egotism may wish to push its way upon his stage and interrupt his monologue. The *I* of Youth insists upon its exclusive right to emotion, upon its right to knowledge of the world at first-hand, upon its right to repeat the follies of its father, of its father's father, of all its ancestors. Youth, bewildered by the excitement of self-consciousness, can hardly see beyond the boundaries of self.

Youth is raw and suspicious. It looks askance at its neighbors, is indifferent to their lot, and delights in solitude, because solitude is favorable to egotism. The young are ashamed of their humanity. Boys regard the mass of boys as if they were of a different species; they fight shy of any general society among themselves; they form cliques. The smallest clique is the most honorable. And sacredly enshrined in

the very centre of the inner ring stands the Palladium of self. You, Scipio, do not associate with Gaius or Balbus, though they are the best scholars in your class; nor do you, Lælius, frequent any but the Claudii. From the vantage-ground, as you think, of exclusiveness, you look down upon your fellows herded in larger groups. You turn up your aristocratic noses at the vulgarity of joy in commonality spread. Your judgments are narrow, your prejudices broad; you are distrustful and conservative; you are wayward and crotchety; you are all for precedent, or all for license. You rejoice in foolish divisions, your country, your native province, your college, your club, your way of doing things; you despise all others, and all their ways. A boy represents the babyhood of the race; in him is incarnate the spirit of contempt for Barbarians.

Age is a reaction from the restive individualism of Youth. It recognizes the human inability to stand alone; it perceives that the individual is a bit broken from the human mass, that our ragged edges still maintain the pattern of the break, and are ready to fit into the general mass again. The Old Man no longer dwells on the differences between one human creature and his fellows; he reflects upon their common qualities. He finds no solace in isolation; he rejoices in community. Youth is supremely conscious of its own sensitiveness, its own palate, its own comfort, it is full of individual appetite and greed; but Age is conscious of humanity, of a universal sensitiveness, of palates untouched by delicacies, of bodies uncared for, of souls un comforted, and its queasy stomach cannot bear to be helped tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold, while fellow members of the indivisible body human sicken from want.

Age perceives a thousand bonds

where Youth sees discord. Age sets store by the common good of life, it conceives of our common humanity as the mere right to share, and of pleasure as sharing; it considers humanity partly as an enlargement of self, partly as a refuge from self; it lightly passes over the differences of speech, of accent, of clothes, of ways and customs, which to boys like you, taken with the outward aspect of the world, seem to erect such insuperable barriers between them and their fellows. To Old Age the sutures of humanity, that to the youthful eye gape so wide, are all grown together, the several parts are merged into one whole.

Of all pleasures, none is so satisfying as the full enjoyment of our common humanity. It loosens the swaddling clothes that wrap us round; it alone gives us freedom. No doubt this is partly due to the nearer approach of death; the chill of night causes the pilgrim to draw nearer his fellows and warm himself at the kindly warmth of human fellowship. But be the cause what it may, the enjoyment of humanity is a taste that grows with man's growth; it is a part of the ripening of life, and comes quickest to those who ripen in the sun of happiness.

There is another element in this process of mellowing with age. Old Age is intensely aware of the delicacy of this human instrument, on which fate can play all stops of joy and pain; it feels an infinite concern before the vast sum of human sentience; it sees in humanity the harvest of all the tillage of the past; it ponders over the long stretch of toil, cruelty, suffering, bewilderment, and terror, of unnumbered generations, back through recorded time, back through the ages that paleontologists dimly discern, back through the first stirrings of organic life. All along the path life flickers up but to be quenched by death. In contemplation of this

funeral march the Old Man nuzzles to the breast of humanity, and longs for more and more intimate human communion. To him humanity is not a mere collection of individual units, but a mighty organism, animated by a common consciousness, proceeding onward to some far-off end, with whose destiny his own is inseparably joined.

III

Laelius: What do you say to the physical weakness of Old Age? Surely the lack of physical vigor is a disadvantage.

Cato: It is true, *Laelius*, that Old Age fences in a man's activities. We old men are no longer free to roam and amuse, or bore, ourselves with random interests. Our bounds are set. But with the diminishing of space comes what may well be a more than corresponding intensity of interest. The need of boundlessness is one of the illusions of youth; it is a consequence of youth's instability, of its unwillingness to hold its attention fixed. The tether of Old Age obliges us to fix our attention; and no matter on what our attention is fixed, we can find there concentrated the essential truths of the universe. The adjectives *great* and *small* are not God's words; they mark our inability to throw aside our egoism even for a moment.

The Japanese general who has slain his tens of thousands on the plains of Manchuria, squats on his hams and contemplates the infinite beauties in the iris, as the sunshine flatters it, or the breeze bellies out the wrinkled petals of its corolla. Its purple deepens, its white emulates the radiance of morning, its velvet texture outdoes the royal couch of fairyland, its pistil displays all the marvel of maternity, its laborious root performs its appointed task with the faithfulness of ministering angels. The armies of Russia and

Japan could not tell as much concerning the history of the universe as does this solitary iris. A garden that will hold a lilac bush, a patch of mignonette, a dozen hollyhocks, or a few peonies, is enough to occupy a Diocletian. A square yard of vetch will reveal the most profound secrets of our destiny; the fermentation of a cup of wine discloses enough to make a man famous for centuries; the disease of a silkworm will determine the well-being of a kingdom; the denizens in a drop of blood cause half the sufferings of humanity. The achievements of modern science merely confirm the intuitions of Old Age. Littleness is as full of interest as bigness.

Youth has a longing for Sinai heights, for the virgin tops of the Himalayas, and the company of deep-breathing mountaineers; this is because he cannot see the wonder in common things. Blindly impatient with what he has, blindly discontented with what is about him, he postulates the beautiful, the real, the true, in the unattainable. But Old Age delights in what is near at hand, it sees that nothing is cut off from the poetry of the universe, that the littlest things throb with the same spirit that animates our hearts, that the word *common* is a mere subterfuge of ignorance.

Laelius: If I conceive your meaning aright, *Cato*, Old Age is, through greater understanding, nearer the truth than Youth.

Cato: Yes, Age understands that such revelation as may be vouchsafed to man concerning the working of the will of the Gods needs not be sought on Mount Sinai, but in whatever spot man is. Earth, the waters, the air, and all the starry space, are waiting to communicate the secrets of the Gods to the understanding of man. Many secrets they will reveal; and many, perhaps, they will never disclose.

IV

Scipio: Excuse me, Cato, but are you not, in substance, claiming the advantages of religion, and is not religion as open to Youth as to Old Age?

Cato: By no means, Scipio; Old Age is more religious than Youth. I do not speak of the emotional crises that come upon young men and young women in early youth; those crises seem too closely related to physical growth and development to be religious in the same sense in which Old Age is religious. That the emotional crises of Youth may bear as truthful witness to the realities of the universe as the temperate religion of Old Age, I do not deny. The God that Youth sees by the light of its emotional fires may be the real God, but that image of God is transitory, it appears in fire and too often disappears in smoke. The image of God that appears to Old Age is a more abiding image; it reveals itself to experience and to reason instead of to the sudden and brief conviction of vision. Old Age finds God more in its own image, calm, infinitely patient, not revealed merely by the vibrant intensity of passion, but in the familiar and the commonplace. To Old Age the common things of life declare the glory of God.

Common things affect different minds differently; yet to most minds certain familiar phenomena stand out conspicuous as matter for reflection. Most extraordinary of all common things is human love. Throughout the universe of the stellar sky and the universe of the infinitely little, so far as we can see, there is perpetual movement, change, readjustment; everywhere are velocities, potencies, forces pushing other forces, forces holding other forces in check, energies in furious career, energies in dead-lock, but always, everywhere, energy in travail. And,

apart from our animal life, the whole machinery whirls along without a throb of emotion, without a touch of affection. Why should not men have been mechanical, swept into being and borne onward, by the same energies, in the same iron-bound way? Even if consciousness, unfolding out of the potential chaos that preceded man, was able to wheedle an existence from Necessity, why was it expedient to add love? Would not mechanical means serve the determined ends of human life, and impel us to this action and to that, without the need of human affection? Human affection is surely a very curious and interesting device.

And if the world must be peopled, and the brute law of propagation be adopted in a universe of chemistry and physics, why was it necessary to cover it with visions of 'love and of honor that cannot die,' and to render the common man for the moment worthy of an infinite destiny?

Then there is also the perplexity of beauty. Why to creatures whose every footstep is determined by the propulsions of the past, should a flower, a tuft of grass, a passing cloud, a bare tree that lifts the tracery of its branches against a sunset sky, cause such delight? Descended from an ancestry that needed no lure of beautiful sight or of pleasant sound to induce it to live its appointed life, why should mankind become so capriciously sensitive?

Or consider human happiness. Here, for example, I live, in this little cottage that seems to have alighted, like a bird, on the slope of this gentle hill. Red and white peonies grow before the door, enriching the air with their fragrance. They charm both me and the bees. In yonder bush beside the door a chipping-sparrow sits upon her nest; and in the swinging branch of the elm tree overhead two orioles rear their brood, and as they flash by, their golden colors

delight the human beings that watch them. Look over that stone wall, and mark how its flat line gives an incomparable effect to the landscape. See our New England fields dotted with New England elms; and far beyond see those white-sailed schooners scud before the boisterous wind. The farmer's boy, who fetches milk and eggs, left me that nosegay of wild flowers. Look! Look! See how the whiteness of that cloud glorifies the blue of the sky. Is it not strange that all these things, that go about their own business, should, by the way, perform a work of supererogation and give us so much unnecessary pleasure?

The young do not see or do not heed these common things; they are busy with their own emotions. Youth is a time of tyrannical demands upon the universe. It expects a perpetual banquet of happiness, and at the first disillusion charges the universe with falsehood and ingratitude. It no sooner discovers that all creation is not hurrying to gratify its impulses, than it cries out that all creation is a hideous thing. It arraigns the universe; it draws up an indictment of countless crimes. The long past becomes one bloody tragedy. Dragons of the prime rend one another, creature preys upon creature, all things live at the expense of others, and death is the one reality. All the records of the earth tell a tale of bloody, bestial cruelty. The globe is growing cold; man shall perish utterly, all his high hopes, all his good deeds, all his prayers, all his love, shall become as if they had never been. And Youth, because the universe for a moment seems to neglect it, in a Promethean ecstasy defies the powers that be.

But Old Age, rendered wiser by the mellowing years, concerns itself less with the records of paleontology and the uttermost parts of the universe,

than with matters at closer range and more within its comprehension. It fixes its eye less on death than on life. It considers the phenomena of love, of beauty, of happiness, and the factors that have wrought them, and its thoughts trace back the long, long sequence of causes that lie behind each contributing factor; they follow them back through recorded time, back through the ages of primitive man, through the dim times of the first stirrings of organic life, through vast geological periods, back to chaos and old night. They follow each contributory factor out through the universe, to the uttermost reaches of space, beyond the boundaries of perception; and everywhere they find those contributory causes steadily proceeding on their several ways through the vast stretches of space and time, and combining with other factors from other dark recesses of the unknown, in order, at last, to produce love, beauty, happiness, for such as you and me. Consider, you young men, who pass these miracles by as lightly as you breathe, this marvelous privilege of life, the infinite toil and patience that has made it what it is, and then, if you dare, call the power that animates the universe cruel.

v

Scipio: I perceive, Cato, that you believe in a God, a God in sympathy with man, and I grant — Lælius, too, will grant — that such a belief, if a characteristic of Old Age, does indeed give Old Age one great advantage over Youth.

Cato: No, I cannot claim that a belief in God is a necessary accompaniment of Old Age, but I think that Old Age is far more likely than Youth to dwell upon the considerations that fit in with such a belief.

To Youth all the energy of the uni-

verse is inexplicable, the things we behold are the products of blind forces; but to Old Age the essential element in the universe is the potential character of its infinitely little constituent parts. Out of the dust came the human eye, up from the happy combination of the nervous system came the human mind, and with the passage of time has come the new organic whole, humanity. Do not these phenomena hint at a divine element in the potential energies of the universe? What is all this motion and turmoil, all the ceaseless turnings and tossings of creation, but restless discontent and an endeavor to produce a higher order? Our human love, beauty, and happiness are less to be explained by what has gone before than by what is to come. You cannot explain the first streaks of dawn by the darkness of the night. All the processes of change — gases, vapors, germs, human souls — are the perturbations of aspiration. This vibrant universe is struggling in the throes of birth. As out of the dust has come the human soul, so out of the universe shall come a divine soul. God is to be the last fruits of creation. Out of chaos He is evolving.

You would laugh at me, Scipio, if it were not for your good manners. Wait and learn. Belief in deity is, in a measure, the privilege of us old men. Age has lost the physical powers of Youth, and no one will dispute that the loss is great, but that loss predisposes men to the acceptance of religious beliefs. Physical powers, of themselves, imply an excessive belief in the physical universe; muscles and nerves, in contact with unyielding things, exaggerate the importance of the physical world. Throughout the period of physical

vigor the material world is a matter of prime consequence; but to an old man the physical world loses its tyrannical authority. The world of thought and the world of affection rise up and surpass in interest the physical world. In these worlds the presence of God is more clearly discernible than in the material world; but if He is in them, He will surely come into the material world.

Even now, here and there, his glory is visible. A mother, at least, cannot believe that the throbs of her heart over her sick child are of no greater significance than the dropping of water or the formation of a crystal. The presence of deity has reached her heart; in course of time, it will also reach the water and the crystal. If matter of itself has produced the passion of human love, it surely may be said, without presumption, to be charged with potential divinity.

Old Age cares less and less for the physical world; it lives more and more in the worlds of thought and of affection. It does not envy Youth, that lives so bound and confined by things physical. But you have been very patient. Make my compliments to your families, and perhaps in part to Harvard College, on your good manners, and remember when you, too, shall be old, to have the same gentle patience with Youth that you now have with Old Age.

Scipio: Thank you, Cato. If we are not convinced, we desire to be.

Lælius: Yes, indeed, we now doubt that those whom the Gods love die young.

Cato: You must hurry or you will miss your train. Good-bye.

THE FARMER AND FINANCE

BY MYRON T. HERRICK

THE importance of agriculture as an economic and social factor is not a newly discovered fact. As long ago as 1859, in a speech before the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, Abraham Lincoln said, 'Population must increase rapidly, more rapidly than in former times, and ere long the most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil. No community whose every member possesses this art can ever be the victim of oppression in any of its forms. Such community will be alike independent of crowned kings, money kings, and land kings.'

Unfortunately, perhaps, the truth contained in Lincoln's words was not sufficiently well-appreciated to modify the course of the economic development of the country. Nations, like individuals, are accustomed to regard lightly those things that are easily acquired. Conditions in this country always have been so favorable to agriculture that it has been accepted as an industry needing little encouragement. On the other hand, manufacturing and commerce did not seem to possess the inherent qualities of self-development, and, as a result, the economic policy of the country has been consciously framed to build up these industries, — not exactly at the expense of agriculture, but at least with the consequence of diverting the attention of the people from the danger of neglecting farming interests. Consequently, the industry of cultivating the soil has been left to develop along the lines of least re-

sistance, — that of seizing temporary profits, without regard to future possibilities. The complaisant indifference with which agricultural development has been regarded, has had its logical result. Agriculture has failed to progress with anywhere near the rapidity with which the population of the country and the demand for food-products have increased.

From 1900 to 1910 the population of the United States increased twenty-one per cent; during the same period the number of farms increased only ten and five tenths per cent; which indicates that, in the ten years, rural population increased about one-half as much as the total population. In 1909 the per-capita production of cereals was only forty-nine and one tenth bushels; in 1899 it was fifty-eight and four tenths, — a decrease of nine bushels per head in ten years. Between 1899 and 1909 the aggregate production of cereals increased only one and seven tenths per cent, but their market value was higher by seventy-nine and eight tenths per cent in 1909 than in 1899, — the increase in price being forty-seven times the increase in quantity. In 1900 there was one farm for every thirteen and two tenths persons; in 1910 there was one farm for every fourteen and five tenths persons. On the average, therefore, each farm now has to furnish food for more than one more person than in 1900. In 1900, there were five and five tenths acres of improved farm land per capita of population; by 1910 the per-capita improved

acreage had declined to five and two tenths acres.

These figures make it clear why the exports of food-stuffs in crude condition, and food animals, have decreased from \$227,300,000, or 16.59 per cent of the total exports, for the fiscal year of 1900, to \$99,900,000, or only 4.6 per cent of the total for the fiscal year of 1912; and why similar imports have increased from \$68,700,000 in 1900, to \$180,120,000 in 1912. Of course the splendid crops of this year will, for the time being, alter the tendency of imports of food-stuffs to increase and of exports to decrease, but unfortunately experience indicates that another bumper crop is not likely for several years. Regardless of other influences the increasing disparity between the supply of and demand for food-stuffs, as shown by the foregoing data, would seem almost to furnish an adequate explanation of the fact that on October 1, 1912, Bradstreet's index number of prices made a new high record of \$9.4515.

Surprising as it may seem, it is within the last few years that the people of the United States have recognized the danger that lies in the increasing prices of food. The uneasiness with which the rise in the prices of necessities is now regarded is amply justified, for if there is a further considerable advance, a lowering of the standard of living of a great number of the American people, with its certain inimical consequences to the quality of our citizenship, is bound to occur. It is largely the apprehension of this possibility that has impelled the national government, the states, various associations and individuals, to undertake the promotion of scientific farming, to the end that the output of the farms of this country may be raised to a maximum consistent with economic production and the conservation of the vital qualities of

the soil. Educational activity of this sort is excellent and necessary, and should, if possible, be continued with greater enthusiasm. However, agriculture is similar to other industries in that knowledge alone is not sufficient for success. Like those engaged in other kinds of business, farmers must have capital, in addition to knowledge and skill, and it is highly important that they obtain the capital they need on terms consistent with their credit.

What is being done to promote better farming, through education and the establishment of land- and agricultural-credit institutions, is due to the great importance of the industry, and not to any lack of intelligence on the part of the farmers themselves. There is no more reason to assume that farmers are incapable of, or indifferent to, progress than there is to assume that bankers are deficient because they operate under a faulty and inadequate banking system. The farmers of the United States are the intellectual superiors of the farmers in any other country in the world, and, with equal facilities, they will set the pace in scientific agriculture.

A superficial knowledge of agricultural conditions in the United States is all that is necessary to understand that the particular pressing need of American farmers is financial machinery whereby the potential credit that they possess in abundance can be made negotiable. There is in this country a serious lack of financial institutions suited to supply farmers with funds. In this respect the United States is the most backward of any of the important nations of the world, and, consequently, it is safe to say that this is the prime reason why this country is so far behind many other countries in the per-acre production of food-stuffs. The average yield of grain in the United States is about fifty per cent less than

it is on the continent of Europe, and the average per-acre yield of potatoes is not more than thirty per cent of what it is in Germany. The most striking and important difference between farming conditions here and in many European countries, is that there farmers can readily obtain the funds they need, whereas in this country agricultural financing is difficult and costly.

In its capital requirements, farming is not unlike other industries, and it is like other industries in that unless these capital requirements are supplied, progress will be slow and dubious. Like the merchant and the manufacturer, the farmer needs funds: first, for the purchase of property and for its permanent improvement; and second, for temporary purposes, — such as financing crops. These two general divisions of agricultural capital requirements should be preserved in the nature of the loans that are made to secure funds. Each of these two divisions can and should support its own credit, known respectively as land credit and agricultural credit. For the purpose of buying land and making permanent improvements, farmers should be able to make mortgage loans which have a long time to run, and which they can gradually repay by small yearly installments. Money invested in land or permanent improvements becomes fixed capital, and the proportion of a farmer's income that can be attributed to this sort of capital is so limited that it is illogical and unreasonable to expect the money so invested to be repaid except after a considerable period of years. The maximum length of a farm loan in this country is from three to five years, and, at the end of that time, it may or may not be possible to secure a renewal. As a rule, a farm-mortgage loan here has a very restricted market, and, consequently, the borrower frequently is

obliged to pay an unreasonable rate of interest, and to submit to burdensome conditions from which the nature of the security he has to offer entitles him to be exempt.

Until some way is provided by which farm mortgages can be made the basis of a long-time security, with the marketable qualities of a railroad or industrial bond, and which can be sold at a price very nearly determined by the soundness of the security, the farmers of this country will continue to be burdened by the terms they must accept in making mortgage loans. That it is possible to create a security of this sort is shown by the success of the mortgage-loan companies and associations of foreign countries, whose obligations sell on a basis as favorable as that of bonds of the most successful railroad and industrial corporations. The farmers of the United States have as good a claim to cheap money as have railroad and industrial corporations, because farm land constitutes as good security as a railroad or a factory. The marvelous and rapid development of the railroads of the country, to a very large extent, is due to the low cost at which they have been able to obtain vast sums of money for purposes of development. There is absolutely no reason why just as cheap money should not be similarly available for the acceleration of agricultural development.

For the financing of temporary capital requirements, the personal credit of farmers should be made available. A farmer should not be obliged to mortgage his land to obtain funds to operate his property. As in the case of mortgage loans, the facilities in this country for making negotiable the personal credit of farmers are inadequate. There is no reason why the industrious, capable farmer should not be able to borrow on his personal obligation as easily as does the merchant. A few

American farmers do a banking business on a scale sufficiently large to make them desirable clients of local, state, and national banks, but, for the great majority, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to secure the personal credit accommodation they need, and to which their responsibility entitles them.

The success of foreign rural coöperative banking associations in reducing the rate of interest on loans to farmers, and the almost negligible amount that has been lost through the operations of these associations, clearly indicates that the high rate of interest that farmers in this country must pay, is due, not to any inherent weakness in their credit, but to the lack of properly organized facilities for making their credit negotiable. The lack of agricultural banking facilities is a tremendous hardship for the farmers. It means that they are laboring under a handicap which those engaged in no other kind of industry have to bear. Under present arrangements, farmers are paying two, two and a half, and three per cent more for money than they should. Upon the enormous amount of borrowed funds that the farmers of this country are obliged to employ, the excessive interest amounts to a sum so large that if it could be saved and expended in increasing the productivity of our farms, it would do much toward solving the problem of inadequate crops.

Fortunately, in the attempt to establish banking facilities for the farmers of the United States, it is not necessary to work in the dark. Many of the farm-credit institutions of other countries are established on principles so broad and sound that, with some modifications, they can be adapted to conditions in this country. It is important, therefore, to know all we can of foreign land- and agricultural-credit institutions.

Germany is, perhaps, the country where agriculture is the most thoroughly and most intelligently organized. There are organizations in Germany for the purpose of supplying farmers with capital, and organizations for carrying on nearly all of the operations connected with the cultivation of the soil — all owned and managed by the farmers themselves. These organizations have revolutionized agricultural conditions in Germany. They not only have been the means of immensely increasing the productivity of the farms, but have also wonderfully improved the economic and social status of the farmers themselves. The first kind of agricultural coöperative organization started in Germany was for credit or banking purposes, and the entire fabric of agricultural coöperation in Germany now rests on its elaborate and efficient system of credit societies. Consequently it is reasonable to assume that these credit societies are responsible for the advanced condition of agriculture. Agricultural credit in Germany is based on the principles of self-help and coöperation.

In those European countries where land- and agricultural-credit facilities are the most complete, as a rule, long-time mortgage loans and short-time personal loans are made by different institutions organized along different lines. Of the two kinds of credit institutions, perhaps the most successful and efficient are the Raiffeisen banks in Germany and the Credit Foncier in France. These two institutions differ in many essential particulars. A Raiffeisen bank is a mutual association, the Credit Foncier is an incorporated company; the Raiffeisen banks loan for the most part on personal obligations, the Credit Foncier on first mortgages; the Raiffeisen banks secure most of their funds through the deposits of the farmers themselves, the Credit Foncier,

through the debenture bonds that it issues, obtains funds for its loans from the conservative investors of all classes. It is because of these and other characteristic differences, and by reason of the wonderful success of these two institutions, that a knowledge of how the Raiffeisen banks and the Credit Foncier operate, and what they have accomplished, is peculiarly illuminating and profitable. Each of these two types of credit organizations possesses many features well adapted for systems of farm-credit institutions in this country.

The Raiffeisen banking system was founded by Frederick William Raiffeisen primarily for the purpose of freeing small farmers from the exactions of usurers. Raiffeisen knew nothing of finance, but he did understand the needs of those who, under the most discouraging circumstances, were bravely trying to gain a living from the soil — a class among whom credit was the particular and essential thing lacking. Sir Horace Plunkett, who has done so much for the agricultural development of Ireland, has said that the establishment of the Raiffeisen banks was second in economic importance only to the discovery of steam.

The Raiffeisen banking system is based on the principle of combining borrowers, to the end that by association they may secure credit facilities which, as individuals, it would be impossible for them to obtain. The fundamental provisions of the Raiffeisen banks, as contemplated by Herr Raiffeisen, were those of gratuitous management, unlimited liability of members, and a strictly local field of operation. For the most part the Raiffeisen banks adhere to those provisions. The membership of the banks is made up almost exclusively of farmers. In 1909 the number of members for each bank averaged 92. In the beginning the

Raiffeisen banks had no capital stock, but in 1876 a law was passed which made it necessary for them to issue shares of stock. The value of the shares was fixed at what was little more than a nominal amount. In 1909 the average paid-up capital per member was only 19 marks. The dividends that the Raiffeisen banks can pay are strictly limited — in no event can they exceed the rate of interest charged on loans. In 1909 these banks made a net profit in excess of 7,000,000 marks, but of this only 13 per cent was paid out in dividends — the balance being passed to the credit of the reserve fund. Because of the nature of its business the sphere of operation of each bank is very limited. It is necessary for the members to know each other, and to know for what purpose each loan is made, and to see that the money is so used. The Raiffeisen banks have done much to encourage thrift, because they have supplied a new incentive for saving. Inasmuch as the successful management of these banks requires a keen sense of responsibility on the part of the individual members, their moral effect is very considerable. Through their membership in the Raiffeisen banks many German farmers have become familiar with the nature and uses of credit and have acquired a knowledge of business. Altogether, these small rural banks have much improved the financial position and the moral and intellectual calibre of their members.

Because of its small size and restricted field of operation, the management of a Raiffeisen bank is very simple and inexpensive. In 1909, the average cost of management per bank was only 638 marks. The funds that the banks have to loan to their members are made up of the proceeds of the sale of capital stock, the reserve accumulated from profits, deposits, — both savings and

current account, — and loans from the central coöperative banks, from other banks, and from individuals. In 1909, 88 per cent of these funds consisted of the deposits of the farmers themselves. The size of the average deposit is about \$370.

The loans which these banks make are either on current account — a form of over-draft often used by European banks — or for fixed periods. There is a tendency to extend the practice of making loans on current account, as that seems to be the form best suited for members. As a rule the loans made by the Raiffeisen banks are for a short period — usually for one year, with a maximum of five. For the most part the loans are granted on the personal obligations of the borrowers, to which usually is added the guaranty of one or two associate members. Occasionally loans are secured by deposit of collateral, or by mortgages. The average loan of the Raiffeisen banks in Germany is about \$150. As the small size of the average loan indicates, the Raiffeisen banks primarily are institutions for supplying credit accommodations to the small landowner.

The Raiffeisen banking system in Germany now comprises about 15,000 local banks, with a membership of approximately 2,000,000. These banks are now doing a yearly aggregate business of about \$1,500,000,000. The local Raiffeisen banks are grouped under 35 provincial banks, which, in turn, are affiliated with two general central coöperative banks. The local banks borrow money from the provincial banks, when required, and also loan to them their surplus funds. The provincial central banks are coöperative societies, with limited liability, and they occupy much the same position toward the local rural banks that the latter do toward their members. Their working capital is made up of the paid-up shares of their

members (the local banks), of the deposits of the local banks, and of loans from other banks. By means of these provincial and central coöperative banks, agricultural credit in those parts of Germany where these banks operate possesses the element of fluidity in a remarkable degree — moving from those localities where it is not needed to those where it is needed. Altogether the Raiffeisen banks of Germany make up a wonderfully efficient organization, which, by supplying an enormous amount of agricultural credit, has revolutionized farming in Germany.

Up to the middle of the last century, France was almost entirely lacking in land- and agricultural-credit facilities. As a result of much agitation there was passed in 1852 a law providing for land-mortgage banks, and under this the Credit Foncier was organized. Because of the success of the *Landschaften* in Germany, many of the principles and methods of these associations were incorporated in the French law. The Credit Foncier is unlike the *Landschaften* in the very important particular that it is an incorporated company, not a coöperative association. The Credit Foncier has a capital of 200,000,000 francs and operates under the supervision of the state. In the beginning (1852) the government granted the Credit Foncier a subsidy of 10,000,000 francs, in order to help it make loans at a rate advantageous for that time. The subsidy was not renewed, and the state does not now intervene, except occasionally, to exercise control. The Credit Foncier possesses many special privileges, pertaining to the issuance of bonds and to its loans, that give it a practical, if not a legal monopoly of the kind of business in which it is engaged.

The purposes of the Credit Foncier are: —

1. Lending money to landowners,

counties, communes, and public services.

2. Creating and negotiating mortgage bonds, or, more properly, debentures, to a value which cannot exceed the amount of the sums due from its borrowers.

3. As a necessary accessory to its principal business, the Credit Foncier has the right to carry on ordinary banking operations, within well-defined limits, and, in that connection, it is permitted to receive deposits; but the aggregate of deposits must not exceed 100,000,000 francs.

A large part of the funds received on deposit is employed in discounting commercial bills, on condition that they have two signatures and do not run over three months. The shares of the Credit Foncier, which are dealt in on the Bourse, are issued at five hundred francs, and any one can own them. The stock now receives six per cent dividends, and sells for about 750 francs a share. The government appoints the governor and two sub-governors, who, by virtue of their office are members of the Council of Administration. There must also be three treasurers-general — state officials — among the 23 members of the Council of Administration. These treasurers are appointed by the general assembly of the company, but before presenting their names to the assembly it is customary to obtain the approval of the Minister of Finance. The general assembly represents all the stockholders, and is composed of the two hundred who own the largest amount of stock. These stockholders meet once each year to ratify the accounts, vote the dividend, and dispose of such other business as may properly be presented to them. The general assembly elects a Council of Administration of 23 members. The governor has a right to veto the acts of both the general as-

sembly and the Council, but there are only a very few instances on record of his having used this power. The Council of Administration meets once each week, and, among other things, passes upon all loans.

The two principal kinds of loans made by the Credit Foncier are mortgage loans and communal loans, and its total outstanding loans now amount to about 4,000,000,000 francs. So far as this country is concerned, that part of its operations covering the making of mortgage loans to landowners is of the greatest interest. Our municipalities now have a broad and steady market for their securities.

The Credit Foncier makes loans to landowners on the following terms:—

1. Short-time loans, without amortization, for a period of from one to nine years.

2. Long time loans, with annual amortization, for a period of from ten to seventy-five years.

The rate of interest on these loans is 4.30 per cent at the present time, and the rate is the same for all kinds of property. The rate charged on a loan must not exceed the rate at which money is obtained from the sale of bonds by more than six tenths of one per cent. Loans are made only on first-mortgage security, and the amount of the loan cannot exceed one half of the value of the property, except that loans on wine and timber lands must not exceed one third of their value. When the loan is made for a short period, the borrower pays each year only the amount of interest due, and the principal sum must be paid in full at the end of the term of the loan — from one to nine years. Long-time loans are amortized; that is they are gradually paid by means of an annuity, which includes the interest and a small fraction of the principal. As a rule, the borrower himself fixes the length of

time that the loan is to run. The amortization extends over the whole period of the loan, so that the total of the interest and capital amount is repaid from a constant yearly annuity. Consequently, the cost of amortization depends on the length of the loan, and on the rate of interest. On a loan running for seventy-five years at 4.30 per cent interest, the annuity—including interest and amortization—is at the rate of 4.48 per cent per annum. The borrower has the right to pay the principal of the loan at any time, and to profit by the amortization already made. He can also make partial payments and thereby reduce the amount of the annuity.

The bonds issued by the Credit Foncier have no fixed maturity, but are called for payment by lot. Each payment of bonds must be of such an amount that the bonds remaining in circulation do not exceed the balance of the principal owed upon the hypothecated loans. If the government approves, there can be added to the bonds called for payment certain prizes and premiums. The funds received from the usual amortization, or anticipated payments, must be used to amortize or redeem bonds, or to make new loans. In general the bonds bear 3 per cent on the nominal capital, and the total cost of recent loans to the company, including interest, prizes, and premiums, is about 3.60 per cent. The bonds are sold by public subscription, and may be paid for in installments. About every three years the company issues bonds sufficient to yield from 300,000,000 to 350,000,000 francs. The bonds are subscribed for by people of small means, and usually remain in their hands; consequently the quotations of the bonds show little fluctuation—less than French railway bonds. The company always keeps a few bonds on hand for sale, but the bulk of them

are disposed of by public subscription.

The Credit Foncier has departed from its original purpose to the extent that at the present time a very large part of its loans are made on urban real estate. However, this is simply an incident, and does not reflect on the applicability of the principles on which the Credit Foncier is founded, to an institution confining its operations to loans on rural land.

In view of the wonderful success of the Credit Foncier and kindred institutions, it is hard to understand why the principle of debenture bonds, secured by long-time real-estate loans, payable by amortization, should not, long ago, have been put in practice in this country. The business of loaning money on farm mortgages in the United States is still carried on in a primitive way. We are still making farm-mortgage loans for such short periods that frequent renewals—often very embarrassing to debtors—are inevitable. The existence of facilities whereby farm-mortgage loans could be made for long terms—say fifty years or more, with provision for easy payment by amortization—would be a wonderful boon to American farmers, and a decided stimulant to the development of efficient, scientific farming.

Neither the Raiffeisen banks nor the Credit Foncier involve strange financial principles. In this country, the splendid record of the mutual savings banks proves that coöperation can be safely and wisely applied in banking. We are familiar with the principle of debenture bonds, and we know something of the principle of amortization. Of course, it is impossible to pick up any of the foreign farm-credit systems, out of its social setting, and say, off-hand, that it would be as successful in this country. The history and success, as well as the details of organization, of

every one of the foreign farm-credit systems have been very largely determined by the temperament, the social and economic status of the people, and by the conditions of climate and soil of the country in which they are situated. Consequently in working out the plans of agricultural- and land-credit systems for this country, we must be cautious in our adherence to foreign models. We must remember that the value and success of every institution depends upon its being in harmony with its environment.

The importance of adequate credit facilities for our farmers is beginning

to be keenly appreciated. The American Bankers Association, the Southern Commercial Congress, and other organizations, are doing splendid pioneer work by agitating the need of an agricultural banking system, and by disseminating information as to what has been accomplished abroad.

The establishment of agricultural- and land-credit systems in this country is not a political question; it is an economic question of the gravest import—the proper solution of which demands a patriotic national purpose and constructive ability of a high order.

THE WISHED-FOR CHILD ¹

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

SHE made a place for me beside her on the moss.

‘You see it will comfort me to talk it over. I have never talked of it with Marie. But if the good God takes me first, I should like her to know. You will tell her. She will let you know, even if you are far away, that I am gone; and then, you will either come and tell her, or you will write her.

‘I need not begin at the beginning; you know—for Marie will have told you—that once I was as straight and tall as Marie—even a little taller; would you think it? Then there came

the accident. After that, not only my body was bent, but my dreams also.’

She turned her misshapen shoulders a little toward me.

‘You see, up to that time I had dreams of being a mother. I do not mean that I was promised in marriage. But there was one who had loved me a little and whom I loved. Some day I would have been his wife,—it must have been so; and some day I would be the mother of children. Well, after the accident, he went away to Paris. They tell me he became a great man in the milk trade there. There was never any more thought of marriage; and when I dreamed of children, it was of the children I could never have. One does not talk of suffering like that; it goes into the days somehow. And then, by-and-by, it passes into that

¹ ‘The Wished-For Child’ is in the main a true story. Names and some of the lesser circumstances have been altered, but the chief facts remain as they were told to the writer by one to whom the leading character of the story related them. — THE AUTHOR.

strange thing that belongs to all of us — Hope.

‘God is a great Rich Man, made-moiselle, there is no disputing that; and we are his children; and we each believe, secretly, that for us there is an inheritance, the inheritance of happiness, could we but find it. For, sometimes, it is buried away like treasure; but it is there for us, could we but find it. And it is the hope of this that keeps us alive. Not bread and bodily comforts. Bread and fire are but symbols. So I sought and hoped and wondered where now, — now that I might never have children of my own, — where now the treasure of my happiness was to be found.

‘Just then, Marie, who was young and tall, had a lover, Jean Marie; a man not of her station — quite above her. She had always hands and a face and a little quiet air to attract the well-born. Jean Marie was the son of a rich carriage-maker. He was a student in the college at St. Genevieve, and he lived with his old uncle on the road to Bragin, the road that runs from St. Genevieve past our house. He always stopped to have a word with her at twilight, when he came by on his way home, with his books. She spoke to me none at all about him; but one needs not to be told such things. At this time I never touched her hand after twilight that her fingers were not cold.

‘When his studies were over and he, with the rest of the students, was to get his diploma, she dressed herself in her white dress. I had helped her to make it. We began making it at the time of the apple-blossoms, and neither of us said why we made it, though we both knew. And I tied about her waist a blue ribbon I had that had belonged to our mother. She went not like the rest, by the road, but a way all her own across the fields, to watch him go by in the long procession of students. She

told me, a long time afterward, that by-and-by he came and spoke to her and held her two hands in gladness for a moment, while the rich and well-dressed ladies looked on; and that he laughed and was gay and sunny; and that he gave her a spray of pink larkspur. His mother had brought him a big bunch of it for his graduation, as though he had been a girl.

‘That evening he came to the gate to tell her that he was going away to Paris, to study more; to be an apothecary. And then, he kissed her. I saw it myself; I could not help it. He said nothing to her about coming back; but I never doubted that he would. Marie was beautiful. In the white dress, with my mother’s blue ribbon about her waist, and the pink larkspur in her hair, she was already a bride, a man’s wife, the mother of a man’s children, — any man who had eyes to see. So I never doubted.

‘Well, I had found the way to my treasure at last, and to the happiness I longed for. “Marie and he will marry,” I said. “They will have children. It is there that I shall find happiness. I shall feel the arms of those children about my neck. It is I who shall help them, guide them, teach them, rear them, — I who am wiser, wiser than Marie. Marie is too yielding, too gentle. She has always been so. She herself is dependent on me. One child, perhaps, will need me, one at least, more than the rest. So you see I planned for a child, oh, definitely planned for it! — And I began to borrow books from the library of old Philippe — for I said, “If I read, Jean Marie will have more respect for me, — he who is learned. Marie’s beauty will satisfy him; but he will only weary of having me about unless I am clever and can be of help.” So I studied a little of what an apothecary would study; and I studied the poets. “The poets,” I said,

"give dignity to the mind. The child will lean on me more if I know some poetry."

'If, at any time, doubt came to me, I had only to remember that Marie, from I do not know where, had procured some seed of the larkspur, that following spring; and great clumps of it grew by the little kitchen path, after that. That was proof enough. We both pretended that it had no meaning, whereas to both of us, — well, such silences are but courtesies between sisters who love each other.

'So I knitted a pair of white silk stockings for her, and made her a set of underwear from linen; only a little at a time.

'It was not until two years after, that she spoke of this. Her face had grown more slender and had a beauty that reminded you of ten o'clock in the little church. You know how the light shines then, back of the altar, pale and waiting and sad. It was not until then that she asked me what I was doing.

"I am knitting stockings for you, Marie," I said, "for when you are a bride."

"I think it is of no use," she said; "I think he will not come back."

'But we waited, she and I, for him to come. Eight years. Have you ever waited eight years for anything? At the end of the eight years Marie was not the same. She was beautiful, but with the beauty that loss and longing and waiting carve out. I knew she might have reconciled herself at last to giving up Jean Marie, — though there was no other to take his place, — but I knew that she, too, had dreamed of having little children; and that is a longing that one cannot relinquish.

'I was not far wrong. One spring night, when the lilacs were in bloom, and she and I sat in the little stone doorway, she raised her arms a mo-

ment, — a gesture of despair, — then dropped them straight and heavy in her lap and clasped her hands.

"Zephine, Zephine! I am tall and I am a woman — but God has not given it to me to be the mother of a child."

"And I am bent and a woman," I answered quickly, and perhaps harshly, "and He has not given it to me either, nor will."

'At that she was all penitence and chided herself. But I soothed her. "It is not your hand that can hurt me, little sister," I said; "it is the hand of God that has been heavy on me. And for eight years I, too, have waited for your happiness to come to you, not just for your sake, but for my own. For is not my happiness all bound up in yours? Have I not dreamed — oh, more than you, I think — of loving your children? I had meant that you should bear me one, one more mine than the rest, and you should give it to me who can bear none of my own."

"And, oh, they should have been yours, all," she said, very still and white, "and one in particular. If God had given me that joy it would have been great enough, full great enough for two."

'So we sat a long while, mademoiselle. We were two women, without so much as the hope of a child. It was not our custom to talk together. We are silent by nature.

'I did not go to bed at once. I went instead into the garden to the little arbor near the gate. From there I could see her moving about upstairs in her little room with the low ceiling. Then very soon she put out the light. After that she sat by the window. I do not know how long she remained there.

'But Jean Marie never came, mademoiselle. Life is like that. You may wait all day with your face turned

down a dusty road, and all the while the horseman is riding only farther away. While she prayed so hard, perhaps he was strolling down one of the streets of Paris, singing a little tune, as I think men do; or maybe stopping to pat a dog. And did he guess all the while that he carried Marie's heart in his hand, and that in turning his face down that street instead of up the dusty road to Bragin, he was taking all motherhood away from her?

'No, mademoiselle. Life is like that. I knew the road to Marie's life well and I knew none would pass her way. Since Jean Marie had turned his face to Paris not one had come past; not one who had stopped. Yet I prayed that night as I sat in the little arbor, — and as I saw her sitting in the dark window, — I prayed God to send her motherhood.

'I do not remember how long I prayed. I remember, though, the odor of the lilacs and then, in the midst of my praying, I remember hearing horses' hoofs on the road. I waited for them to go past as all things else did, but they stopped. Then I heard the clank of a sword and spurs and a few words; I saw the light of a small lantern. Then I saw two men dismount; they were in uniform. One of them swung back the gate and almost brushed against me.

"What have we here!" He held up his lantern and looked at me. "We want lodging and are of no mind to go farther. Will you give us a bed, my sister?"

'I suppose I looked frightened. I think I was.

"If your horses can go no farther, you shall not go without a bed," I said.

'The face of the other soldier, more tired and eager, appeared now over the shoulder of the first.

"My friend's horse here has gone lame. We are sick of hunger. You will

take us in? Besides the gold we can give, God finds ways to reward. You will take us in?"

'Only it was hardly a question, more like an agreement.

'We stood a moment, the three of us, in a little circle of light made by the lantern. I led the way. They followed, the big horses coming in singly, through the little gate, one limping badly.

'They followed me around the path. Once, as the lame horse stopped, one of the soldiers gave him a cut, and he threw his head in the air and swerved, tramping on the larkspur.

"Have a care!" I said. "Be more gentle. Those are flowers that you crush."

'For this speech the horse got another cut that brought him back in the middle of the path.

"There is the stable," I said; "make your horses comfortable and come back, and you shall have food and a bed."

'I watched them go around the house. Then I entered and hurried up to Marie's room. She was standing facing the door in her nightdress, looking like the Virgin, and expecting me.

"They are two soldiers," I said, "who ask a bed and food; the horse of one of them is lame."

She began putting on her clothes, and binding up her hair. In a few moments the men were back again. I set them chairs in the kitchen and laid the table. I had a cheese and some plum comfits, and plenty of bread. There was a yellow pitcher for milk. When Marie entered, both men looked at her; she just nodded to them once, and took up the pitcher and carried it to the shed to fill it. When she brought it back I had the supper nearly ready. One of the men got up and dragged his chair after him to the table, but the other one, the more tired, the more

deliberate, still sat, his eyes openly watching Marie.

"Come, you of the hungry face," the other called out to him; and then he came, too, and they both scraped their chairs, and shuffled their feet about under the table, and served themselves, and bent down with their mouths to their plates, like hungry men, neither of them looking up once, — save the hungry-faced one, when Marie refilled his milk cup for him. Then he straightened back, and kept his hand on the mug, and looked at her, a long, bold look.

"I went to fix a bed in the lower chamber. When I returned, the hungry-faced one had his arm over the back of the chair, like a satisfied man, and was eating no more, but talking to Marie. I do not know what about.

"I led the way with my candle. As the two followed me Marie shrank a little against the door, to let them pass by, and the hungry-faced one bowed to her as he went past, and paused, oh, the fraction of a little moment close to her, and his uniform touched her skirt; then he glanced at me who held the door open, an indifferent glance, and went on.

"They liked the little room well enough, — it is pretty and white, — and the gayer of the two fell to pulling off his boots at once.

"God make a good bargain of this for you, sister," he said, cheerfully. "The *bon Dieu* is a good one to lend to. I do not doubt He will pay you with usury."

"So I left them, and Marie and I cleared away the supper, and went to bed. The talk we had had before they came—only an hour before—seemed a very long time gone. I could not go to sleep at first. It was like a great adventure, — oh, a great adventure, I assure you, in the little quiet house; the two tired men sleeping below. I could hear

them snore as I lay in my bed. I make no doubt Marie lay awake too, thinking of Jean Marie, and perhaps still praying for him to return.

"The rest that I have to tell you is a thing difficult to tell. The soldiers went on their way in the morning, but it was not the last time that we saw them. The hungry-faced one, at least, came again. He was in command of some road-menders who were rebuilding, about three miles away, a bridge and a part of the road to Paris, where the rains had harmed it. He came again and still again. He had a way of twirling a little string in his fingers. It was not lovable, but you watched it; and other little ways that you remarked and remembered and wondered over; and something masterful, though I cannot remember where it lay, nor what it was.

"I always made him welcome. If in time he could take the place of the one who was gone! I thought of it, and thought if it. Once I made bold to mention this to Marie, and she looked at me thin, and thoughtful.

"You do not know," she said; "Jean Marie is as diamond, this one is as jade. Jean Marie is as gold, this one is as iron."

"But, Marie, if you could love him. You and I have need of more than each other. What will it be for us to grow old together. We have need of some one else. Besides, you have need of motherhood. It is the lot of woman. We have both need of a child."

"You do not know," she said again, quietly and sadly. "That kind has no wish to marry any woman. Jean Marie went away; and, not loving me enough, he will not come back; but this one will keep coming again, and again, and again."

"*Eh bien?*" I said, a little impatient of her quietness.

"Until" — she shrank and turned

away her face a little. — “He will some day make his wish plain. He is a hungry-faced man.”

‘At that, my brain seemed to spin; and my thoughts were like fire. That night it seems as though I must have prayed nearly all the night. I made no bones of it. I prayed frank and direct — for God knew my thoughts at any rate — I prayed frank and direct that even without wedlock, He would put a little child in our lives. We needed it; needed it; I told God that.

‘One day when it was time for the soldier to come again, it chanced to be time also for me to borrow the butcher’s donkey — as I always did at a certain season — and the little cart, to go to Bragin, as was my custom, to sell cabbages, or whatever we had to sell. Lunch I would have, with coffee, at the little inn at Bouvet, but the black bread, and cheese, and a red apple, Marie put in my basket, as usual, for my supper, for I could not return until well into the night.

‘As I drove my miles, I came at last, as I knew I should, to the road-menders.

‘The men scarcely glanced at me, but went on with their work. The soldier was ahead, keeping an eye on them. When I came to him he raised his cap and smiled, a crooked smile, with very white teeth showing.

“‘Where are you going, sister?”

“‘I am going all the way to Bragin,” I said.

“‘A long distance,” he said, his eyes on me in their own bold manner.

“‘Yes,” I answered.

“‘You will not be back by night-fall.”

“‘Not until long after moon-rise,” I said, my heart going hard. Then suddenly I made bold and feared nothing. “Marie is there,” I said; “go and have supper and satisfy your hunger. There is bread and milk and honey and a pot

of cheese.” I said this last over my shoulder; then I drove on, not daring to look back.

‘When I got home there was no light in the little house. Had he come? It was white, white moonlight, made-moiselle, warm and white, with cool shadows. I cannot tell you how still it was. Perhaps it was not so still; perhaps some of the stillness was in myself. But it seemed as though the world had stopped.

‘I went softly around by the stable. I heard the quick click of a bit, as when a horse tosses its head. We had no horse of our own. Then suddenly, in all the stillness and moonlight, I saw her coming from the fields, and the soldier with her. I shrank back in the shadow and waited. I noticed that when his hand lifted the kitchen latch and let her and himself in, she went before him as though he were no longer a guest, but master in the place. A moment later there was the flare of a match in the kitchen. I could see from where I stood that it was the soldier, not she, who lighted the candle. Still a moment later and he came out again, went to the stable, and led his horse out. When he was not far from me, and was near to the kitchen, I stepped out.

“‘You are not going?” I said.

“‘Good-day, sister. Yes, — I must go to-night; my regiment leaves for Algiers to-morrow.”

‘I left them alone a moment, but I think they said no farewell. When I got back, he was busy adjusting his saddle-girth; and she was standing beside the larkspur, with a white face.

‘He did not come again, mademoiselle. I think she knew that he would not. Little by little, as the days went, and she grew white and stricken, I had all I could do to bring her into any notice of me, or of the common things of life. She never needed to tell me her

secret. Had I not planned — Was it not more my secret; more mine than hers? She would sit by the hour with no word. I guessed that she had a great fear of God, and that she remembered, with fear, too, the one gone to Paris.

‘One day, when I could endure her silence no longer, I said, “Marie, Marie, my little sister! Did not God put your great longing in you and mine in me? Has He not fashioned us? Shall we be afraid to trust what He will do with us, and with these longings of ours?”’

‘She did not answer, but only looked at me thin and startled, like a deer that faces the fear of death.

“‘There is one thing,” I said, “that is clear between you and God and me. However else we may have sinned, — though I do not think it sin, — we have committed no sin against the unborn. The child that shall be ours is a *wished-for* child, an *enfant voulu*. There are women who sin in thought against the unborn, who do not desire little children; who are dismayed, angry, bitter, when they find themselves possessed of the gift of God. But, oh, ours is better born, better born, Marie. It is a wished-for child, an *enfant voulu*. Think, Marie, of the ways of God. God knows. Need we teach Him? Is He so dull and we so wise? Are we his elders? Shall we set laws round about his laws, and limits on those longings He has implanted? Shall we try to stifle a fire that He with his breath has kindled in us? Shall we give excuses into his hands for his intentions?”’

‘She laid her head in my lap suddenly and wept. After that she believed me to be very wise, and very familiar with God’s ways, and full of knowledge concerning Him.

‘From then on, the responsibility seemed to me mine wholly; and the sin, if it was sin, was mine, too, not hers.

But I knew in my own wise heart that it was no sin. I exulted in God and in my own daring, though, out of respect for her more fearing nature, I said no more. But I waited and saw the young moon wax, and bloom full, and darken, like a flower that grows and blooms and fades and disappears, a dark seed in the dark of night, for a new moon to grow. Little by little, the long time was got over and God brought the waiting to an end. I used to lie in my bed, staring awake, when I lay down to rest, wondering what it must be like to be like Marie in the little room across the hall, with life and death on either side of the bed, and the gift of God trembling and crying against your heart.

‘It was I who was with her. It was I who saw the child first. I do not know where the child’s father was, — in a hot barracks, playing cards by the light of a smoky lantern in Algiers, perhaps, — never guessing. It did not matter. The child seemed not his but hers; not hers but mine.

‘You have wondered why I am more educated than Marie, — why I even know about Helen of Troy and Raphael and Monsieur Thiers. Well, I had read some, studied some, before; but now I read more and more, to be the better fitted to be wise toward the child that was ours. I sent to Paris for some books.

‘I wish you could have seen Marie when the wonder was all new, all new and radiant and full of glory like the crèche on Christmas morning. There was such a light about her face that I went away from her many a time in those first days, to go down on my knees. For I began to know now that there was indeed some sin, after all, that I had not suspected. For I knew that it must be a sin, surely, that any human hand should dare to create such glory — the hand of one like me, least

of all, to whom God had so expressly forbidden that joy. I cannot explain to you. It was as though in the darkness I had defied God and had said, "Let there be light," — and there was light; and I was dazzled and afraid of it.

'Yet this was only in moments, in big moments; for the rest there was the comfort, the piercing comfort of the little cry in the dark in the midst of the night.

'The days went by. I grew more content as I grew more used to the presence of the child. If we were shut apart now from our kind, and if the butcher's wife would not speak to us — what did it matter! We had the better treasure. The law and society are made by man, but the longing of a woman was put in her heart long ago when God fashioned her. I told myself this and I told myself, too, that God would never have fulfilled my wish if it had been wrong. God had denied me to be a mother, that is true; He had bent and twisted me with suffering. But shall you tell me God does not know what He is about? I was bent into a gnarled root with no hope of blossom of my own, but Marie was the branch and the child was the flower, and the flower was mine, after all. It could never be quite said that I had not tasted motherhood.

'It was almost before I knew it that the child was three years old, with gold hair and little gentle ways. They were the happiest days of my life, the kind of days the Virgin must have had when the Christ Child was little, before all the trouble began. Only now and then a great dread came to me lest, as a punishment, some ill should befall the child.

'One evening I was in the kitchen and Marie was in the little front doorway to get the coolness. The child was on my lap and I was reading. Pre-

sently I turned the lamp low, lifted the child, and went out into the cool, also, into the little arbor. It was so, often, that the child and I sat apart from Marie, and she from us. One must have one's own thoughts, and sometimes the stars to one's self.

'The child was soon asleep on my arm. It was starlight, and the trees and the lilac bushes made big dark shadows; soft, as shadows are in the light of the stars.

'Suddenly, I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching on the road, then their pause at the gate. A moment later I heard the gate click and a step on the gravel. My heart stood still. No one visited us now. It was a man's step. It was like the night long ago, — like something that had happened before.

'All at once, like a stroke out of darkness I knew. I knew that the soldier had cared for her, after all, in his own fashion, and had returned to her. The child was not mine, then, after all; not hers and mine, and mostly mine. It was rightly his. If he cared for her enough to come back, he would care for the child, too, — in some strange fashion, — as men do. They like to possess things. That is why they like children of their own.

'I could see that Marie had already risen. I could not tell whether she was alarmed or expectant. Perhaps she had cared, too. I could see his figure in the dim starlight come up the walk. I could see that he stopped before her and looked into her face. Then I heard him say, —

"Is this Marie?"

'She did not answer; only put her hand on her breast. He repeated the question, —

"Is this Marie?"

'Then her voice, —

"Yes, it is I. Why do you ask?"

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

I have come back to you, because I could not forget you."

"Then her voice—in the same even, almost monotonous, tone:—

"Why should you think I do not know you. I have prayed, often, that you would come back."

"This, too, was like another flash of lightning—heat lightning, that left everything darker. Not only had the soldier come back, but she had longed for him to come back; yes, longed for him, as I had not dreamed she would. The child was, indeed, not mine, but theirs, quite theirs.

"I knew, I had heard said, that the very bearing of the physical pain will make a woman care for the father of her child—though she may not have cared before. It is God's way, it seems. It is such power that God has given to motherhood—that it may, like Himself, work miracles, from left to right as it goes. She had not borne this child for me, though that had been her first intent. She cared now for the child's father. Their whole world and the child seemed suddenly struck apart from mine. His coming back changed everything. I had lost the child, not by illness, as I had so often dreaded, not by death, but by the mere beat of hoofs on the Bragin road, and the click of a gate in the starlight, such little things as I would never have suspected.

"Then I heard him speaking:—

"Will you come to the light?" There was a patch of candlelight falling from within through an open window; falling across the grass, the little shell-path, and over the larkspur. "I want to see you. I want to see how you have changed since I have been gone."

"I could just see that he stretched out his hand to her and led her over to where the light fell. She stepped into the soft glow. Her back was toward me.

"Then, from the shadow, he, too,

stepped into the light and looked down into her face. I bent forward and looked. I saw the whole thing now. I saw that the face of this man looking into hers was not the hungry face that I supposed it to be. It was lit with another feeling—oh, another feeling—and—it was the face, not of the soldier, not of the soldier. It was the face of Jean Marie, of Jean Marie.

"In the moment that he looked at her, my world fell apart. I was dazed, yet I knew. I saw. Everything was clear. What followed was flashed on my mind, before either of them spoke; like lightning that flashes fast, the thunder lagging after. But I had to listen. Then I heard him say, —

"Oh, my well-beloved!"

"She answered him nothing, nothing at all; just stood there allowing him to search her face for the old, lost girlhood.

"By the look in his face I knew he had found it, to his own satisfaction. He had found it; for, with a little quick motion, he took her hands.

"Then, like the older man he had grown to be, he bent and folded her to him and kissed her long, straight on the lips. It was like Marie to submit and speak afterwards, if he would have let her speak. But he spoke, himself, rapidly, urgently, kissing her between the rapid words.

"I have seen the women of Paris; but always beyond them, at their very shoulders, I saw you in your white dress," — he kissed her at the memory, — "and the white stockings," — he kissed her again and laughed, — "for I even noticed those, — and the blue ribbon, and the larkspur. Have you still got the dress?" holding away from her a little to look at her.

"She nodded.

"Yes; in a drawer upstairs, where now and again I take it out and look at it."

"He kissed her, and hurried on.

“And when I drank wine at little tables on the faubourg, and saw those small-mouthed women, with their high heels and their great over-sized hats and when I talked with them, — do you know what I said? I said to myself, ‘These women are amusing for a time, if you like, for a time, Jean Marie, but la! la! good God! one knows well what city women with painted cheeks are! How a man may have them or leave them; and how other men have had them and left them before.’ And then I would think of you, — you in your white dress and the blue ribbon, — you, you all untouched, by any man, — you, Marie, — you!”

‘I could see that she pushed herself away from him a little, though he still had his way with her and his arms about her. Then, elated, I think, by her silence, remembering all the shyness and quietness of her, he drew her to him again like something lost and found and rejoiced over. He kissed her once, twice, then held her, looking down at her, — then kissed her again. They seemed to be wholly one, the way a man and woman should be.

‘When she finally had pushed herself gently free, I saw her brush her hair, which he had disordered, back from her eyes.

“‘You are mistaken,” she said. Her voice sounded still and quiet like a part of the night.

“‘How?” he said.

“‘I am not what you think me.”

‘The short glory was over now, almost over. The great trouble had begun to touch him, too.

“‘Will you tell me what you mean? You said you had prayed for me to return. Is it so?” He was puzzled.

‘She nodded. “Yes.”

“‘You are not married, then?” There was a kind of quiet horror in his voice.

‘She shook her head.

He looked immensely relieved. He made a motion to take her to him again; but paused to think.

“‘You have not of late changed in your feeling for me?”

‘She shook her head.

“‘You care for me,” he urged. “You have always cared. You are not married. What have we then to fear? Come; out with it! It is some duty — some fancied duty — to your crippled sister. Bah!” He tossed his head in quick contempt of such a reason. “I have always thought there would be doubtless some foolish devotion to her; yes, I have, positively. But because she will never marry — does it mean, bon Dieu, that you and I must have spoiled lives and unfulfilled hopes?”

‘Yes, he said just that.

‘Then, — it was like Marie to speak with such directness, and unlike, I think, every other woman in the world.

“‘I have had a child,” she said simply.

‘He recoiled from her — a slow movement, a very slow movement — as though he had come suddenly, yet in time, on something horrible and unbelievable. Then he said just one word, —

“‘You!”

‘It seemed a long time before he spoke; a long time that she stood there. When he put his next question it was that of a man, and full, as a man’s questions are, of curiosity and jealousy.

“‘And the man? You were in love with him?”

‘She shook her head again, and he recoiled from her a very little bit more.

‘It seemed again a long time. When he spoke his voice was that of a man who has passed through the worst of sorrow, the voice of a man not sorrowful but indignant; indignant not only with one woman, but with all woman-kind.

“Do you know, loose woman, what you have shattered? All my belief, all of it! Through everything, everything, when every ideal was failing me, when I myself was not pure, — and could count on no one, — I said, “But Marie, Marie is pure!” The painted women of the boulevard, one expects not more of them. One would not have them otherwise. They were not meant to be more than puppets to play with; never to be the mother of men’s children. But you, you—!” He paused, and began again. “Do you know what it is to rob a man like that? Do you know what you steal, you women? *Bah!*” He turned away, unable to go on.

‘She just stood there, Marie did, with one hand on her breast. She made no defense, — none at all.

‘I cannot recall, now, how it all happened. I only know that by-and-by Jean Marie was gone. I heard the gate click after him. I only know that by-and-by I saw Marie enter the house.

‘Then, despite all these numbing blows that had fallen, my brain began to work again. I think I have a good brain. Something must be done.

‘I rose and laid the child down quickly, on the floor of the arbor, — than I ran — ran through the night.

‘By cutting across the little path and across the little patch of grass, one comes to the field and across that to the road, beyond the bend. If I ran I could get there before Jean Marie. I felt the dew wet on my shoes and I ran on. I fell once flat on my two hands in the little ditch, but I got up and ran on. I was *étourdie* — lost in my mind, perhaps. Presently, I found I had gone too much to the right and had come to the wall, where, instead, I should have come to the opening. I ran along beside the wall; but I was losing time. I could hear the horse’s hoofs coming, coming, coming at a great gallop. Beyond the poplars I could see the road

still at a little distance. I almost fell. I recovered myself and ran. I came at last to the opening and stumbled through it. Jean Marie was coming rapidly toward me. I ran forward, holding up my hands; but I was only a shadow in the darkness, no doubt. I would have called, but my voice was gone. If only I could be near when he passed by! I stumbled at last into the very ditch close by the road. His horse’s hoofs almost touched me. They thundered past. The dust flew in my face. I was within two feet of Jean Marie, within two feet of him. Had I been tall instead of bent, I could even have snatched at his bridle.

‘He did not note. The last hope I had was riding with him away from me, swiftly away from me, in a fury, and with a beating of hoofs. Then, with a great effort, I raised myself in the ditch, flung my hands in the air, and cried, “Jean Marie! Jean Marie! Come back!”

‘It may be that the beat of the hoofs drowned the sound. I do not know. It may be that he thought it was Marie, and would not turn. I called again, but the horse galloped on. The galloping of the horse grew fainter. It was beginning to be a long way off. Then, presently, in a little while more, it was gone, lost in the night.

‘I do not know, rightly, how I got back to the house. I do not know, rightly, how any of the moments happened after that — except that by-and-by I entered the arbor and took up the child again, as one takes up a burden. It was the first time in the world that she had felt heavy to me. She slept soundly. I carried her upstairs and placed her in my room as I often did. Marie must have been already in bed, I thought. Her light was out and her door partly open, as she always left it. Far into the night it seemed to me that I must go to her and talk to her of this

fearful thing. I got up softly. When I got to my door — I looked across the hall. Her door was closed. It was enough — neither she nor God wished to talk about this thing. I returned to my bed. I had the child I had wished for, by my side. So we remained all that night.

‘No, mademoiselle. I have never spoken to her about it, have never told her that I know. You see, it is this way: I have thought much and deeply, and I know that life is bearable so long as one is serving others, and above all so long as one is serving them better than they suspect. It is that that puts some little glory into life, — to give to those we love always a little more than is required; to serve them covertly better than they guess.

‘If I told Marie that I knew about the coming-back of Jean Marie, it would be like robbing her of something more. As it is she can watch me often, with the child in my arms, and she can think, “It was for Zephine’s happiness that all this was suffered. If she is happy it is worth while. She must never, never know that I suffer.” And so, you see, she will have a new service to render and to make life worth the living. I shall be like another child, for whom she has suffered pangs of the flesh and spirit.

Even when she sits at dusk, near the larkspurs, thinking of Jean Marie,

this thought will give her strength. She will see me coming down the path with the child, and she will be glad at sight of me. For it is not those who sacrifice themselves for us that we most love, but always, always, those for whom we sacrifice ourselves. That is the true motherhood, and it is Marie who has it. You see I have not sacrificed myself; not at all. I am no true mother, and that is as God intended it, — but she is; she is.’

‘Your own silence is a sacrifice, too, perhaps,’ I ventured.

She shook her head and smiled.

‘Some day, I want you to tell her; that is, if I should die first. In that case I want her to know. But if she goes first I shall leave it to God: He will take a moment aside some time to explain it to her. He could do it in a few words. As it is, she sits often at night there by the larkspur, with the candle-light from within falling in a patch across the flowers as it did that night, — and I know that she sees Jean Marie’s face and remembers the kisses that he gave her in the starlight; but she says nothing.

‘Not long ago I saw her take out the white dress and the white silk stockings and the blue ribbon. She wrapped them in a sheet and put them all away, up in the attic, in a trunk containing things that belong to my dead mother — a trunk that we never open.’

LETTERS OF A DOWN-AND-OUT

The following letters, written without thought of publication, are selected from a correspondence which still continues. The author is a young man who, soon after leaving Harvard College, started life with excellent prospects, and early in his career achieved marked material success. While still in the earliest thirties, he was making an income of \$25,000 a year in a wholesale commission business; he was married, apparently happy, the father of two children, and, in the current phrase, 'fixed for life.' Then misfortunes came. He lost his position and his money, and at thirty-five, stripped of everything he possessed, he went, without money, friends, or references, to try a new start in the West. The following letters, practically unchanged except for the alteration and omission of names, take up his story at this point. — THE EDITORS.

COSMOPOLIS, WASHINGTON,
March 28, 1912.

DEAR —:

I landed in Seattle with three dollars and a half, thoroughly dirty, and without any baggage except a tin box of cigarettes. As the cheapest lodging in sight, I spent about a week in a Turkish Bath (basement of Tourist Hotel), my shirt studs and cuff buttons bought food for a while, while the hot room made a most excellent drying room after I had done my washing, — underclothes and socks. I never before wore one shirt for so many days, but as I did n't have any money I could not buy another.

During this time I did my best to get something to do in the coal business, in which I have had experience, but with one exception, the S. & W. Co., who run a mine at Renton, some eight miles from Seattle, and the Pacific Coal Company (a subsidiary of the Harriman system), I did not get any sort of a bite. Both of these will not materialize until fall at the earliest. I went to every concern in the business, but no one seemed to desire my undoubtedly very valuable services. Also I went to every wholesale concern in Seattle, handling machinery, etc., but from these I did not get a smell. I presume my appear-

ance was somewhat against me as my suit of clothes looked pretty tough.

I tried everything I could think of, but all I could find was one night's work as a stevedore on S.S. Governor. Even that work is very hard to obtain. I went night after night; from 400 to 500 men would be on hand and only from 60 to 75 would be taken. I tried all the concerns dealing in fish, but discovered they take no one excepting Swedes or Finns.

I went to every Alaskan concern that has a Seattle office, all with no success.

The nights in the Turkish Bath were interesting, had I the power of description. A bunch of prize fighters boxed and were rubbed down there. Two of them were pretty decent sort of chaps. I acted as second for one in a fight that he won. If anybody in the crowd spotted me in the towel-waving second, he kept quiet.

I lived at the Turkish Bath until I ran into a chap named Jones, that I used to know at home. He ran a hotel in Springfield and one in Greenfield. He, I found, was almost as destitute as I, but he did have four dollars, that looked like a small fortune. He had been working as a deckhand on a tug-boat but he got in a row with the Swede

mate and was fired. We moved from the Bath to a dump called the Hotel Rainer, one of those places that have (to me) the most disagreeable smell in the world: that of poverty. We stayed there for about a week, paying 75 cents a day for the room. We answered newspaper advertisements and followed up every clue we could think of to get work. I always thought I had sufficient brain to earn my living with it, but it was n't possible to get anything to do in Seattle. So, in desperation, Jones and I went to an employment office and signed on for a job in the lumber mill of Grey's Harbor Commercial Co., located at Cosmopolis, which is about 100 miles south of Seattle.

Being entirely without proper clothes for a colder place, I went to a chap named Weeks that B—— had written would give me help as a last resort, and from him obtained the following:—

One dress-suit case	\$.85
One flannel shirt	.89
One pair underdrawers	.39
Last night Hotel Rainer	.75
Fee, employment agency	2.00
Cash	1.00
	<u>\$5.88</u>

The object of the dress-suit case (you can imagine what kind it is for 85 cents) was that to get your fare advanced from Seattle to Cosmopolis one had to have *baggage*. As Jones's belongings consisted of a comb, one extra pair of shoes, and a second union suit, the dress-suit case really was quite important. To get this large sum out of Mr. Weeks was like pulling teeth, although B—— had written me that he (Weeks) would advance me what funds I needed. Weeks was about as bloodless as a turnip.

However, we left Seattle a week ago at five p.m. and arrived at Cosmopolis at ten-fifteen. A man met us at the station and led us to a boarding-house. Being very tired, I went to bed at once,

where I stayed for perhaps thirty minutes, then I arose and spent the balance of the night on the ground outside of the house. *Bed-bugs*. The mill whistle blew at six and we went to the mess-house for breakfast. The food was and is surprisingly good. Of course, as they feed over 400 at once, they throw it at you, but the place is clean and not at all bad, excepting the coffee, which is awful. Then we went to work.

If you work with your hands from 7 to 12 and from 1 to 6, handling 4×8s, three things happen: plenty of splinters in your fingers, a very, very lame back, and a devil of an appetite. I did this sort of work Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. In the mean time I discovered the remuneration was \$26 a month and food; from this you have to subtract \$5 a month for a room and \$1 for the doctor: so, as the employment agency in Seattle had advanced the railroad fare, from March 19 to April 19 I stood as follows (also Jones):—

March 19 to April 19		\$26.00
Carfare	\$3.95	
Room	5.00	
Doctor	1.00	
	<u>9.95</u>	
		\$16.05

In the mean time, what the night at stevedoring had not done to my clothes, the three days in the mill here had (*en passant*, the Company keep your baggage until you have earned the price of the railroad fare). So at *four, Thursday afternoon*, I was really fairly blue, and then the first glimmer of sunshine, since I left Boston, came to the front. Kelley, the boss, came to me, *in a hurry*, and said, 'The I. W. W. are outside; are you willing to take a chance?' As far as I can figure, the I. W. W. or, as they call themselves, The Industrial Workers of the World, is a labor organization that has no standing whatsoever in the eastern and central American Unions. (I under-

scored American, because in the entire outfit there is not one in ten who can speak English.)

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., *April 4.*

Being a jump of 650 miles north of Cosmopolis, which I will explain later.

I was so damn tired of the lumber business I was willing to take a chance at anything, so I said, 'Yes,' and we beat it to the outside of the mill. There were about 300 I. W. W.'s just across the track, and after hooting and jeering, about twenty started to run across the track and into the mill grounds. The manager, who was lined up with about 15 other brave defenders, yelled, 'Stab them.' Allen, the sub-foreman, made a beautiful tackle on the extreme end of the enemy's line and I followed suit. My I. W. W.'s head struck the inside rail and after he hit he lay still. It had been so long since I'd played football I was considerable shook up myself, but some one hopped up and tried to kick me in the head; this made me sore, so, arising, I biffed a man in the left eye and he my right. Then the enemy retreated, and until the whistle blew at six, spent their time in yelling and making speeches. These were somewhat difficult to understand as the spouters used very indifferent English, but the purport was that \$26 per month, less deductions, was too little. To this I thoroughly agreed, but when the sheriff came around and offered me \$5 a day to act as a guard, I decided it was plenty. Jones also became a night defender, so for a week we walked the streets and through the mill, when it was decided we were no longer required. Then I agreed with the strikers once again, and we decided to quit.

We had just money enough to get here; which was on Wednesday the 3d. Our landing was not particularly cheerful: snowing very hard and our total cash resources just one American

penny. I had walked the streets of Cosmopolis so vigorously that I wore a hole completely through my right shoe and the snow was wet. In fact, as I write, both feet are as wet as they can be. The steamship agents in Seattle told us we would secure work within five minutes of getting off the boat, but we did n't and have n't yet, though we have a half promise of being shipped Saturday noon to the most eastern construction camp of the Grand Trunk Pacific, a matter of 190 miles.

A remark many men have made to me I remember well: 'Any man who really desires employment can readily obtain it.' Well, if anybody ever says such a thing to you, please reply that I say, 'It's a Damn Lie.' I went yesterday and to-day to 28 offices, stores and docks, and asked for any kind of work, and could n't get it, and Jones did the same. Also we went 26 hours without food, and you take it from me it's a mighty unpleasant thing to do. This morning I walked up to a perfect stranger and said, 'Give me a dollar.' (I did n't say, I want to borrow, but Give.) He gave. Jones and I had a drink apiece, 25 cents' worth of food, and now at this writing have exactly ten cents for coffee and doughnuts for breakfast. In other words, just 50 cents' worth of food in a day and a half. We have a bed, but remuneration for the hotel man is extremely hazy.

Now as to your letter. I also will never forget the fishing trips which, while not very productive of fish, were certainly most enjoyable occasions. It's curious how certain unimportant occurrences stick in one's memory while later much more important ones are entirely forgotten. I remember distinctly the first two years I fished with your father that I was greatly distressed to see how little interest you showed in the game. That first year,

my son, was just twenty-five years ago. A good deal has happened since then.

With the rest of your letter I don't agree. I guess it's true that they don't come back, and I guess I'm down-and-out for all time. I'm a sight, trousers torn and a week or ten days of beard which, I regret to say, is turning quite gray, giving me the appearance of a venerable old bum. I don't know when you will receive this effusion because I don't know when I will be able to buy envelope and stamp, but when I do I'll mail it. It seems hardly possible for one to seriously speak of the cost of a postage stamp, but I'm in dead earnest. Some drop for one who has held the rather important positions that I did, such a short time ago.

If it was n't for that confounded will I guess I'd try the long swim to China. It's months since I heard whether my kiddies were dead or alive.

Well, Old Fellow, if later there is anything to communicate I'll send it along.

CAMP 59, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC,
April 8, 1912.

To resume the story of my life: Shortly after I stopped writing you on Thursday last, I received a telephone message from the head stevedore of G. T. P. to report at midnight to discharge coal on S.S. Princess Ena. This was unexpected luck as Jones and I had seen him every time a ship was due. She actually docked at one in the morning, and when her aft-hold hatch-covers were taken off I immediately knew why the regular crew of stevedores had shied on the job. *Hot coal*. You would not know what you were up against, but it was an old story to me. Ten of us went into the lower hold and started loading the tubs. At two, an hour after we started, Jones fell over, and about twenty minutes later two others. Gas from the coal. Three

of us stuck it out to the end, thirty Friday morning, whereupon I created quite a scene. On calling for our pay, 9½ hours at 35 cents an hour, we were told by the paymaster to call between three and four in the afternoon: I fainted and fell flat on my face in the snow. The fact was I was awfully hungry, my last meal having been on Thursday noon. The ten cents I mentioned I gave to Jones when he keeled over. Besides I was pretty dizzy from the fumes. I felt like a damn fool when I got up, and got out of sight as quickly as possible.

When I reached our dump, I found Jones in bed, but he had saved my ten cents, only having spent his own; so I had coffee and doughnuts and went to bed. I ached so that I did n't sleep much, and also I strained my back, but we were at the paymaster's at three, and Jones collected 35 cents and I \$3.35. Whereupon we were reckless, — we ate \$1.10 worth of steak and coffee.

Saturday morning we were much cast down when the shipping agent (for men), who had half promised us a job, said no. We followed him around all morning (so did about 75 others), and finally he turned to a chap called Mac and said, 'Can you use the lads?' Mac looked us over and allowed he could. So at one we started and arrived at our destination at five. Four hours going 59 miles, hardly fast and furious. A firm of contractors are putting in a steel bridge with concrete piers, abutments, etc., about 200 men on the job. After supper in the mess-house we approached the office guiltily. We knew we should have brought blankets with us, but after handing the Prince Rupert landlord the entire privy purse we still owed him \$1.

After Jones had almost cried, the storeman handed each a perfectly good cotton blanket at \$3.25 each, and we

went to the bridge bunk-house. (Five in all, with different names.)

This house has only white men. (Whites evidently means Canadians, Americans, Englishmen, and Germans.) No bugs, thank God! and straw mattresses.

I hope, if yesterday was fine, that you and your wife walked from Massachusetts Avenue to Arlington Street, via Commonwealth Avenue. If so you probably saw some stunning sights. Boston, with the exception of Philadelphia and Los Angeles, has, I think, the best-looking women on the continent.

But though I worked the entire day with pick and shovel, I certainly saw a more stunning. We are on the Skeena River, a sizable stream, mountains on both sides as bold as I ever saw and infinitely more beautiful than the Rockies. Of course, this effect may have been heightened by a beautiful day, bright sun, and no wind. We are engaged in bridging the second perfect-looking fly-fishing stream I have ever seen (the other being Grand Lake Stream, in Maine), though I presume that when the snow begins to melt it will be a torrent.

This morning the same old snow and rain. Wet to the skin, of course. How I would like a pair of shoes, sweater, and oil-coat. If I had those then I would get a fly-rod and get some trout. (They look very much like landlocked salmon.) But as the prices they charge in the store are frightful (at least 100 per cent extra), it will be a week before I can get even the boots.

It was so wet this noon the company stopped work. This I did not like, as I could n't have been wetter if in the river, and you are charged with your meals whether you work or not. The remuneration is as follows. Wages \$3 for 10-hour day, less 90 cents for meals, \$1 per month for doctor and \$1 for hospital.

I hope that this very lengthy epistle will not bore you; it has at least helped me to pass some weary moments. Also I hope you can read it (the Camp 59 part). I am in my bunk (only one table, used by card-players) using the celebrated Weeks Dress-Suit Case for a back.

The surroundings are not at all bad. Forty-odd men listening to a phonograph. If they were not so afraid of poisonous fresh air and would n't spit every second on the floor, I would be satisfied.

As our present job will probably last not over two weeks,

Address,

Prince Rupert, B. C.

H. D. P.

CAMP No. 59,

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RY. BRITISH COLUMBIA,

April 15, 1912.

My DEAR —:

For some days I have meant to write you, but the present life I am leading makes it difficult to do anything except work and sleep.

I am with the pick-and-shovel gang, which work, I take it, takes the least intelligence of any known. We are called at six, breakfast at six-thirty, work at seven until noon, then again from one until six. The bunk-house I sleep in is so dimly lighted it is almost impossible to see to use a pencil, the one table being used nightly by four confirmed whist-players.

The work is not over-hard, but it is fearfully monotonous and uninteresting, but I must say the workman's view of life is novel and gives one quite a different idea of the world. Somewhere about two hundred men are on this job, putting in concrete piers for a bridge, and also somewhat turning the course of the Skeena River (a stream about the size of the Kennebec). We have a babel of language, Canadians,

Americans, Russians, Finns, Poles, Italians, etc., etc. The food is good and so far our bunk-house is free from vermin, but the one next to us is infested with both bed-bugs and lice, and we expect a visitation any day

Wages in this country are a good deal of a delusion and a snare; I am receiving three dollars a day which is, of course, nearly double what I would get in the East for similar work, but living is very expensive. Twenty-five cents for a ten-cent tin of Lucky Strike, nine dollars for a pair of shoes not worth over four, two dollars and a half for dollar overalls, etc., etc. For food, the contractors, Johnson, Carey, and Helmars, charge 90 cents a day, which, of course, one pays whether one works or not; and, of course, there is no Sunday here, as the work goes on seven days a week.

I object, as a workman, to a ten-hour day; it is too long, as a man should have a little daylight in which to shave, wash his clothes, etc. In fact, I believe if the work stopped here at five in the afternoon, or a nine-hour day, as much would be accomplished, as the last hour distinctly drags, and every man is hoping for the whistle every minute.

I am really writing this letter on account of my son John. When you receive it, I will be thirty-six years old, working with my hands, with no prospect of improving my condition. Of course, there are chances for the man with a little money. I think with a thousand dollars one who knew the retail coal business could build up a very pretty tonnage in Prince Rupert, which bids fair to grow as fast as Vancouver, as it will be the western terminus of this railway. Without exception it has the finest harbor I ever saw, eight miles of landlocked water surrounded by high mountains, a hundred feet in depth right up to the shore. Then the fish are here in almost incon-

ceivable numbers, also great mineral wealth and much timber; but all this is for the capitalist and not for the working-man.

There is, however, a demand for skilled labor. For instance, carpenters receive 45 cents an hour and engineers (donkeys) 50 cents. As I in all probability will never see John again, I suggest you confer with my wife, with the view of letting John put in a few weeks in the summer learning some trade, so that if the worst comes to worst he would have something to fall back upon, and not find himself in the predicament I am in at present.

The chance to write this letter came through rather a nasty accident. The anchor-line on one of the bridge derricks broke about eleven this morning and the whole shooting-match pretty nearly went in the river. After dinner two other chaps and myself climbed out on the end (about forty feet above ground) to pass a line, when the leg fell. Both my companions were killed, one instantly, the other dying in about an hour. The bodies are lying at my feet, covered up with some meal-sacks. A good horse is worth \$500, but a man nothing, in this country. When I felt the timbers going I jumped outwards and landed in the river, reaching shore some two hundred yards downstream in an eddy. As all the clothes I have were on my back, and I have no credit at the store, I am taking the afternoon off to dry out.

If any one dies or any new ones arrive in the family I would like to be advised. As the work I am on will not last over ten days at the outside, General Delivery, Prince Rupert, British Columbia, is my surest address. Will you please mail this letter to ———, as he seems to take some interest in my wanderings.

Yours,

H. D. P.

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C. *April 19, 1912.*

DEAR —,

I am here as a witness in the Coroner's inquest, held to determine the cause of the death of the two men who were killed. No new news. I've been pressing my nose against the 'Gent's Furnishing Stores,' wishing I had the price of an \$18 suit.

Have called on all the Civil and Mining engineers, with the hope of getting on some surveying party, but without success.

The future does not look very rosy as I write.

As ever,

H. D. P.

P.S. The harbor here is the most wonderful I ever saw or dreamed of.

SEELEY, B. C., G. T. P. R., *May 7, 1912.*

DEAR —,

After the Coroner's inquest I went back to camp. There I stayed until yesterday morning, working on rock and gravel, and only left on account of the vermin, which were something awful. I got covered with lice and fleas, and, as they were general in the bunk-house, bathing was only a temporary relief. I begged the superintendent for sufficient lumber to build a shack of my own, but was answered by, 'Stay in the bunk-house or get out'; so I got. Follows a diary of my days.

Monday, May 6. — Started up river at eight this A.M. Followed the grade of the new road (steam) as it seemed to be better hiking than on the wagon road, which was very wet. Passed twenty or twenty-five Italian laborers who seemed to be rather poor walkers, and then caught up to a more nondescript bunch. Four of them in all, one a Dominion Government policeman whose chief duties, apparently, are to stop the sale of liquor to the Indians; another a railroad contractor by the

name of Corrigan, an Irishman who looked fifty, and who told me he was seventy-three years old. He said he had spent the past winter in Southern California and that he had been drunk for four months. As he was feeling exceedingly feeble, I guess, perhaps, he had. The third was a prospector, a man of fifty-five, who has spent twenty-five years in this country or north. I envied him his ability in carrying stuff on his back. His pack weighed about a hundred pounds, yet he only stopped to rest three times on our morning journey, a distance of fourteen miles. My own, which only weighs forty pounds, seemed fearfully heavy when we reached Seeley at noon. The fourth chap was a youngster who was looking for a chance to get on some survey.

After dinner I hiked on alone for New Hazelton, which is the headquarters of Messrs. Farrington, Weeks, and Stone, the contractors, who are building the railroad through B. C. for G. T. P. Arrived at four-thirty, pretty well played-out. Had a sponge bath in a hand-basin and changed my underclothes and socks. Then went out and bought a pair of trousers and a shirt. Hated like the devil to spend the money, but it seemed rather necessary. Had no trousers, having worn out the only ones I owned, and my second flannel shirt disappeared a week ago. If I could get my hands on the man that stole it there would be a near murder. On reading the last sentence over it might appear that I went almost naked, while as a matter of fact I have a pair of overalls.

Went to bed at seven-thirty, and, at once, I was reminded of an illustration in an old edition of Mark Twain's *Roughing It*. The cut depicted Brigham Young's bedroom, seventy beds for his wives. Mark goes on to say the bedroom was a failure because all the wives breathed in and out at the

same time, and the pressure blew the walls down. My bedroom was an unfinished loft with some thirty-odd cots in it. I woke in the night and the snoring was strenuous.

Tuesday, May 7. — Twelve years ago to-day I left Boston for Washington to be married. My prospects at that time seemed to be bright and secure, but as the late lamented Dan Daly used to say, 'Now look at the damn thing.'

Went to F. W. & S. offices at nine, and to my disgust found that Mr. Stratton, the general superintendent, had left a short time before for Seeley, and as he was the man I must see to secure any sort of a position, I packed up and hiked back to Seeley. Arrived at Seeley at twelve, had a bite and caught Mr. S., a gruff and short Irishman of fifty, on the steamer. He listened to me for five minutes and then said, 'You see Pat Maloney and say I said to take you on.' On inquiry I found that Mr. Maloney is chief auditor of the company; nobody seems to know his whereabouts, but he is somewhere up the line, — he may be here to-morrow and may not be for a week. I hope it's to-morrow as the exchequer is running extremely low. As I write I have a pay check for \$4.70, and \$4.50 in cash. Meals are 50 cents each, and a bed \$1.

Seeley is the last landing-place on the Skeena River for the G. T. P., as the river goes directly north from here, while the railroad is to go east. Supplies, of course, are very expensive. They come from Vancouver to Prince Rupert by water, Prince Rupert to Van Arsdal by rail, and from Van Arsdal to Seeley by river steamers which are stern-wheelers and small copies of the freighters one sees on the Mississippi.

These towns are amusing: Seeley has eleven board buildings and about twenty tents, and New Hazelton perhaps thirty frame buildings and as many tents, yet if you look at the real-estate advertisements in the Vancouver newspapers you might imagine both places were about ready for street cars. New Hazelton, however, boasts of a branch of the Union Bank of Canada, which is at least picturesque, as it is a very fine log cabin.

In time a good deal of silver will come out of this country, but up to the present the lack of transportation has precluded any shipments of ore. Mineral wealth, timber, and magnificent scenery complete the entire resources of the region, and the scenery is n't much of a help to the working-man.

Here endeth the present writing.

[The remaining 'Letters of a Down-and-Out' will be published in March.]

THE MACHINE-TRAINERS

BY GERALD STANLEY LEE

I

I WENT to the Durbar the other night (in kinemacolor) and saw the King and Queen through India. I had found my way, with hundreds of others, into a gallery of the Scala Theatre, and, out of that big, still rim of watchful darkness where I sat, I saw — there must have been thousands of them — crowds of camels running.

And crowds of elephants went swinging past. I watched them like a boy; like a boy standing on the edge of a thousand years and looking off at a world. It was stately and strange and like far music to sit quite still and watch civilizations swinging past.

Then, suddenly, it became near and human, the spirit of playgrounds and of shouting and boyish laughter ran through it. And we watched the elephants naked and untrimmed, lolling down to the lake, and lying down to be scrubbed in it, with comfortable, low snortings and slow rolling in the water, and the men standing by, all the while, like little play nurses, and tending them — their big bungling babies at the bath. A few minutes later we watched the same elephants, hundreds of them, their mighty toilets made, pacing slowly past, swinging their gorgeous trappings in our eyes, rolling their huge hoodahs at us, and, all the time, still those little funny dots of men beside them, moving them silently, moving them invisibly, as by a spirit, as by a kind of awful wireless — those great engines of the flesh! I shall never

forget it or live without it, that slow pantomime of those mighty, silent Eastern nations; their religions, their philosophies, their wills, their souls, moving their elephants past; the long panorama of it, of their little, awful, human wills; all those little black, helpless looking slits of Human Will astride those mighty necks!

I have the same feeling when I see Count Zeppelin with his air-ship, or Grahame-White at Hendon, riding his vast cosmic pigeon up the sky; and it is the same feeling I have with the locomotives — those unconscious, forbidding, coldly obedient, terrible fellows! Have I not lain awake and listened to them storming through the night, heard them out there, ahead, working our wills on the blackness, on the thick night, on the stars, on space, and on time, while we slept?

My main feeling at the Durbar, while I watched those splendid beasts, the crowds of camels, the crowds of elephants, all being driven along by the little faint, dreamy, sleepy-looking people, was, 'Why don't their elephants turn around on them and chase them?'

I kept thinking at first that they would, almost any minute.

Our elephants chase us, most of us. Who has not seen locomotives come quietly out of their round-houses in New York and begin chasing people; chasing whole towns, tearing along with them, making everybody hurry whether or no; speeding up and ordering around by the clock great cities,

everybody alike, the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust, for hundreds of miles around? In the same way I have seen, hundreds of times, motor-cars turning around on their owners and chasing them, chasing them fairly out of their lives. And hundreds of thousands of little wood and rubber Things with nickel bells whirring may be seen ordering around people — who pay them for it — in any city of our modern world.

Now and then one comes on a man who keeps a telephone who is a gentleman with it, and who keeps it in its place, but not often.

There are certain questions to be asked, and to be settled, in any civilization that would be called great.

First. Do the elephants chase the men in it? Second. And if — as in our western civilization — the men have made their own elephants, why should they be chased by them?

There are some of us who have wondered a little at the comparative inferiority of organ music. We have come to the conclusion that, perhaps, organ music is inferior because it has been largely composed by organists, by men who sit at organ machines many hours a day, and who have let their organ machines, with all their stops and pedals, and with all their stop-and-pedal mindedness, select out of their minds the tones that organs can do best — the music that machines like.

Wagner has come to be recognized as a great and original composer for a machine age, because he would not let his imagination be cowed by the mere technical limitations, the narrowmindedness of brass horns, wooden flutes, and catgut; he made up his mind that he would not sing violins. He made violins sing him.

Perhaps this is the whole secret of art in a machine civilization. Perhaps a machine civilization is capable of a

greater art than has ever been dreamed of in the world before, the moment it stops being chased by its elephants. The question of letting the crowd be beautiful in our world of machines and crowds, to-day, turns on our producing Machine-Trainers.

Men possessed by watches in their vest pockets cannot be inspired; men possessed by churches or by religion-machines, cannot be prophets; men possessed by school-machines cannot be educators.

The reason that we find the poet, or at least the minor poet, discouraged in a machine age, probably is because there is nothing a minor poet can do in it. Why should nightingales, poppies, and dells expect, in a main trial of strength, to compete with machines? And why should human beings running for their souls in a race with locomotives expect to keep very long from losing them?

The reason that most people are discouraged about machinery to-day is because this is what they think a machine civilization is. They whine at the machines. They blame the locomotive.

A better way for a man to do would be to stop blaming the locomotive and stop running along out of breath beside it, and get up into the cab.

This is the whole issue of art in our modern civilization — getting up into the cab.

First come the Machine-Trainers, or poets who can tame engines. Then the other poets. In the mean time, the less we hear about nightingales and poppies and dells and love and above, the better. Poetry must make a few iron-handed, gentle-hearted, mighty men next. It is because we demand and expect the beautiful that we say that poetry must make men next.

The elephants have been running around in the garden long enough.

II

There are people who say that machines cannot be beautiful and cannot make for beauty because machines are dead.

I would agree with them if I thought that machines were dead.

I have watched in spirit, hundreds of years, the machines grow out of Man like nails, like vast antennæ, a kind of enormous, more unconscious sub-body. They are apparently of less lively and less sensitive tissue than tongues or eyes or flesh; and, like all bones, they do not renew, of course, as often or as rapidly as flesh. But the difference between live and dead machines is quite as grave and quite as important as the difference between live and dead men. The generally accepted idea of a live thing is that it is a thing that keeps dying and being born again every minute; it is seen to be alive by its responsiveness to the spirit, to the intelligence that created it, and that keeps re-creating it. I have known thousands of factories, and every factory I have known that is really strong or efficient has scales like a snake, and casts off its old self. All the people in it, and all the iron and wood in it, month by month, are being renewed and shedding themselves. Any live factory can always be seen moulting year after year. A live spirit goes all through the machinery, a kind of nervous tissue of invention, of thought.

We already speak of live and dead iron, of live and dead engines or half-dead and half-sick engines, and we have learned that there is such a thing as tired steel. What people do to steel makes a difference to it. Steel is sensitive to people. My human spirit grows my arm and moves it and guides it and expresses itself in it; keeps re-creating it and destroying it; and daily my soul keeps rubbing out and writing in new

lines upon my face; and in the same way my typewriter, in a slow, more stolid fashion, responds to my spirit, too. Two men changing typewriters or motor-cars are, though more subtly, like two men changing boots. Sewing-machines, pianos, and fiddles grow intimate with the people who use them, and they come to express those particular people, and the ways in which they are different from others. A brown-eyed typewriter makes her machine move differently every day from a blue-eyed one. Typewriting machines never like to have their people take the liberty of lending them. Steel bars and wooden levers all have little mannerisms, little expressions, small souls of their own, habits of people that they have lived with, which have grasped the little wood and iron levers of their wills, and made them what they are.

It is somewhere in the region of this fact that we are going to discover the great determining secret of modern life, of the mastery of man over his machines. Man at the present moment, with all his new machines about him, is engaged in becoming as self-controlled, as self-expressive, with his new machines, with his wireless telegraph arms, and his railway legs, as he is with his flesh-and-blood ones. The force in man that is doing this is the spiritual genius in him that created the machine, the genius of imperious and implacable self-expression, of glorious self-assertion in matter, the genius for being human, for being spiritual, and for overflowing everything he touches, and everything he uses, with his own will, and with the ideals and desires of his soul. The Dutchman has expressed himself in Dutch architecture and in Dutch art, the American has expressed himself in the motor-car, the Englishman has expressed himself, has carved his will and his poetry, upon the hills, and made his landscape a masterpiece

by a great nation. He has made his walls and winding roads, his rivers, his very tree-tops, express his deep, silent joy in the earth. So the great, fresh, young nations to-day, with a kind of new stern gladness, implacableness, and hope, have appointed to their souls expression through machinery. Our engines and our radium shall cry to God. Our wheels sing in the sun!

Machinery is our new art-form. A man expresses himself first in his hands and feet, then in his clothes, and then in his rooms or in his house, and then on the ground about him; the very hills grow like him, and the ground in the fields becomes his countenance, and now, last and furthest of all, requiring the liveliest and noblest grasp of his soul, the finest circulation of will, of all, he begins expressing himself in the vast machines, in his three-thousand-mile railways, his vast, cold-looking looms, and dull steel hammers. With telescopes for Mars-eyes for his spirit, he walks up the skies; he expresses his soul in deep and dark mines, and in mighty foundries melting and remoulding the world. He is making these things intimate, sensitive and colossal expressions of his soul. They have become the subconscious body, the abysmal, semi-infinite body of the man, sacred as the body of the man is sacred, and as full of light or darkness.

So I have seen the machines go swinging through the world. Like arch-angels, like demons, they mount up our desires on the mountains. We do as we will with them. We build Winchester Cathedral all over again, on water. We dive down with our steel wheels and nose for knowledge, like a great fish, along the bottom of the sea. We beat up our wills through the air. We fling up, with our religion, with our faith, our bodies on the clouds. We fly reverently and strangely, our hearts all still and happy, in the face of God!

III

The whole process of machine-invention is itself the most colossal spiritual achievement of history. The bare idea we have had of unraveling all creation, and of doing it up again to express our own souls,—the idea of subduing matter, of making our ideals get their way with matter, with radium, ether, antiseptics, — is itself a religion, a poetry, a ritual, a cry to heaven. The supreme spiritual adventure of the world has become this task that man has set himself, of breaking down and casting away forever the idea that there is such a thing as matter belonging to Matter — matter that keeps on in a dead, stupid way, just being matter. The idea that matter is not all alive with our souls, with our desires and prayers, with hope, terror, worship, with the little terrible wills of men, and the spirit of God, is already irreligious to us. Is not every cubic inch of iron (the coldest blooded scientist admits it) like a kind of little temple, its million million little atoms in it going round and round and round, dancing before the Lord?

And why should an Oxford man be afraid of a cubic inch of iron, or afraid of becoming like it?

I daily thank God that I have been allowed to belong to this generation. I have looked at last a little cubic inch of iron out of countenance! I can sit and watch it, the little cubic inch of iron, in its still coldness, in all its little funny play-deadness, and laugh! I know that to a telescope or a god, or to me, to us, the little cubic inch of iron is all alive inside; that it is whirling with will, that it is sensitive in a rather dead-looking, but lively, cosmic way, sensitive like another kind of more slowly quivering flesh, sensitive to moons and to stars and to heat and cold, to time and space, and to human

souls. It is singing every minute, low and strange, night and day, in its little grim blackness, of the glory of things. I am filled with the same feeling, the same sense of kinship, of triumphant companionship, when I go out among them, and watch the majestic family of the machines, of the engines, those mighty Innocents, those new, awful sons of God, going abroad through all the world, looking back at us when we have made them, unblinking and without sin!

Like rain and sunshine, like chemicals, and like all the other innocent, godlike things, and like waves of water and waves of air, rainbows, starlight, they say what we make them say. They are alive with the life that is in us.

The first element of power in a man — in getting control of his life in our modern era — is the having spirit enough to know what matter is like.

The Machine-Trainer is the man who sees what the machines are like. He is the man who conceives of iron and wood machines, in his daily habit of thought, as alive. He has discovered ways in which he can produce an impression upon iron and wood with his desires, and with his will. He goes about making iron and wood machines do live things.

It is never the machines that are dead.

It is only mechanical-minded men that are dead.

IV

The fate of civilization is not going to be determined by people who are morbidly like machines, on the one hand, or by people who are morbidly unmechanical, on the other.

People in a machine civilization who try to live without being automatic and mechanical-minded part of the time, and in some things, — people who

try to make everything they do artistic and self-expressive and hand-made, who attend to all their own thoughts and finish off all their actions by hand themselves, soon wish they were dead.

People who do everything they do mechanically, or by machinery, are dead already.

It is bad enough for those of us who are trying to live our lives ourselves, real true hand-made individual lives, to have to fight all these machines about us trying daily to roar and roll us down into humdrum and nothingness, without having to fight besides all these dear people we have about us, too, who have turned machines, even one's own flesh and blood. Does not one see them, — see them everywhere, — one's own flesh and blood, going about like stone-crushers, road-rollers, lifts, and lawn-mowers?

Between the morbidly mechanical people and the morbidly unmechanical people, modern civilization hangs in the balance.

There must be some way of being just mechanical enough, and at the right time and right place, and of being just unmechanical enough, at the right time and right place. And there must be some way in which men can be mechanical and unmechanical at will.

The fate of civilization turns on men who recognize the nature of machinery, who make machines serve them, who add the machines to their souls, like telephones and wireless telegraph, or to their bodies, like radium and railroads, and who know when and when not, and how and how not, to use them — who are so used to using machines quietly, powerfully, that they do not let the machines outwit them and unman them.

Who are these men?

How do they do it?

They are the Machine-Trainers.

They are the men who understand people-machines, who understand iron-machines, and who understand how to make people-machines and iron-machines run softly together.

V

There was a time, once, in the old, simple, individual days, when dry-goods stores could be human. They expressed in a quiet, easy way the souls of the people who owned them.

When machinery was invented, and when organization was invented, machines of people — dry-goods stores — became vast selling-machines.

We then faced the problem of making a dry-goods store with twenty-five hundred clerks in it as human as a dry-goods store with fifteen.

This problem has been essentially, and in principle, solved. At least we know it is about to be solved. We are ready to admit — most of us — that it is practicable for a department store to be human. Everything the man at the top does expresses his human nature and his personality — to his clerks. His clerks become twenty-five hundred more of him in miniature. What is more, the very stuff in which the clerks in department stores work — the thing that passes through their hands — is human, and everything about it is human, or can be made human; and all the while vast currents of human beings, huge Mississippis of human feeling, flow past the clerks — thousands and thousands of souls a day — and pour over their souls, making them and keeping them human. The stream clears itself.

But what can we say about human beings in a mine, about the practicability of keeping human twenty-five hundred men in a hole in the ground? And how can a mine-owner reach down to the men in the hole, make himself

felt, as a human being, on the bottom floor of the hole in the ground?

In a department store, the employer expresses himself and his clerks through every one of the other twenty-five hundred; they mingle, and stir their souls and hopes and fears together, and he expresses himself to all of them through them all. But in a mine — two men work all alone down in a dark hole in the ground. Thousands of other men, all in dark holes, are near by, with nothing but the dull sound of picks to come between. In thousands of other holes men work, each man with his helper, all alone. The utmost the helper can do is to grow like the man he works with or like his own pick — or like the coal he chips out or like the black hole. The utmost the man he works with can do, in the way of being human, is with his helper.

In a factory, for the most part, the only way, during working hours, that an employer can express himself and his humanness to his workman, is through the steel machine the workman works with — through its being a new, good, fair machine, or a poor one. He can only smile and frown at him with steel, be good to him in wheels and levers, or now and then, perhaps, through a foreman pacing down the aisles.

The question the modern business man in a factory has to face is very largely this: 'I have acres of machines all roaring my will at my men. I have leather belts, printed rules, white steam, pistons, roar, air, water, and fire, and silence, to express myself to my workmen in. I have long, monotonous swings and sweeps of cold steel, buckets of melted iron, strips of wood; bells, whistles, clocks — to express myself, to express my human spirit to my men. Is there any possible way in which my factory, with its machines, can be made as human and expressive of the human as a department store?

This is the question that our machine civilization has set itself to answer.

All the men with good, honest, working imaginations — the geniuses and freemen of the world — are setting themselves the task of answering it.

Some say, machines are on the necks of the men. We will take the machines away.

Others say, we will make our men as good as our machines. We will make our inventions in men catch up with our inventions in machines.

We naturally turn to the employer first, as having the first chance. What is there an employer can do, to draw out the latent force in the men — evoke the divine, incalculable passion sleeping beneath — in the machine-walled minds, the padlocked wills, the dull, unmined desires of men? How can he touch and wake the solar-plexus of labor?

If an employer desires to get into the inner substance of the most common type of workman, — be an artist with him, express himself with him, and change the nature of that substance, give it a different color or light or movement, so that he will work three times as fast, ten times as cheerfully and healthfully, and with his whole body, soul, and spirit, — how is he going to do it?

Most employers wish they could do this. If they could persuade their men to believe in them, to begin to be willing to work with them instead of against them, they would do it.

What form of language is there — whether of words or actions — that an employer can use to make the men who work nine hours a day for him, and to whom he has to express himself across acres of machines, believe in him and understand him?

The modern employer finds himself set sternly face to face, every day of his life, with this question. All civiliza-

tion seems crowding up, day by day; seems standing outside his office door as he goes in and as he goes out, and asking him, now with despair, now with a kind of grim, implacable hope, 'Do you believe, or do you not believe, that a factory can be made as human as a department store?'

This question is going to be answered first by men who know what iron machines really are, and what they are really for, and how they work; who know what people-machines really are, and what they are really for, and how they work. They will base all they do upon certain resemblances and certain differences between people and machines.

They will work the machines of iron according to the laws of iron.

They will work the machines of men according to the laws of human nature.

There are certain human feelings, enthusiasms, and general principles, concerning the natural working relation between men and machines, that it may be well to consider as a basis for a possible solution.

What are our machines, after all? How are the machines like us? And on what theory of their relation can machines and men expect in a world like this to work softly together? These are the questions that men are going to answer next. In the mean time I venture to believe that no man who is morose to-day about the machines, or who is afraid of machines in our civilization, — because they are machines, — is likely to be able to do much to save the men in it.

VI

Every man has, according to the scientists, a place in the small of his back which might be called roughly, perhaps, the soul of his body. All the little streets of the senses or avenues of knowledge, the spiritual conduits

through which he lives in this world, meet in this little mighty brain in the small of a man's back.

About nine hundred millions of his grandfathers apparently make their headquarters in this little place in the small of his back.

It is in this one little modest unnoticed place that he is supposed to keep his race-consciousness, his subconscious memory of a whole human race; and it is here that the desires and the delights and labors of thousands of years of other people are turned off and turned on in him. This is the brain that has been given to every man for the heavy, everyday hard work of living. The other brain, the one with which he does his thinking, and which is kept in an honored place up in the cupola of his being, is a comparatively light-working organ, merely his own private personal brain, a conscious, small, and supposedly controllable affair. He holds on to his own particular identity with it. The great lower brain in the small of his back is merely lent to him, as it were, out of eternity — while he goes by.

It is like a great engine, which he has been allowed the use of as long as he can keep it connected up properly with his cerebral arrangements.

This appears to be mainly what the cerebral brain is for, this keeping the man connected up. It acts as a kind of stop-cock for one's infinity, for screwing on or screwing off one's vast race-consciousness, one's all-humanityness, all those unsounded deeps or reservoirs of human energy, of hope and memory, of love, of passionate thought, of earthly and heavenly desire, that are lent to each of us, as we slip softly by for seventy years or so, by a whole human race.

A human being is a kind of factory. The engine and the works and all the various machines are kept in the base-

ment, and he sends down orders to them from time to time, and they do the work which has been conceived up in headquarters. He expects the works down below to keep on doing these things without his taking any particular notice of them, while he occupies his mind, as the competent head of a factory should, with the things that are new and different and special, and that his mind alone can do; the things which, at least in their present initial formative or creative stage, no machines as yet have been developed to do, and which can only be worked out by the man up in the headquarters, himself, personally, by the handiwork of his own thought.

The more a human being develops, the more delicate, sensitive, strong, and efficient, the more spirit-informed, once for all, the machines in the basement are. As he grows, the various subconscious arrangements for discriminating, assimilating, classifying material, for pumping up power, light, and heat to headquarters, all of which can be turned on at will, grow more masterful every year. They are found all slaving away for him, dimly, down in the dark, while he sleeps. They hand him up, in his very dreams, new and strange powers to live and to know with.

The men who have been most developed of all, in this regard, civilization has always selected and set aside from the others. It calls these men, in their generation, men of genius.

Ordinary men do not try to compete with men of genius.

The reason that people set the genius to one side, and do not try to compete with him, is that he has more and better machinery than they have. It is always the first thing one notices about a man of genius — the incredible number of things that he manages to get done for him; apparently, the things

that he never takes any time off, like the rest of us, to do himself. The subconscious, automatic, mechanical equipment of his senses; the extraordinary intelligence and refinement of his body; the way his senses keep his spirit informed automatically and convey outer knowledge to him; the power he has, in return, of informing this outer knowledge with his spirit, with his will, with his choices, once for all, so that he is always able afterwards to rely on his senses to work out things beautifully for him, quite by themselves, and to hand up to him, when he wants them, rare, deep, unconscious knowledge, — all the things he wants to use for what his soul is doing at the moment, — it is these that make the man of genius what he is. He has a larger and better factory than others, and has developed a huge subconscious service in mind and body. Having all these things done for him he is naturally more free than others, and has more vision and more originality, his spirit is swung free to build new worlds, to take walks with God, until at last we come to look upon him — upon the man of genius — a little superstitiously. We look up every little while from doing the things that he gets done for him by his subconscious machinery, and we wonder at him; we wonder at the strange, the mighty feats he does, at his thousand-league boots, at his apparent everywhere-ness. His songs and joys, sometimes his very sorrows, look miraculous.

And yet it is all merely because he has a factory, a great automatic equipment, a thousand-employee sense-perception, down in the basement of his being, doing things for him that the rest of us do, or think we are obliged to do, ourselves, and give up all of our time to. He is not held back as we are; he moves freely. So he dives under the sea familiarly, or takes peeps at the

farther side of the stars; or he flies in the air, or he builds unspeakable railroads, or thinks out ships or sea-cities, or he builds books, or he builds little, new, still undreamed-of worlds out of chemistry; or he unravels history out of rocks, or plants new cities and mighty states without seeming to try; or, perhaps, he proceeds quietly to be interested in men, in all these little funny dots of men about him; and out of the earth and sky, out of the same old earth and sky that everybody else has had, he makes new kinds and new sizes of men with a thought, like some mighty, serene child playing with dolls.

It is generally supposed that the man of genius rules history and dictates the ideals and activities of the next generation; writes out the specifications for the joys and sorrows of a world, and lays the ground-plan of nations, because he has an inspired mind. It is really because he has an inspired body, a body that has received its orders once for all from his spirit. We should never wonder that everything a genius does has that vivid and strange reality if we realized what his body is doing for him, how he has a body which is at work automatically drinking up the earth into everything he thinks, drinking up practicability, art, and technique for him into everything he sees, and everything he hopes and desires. And every year he keeps on adding a new body; keeps on handing down to his basement new sets, every day, of finer and yet finer things to do automatically.

The great spiritual genius becomes great by economizing his consciousness in one direction, and letting it fare forth in another. He converts his old inspirations into his new machines. He converts heat into power and power into light, and comes to live at last — as almost any man of genius can be partly seen living — in a kind

of transfigured or lighted-up body. The poet transmutes his subconscious or machine-body into words, and the artist transmutes his into color or sound, or into carved stone. The engineer transmutes his subconscious body into long buildings, into aisles of windows, into stories of thoughtful machines. Every great spiritual and imaginative genius is seen — sooner or later — to be the transmuted genius of some man's body. The things in Leonardo da Vinci that his unconscious, high-spirited, automatic senses gathered together for him, piled up in his mind for him and handed over to him for the use of his soul, would have made a genius out of anybody. It is not as if he had to work out every day all the old details of being a genius, himself.

The miracles he seems to work are all made possible to him because of his thousand-man-power, his deep subconscious body, his tremendous factory of sensuous machinery. It is as if he had practically a thousand men all working for him, for dear life, down in his basement, and the things that he can get these men to attend to for him give him a start with which none of the rest of us could ever hope to compete. We call him inspired, because he is more mechanical than we are, and because his real spiritual life begins where our lives leave off.

So the poets who have filled the world with glory and beauty, have been free to do it because they have had more perfect, more healthful, and improved subconscious senses handing up wonder to them than the rest of us have.

And so the engineers, living as they always live, with that fierce, silent, implacable curiosity of theirs, woven through their bodies and through their senses and through their souls, have tagged the Creator's footsteps under the earth, and along the sky, every now and then throwing up new little worlds to Him like his worlds, saying, 'Look, O God, look at *this!*' — the engineers whose poetry is too deep to look poetic have all done what they have done because the unconscious and automatic gifts of their senses, of the powers of their observation, have swung their souls free, have given them long, still reaches of thought, and vast new orbits of desire, like gods.

All the great men of the world have always had machinery.

Now everybody is having it. The power to get little things, innumerable, omnipresent, forever-and-ever things, tiny just-so things, done for us automatically, so that we can go on to our inspirations, is no longer to-day the special prerogative of men of genius. It is for all of us. Machinery is the stored-up spirit, the old saved-up inspiration of the world turned on for every man. And as the greatness of a man lies in his command over machinery, in his power to free his soul by making his body work for him, the greatness of a civilization lies in its getting machines to do its work. The more of our living we can learn to do to-day automatically, the more inspired and creative and godlike and unmechanical our civilization becomes.

Machinery is the subconscious mind of the world.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

[In the late sixties of the last century, Joshua Van Cleve, a well-to-do Ohio business man, died, leaving a widow with three grown children, two daughters and a son, and a handsome fortune. Shortly afterwards the daughters married, becoming, respectively, Mrs. Kendrick and Mrs. Lucas; and each had a child. One of these latter was a boy, Van Cleve Kendrick. Van Cleve's parents both died when he was a baby; and by the time he grew up, his grandfather's estate had been almost entirely dissipated, so that, at eighteen years of age, the young fellow found himself practically the only support of the family, which now consisted of his grandmother, his aunt, who was a widow, with her daughter Evelyn, and his uncle, Major Stanton Van Cleve, a broken-down ex-officer of the Civil War. Van Cleve accordingly went to work, and after sundry experiences, secured a position with the National Loan and Savings Bank of Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was at this time, that is, as nearly as I recollect, about 1892 or 1893, that I first met Van Cleve and his people, who had just come to Cincinnati to live. Van must have been twenty-one or so. They had friends here who introduced them, Professor Gilbert of our university and his family. There were two young Gilberts, a boy and girl of Van Cleve's own age. Bob Gilbert had not had a very promising career so far; he was rather wild at college, and got to drinking and into other bad habits, after he came home. At this time he had a position with a firm of brokers where a college chum of his, a Mr. Cortwright, was also employed. Nobody knew much about Phil Cortwright, who was not a native Cincinnati; he was a very good-looking young man, inclined to be fast, we understood, and in the habit of making love violently to every girl he met. He was beginning now to be quite devoted to Lorrie Gilbert; and Van Cleve Kendrick disliked him heartily — from which we drew our own conclusions.]

CHAPTER VII

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE

'THE rolling stone gathers no moss,' and 'The setting hen never gets fat,' are two worthy old proverbs not less true, it would seem, for being diametrically contradictory; and liable, like most proverbs, to excite the retort that everything depends on the individual. For instance, there was Van Cleve Kendrick, after some five years at the bank, as solid a fixture as its marble steps or safe-deposit vaults, the very reverse of a rolling stone; yet no supine and starveling setting hen, for all that. On the contrary, the young fellow was considered unusually active, shrewd, self-reliant, and capable; his integrity was above question; his ability such as

to put him 'right in line for promotion,' according to what people heard. Indeed, the president of the National Loan, Mr. Gebhardt himself, was the original source of this rumor. He was an enthusiastic man, a big, blond, fine-looking man with the heavy beard and roving, distant blue eyes of a Viking, and when he came out with one of his strong encomiums about 'my young friendt Van Cleef Kendrick,' in his deep and melodious bass voice, with the faint German accent which he always betrayed in moments of earnestness or excitement, the effect was very impressive and convincing.

At twenty-seven years of age, Mr. Kendrick held eight shares in the National, on which he had paid a third of what he had borrowed to buy them; he had six hundred dollars laid by; he was drawing a salary of twenty-

three hundred a year, and making a little 'on the side,' in the management of various small savings and bits of real estate for half a dozen or more of those same honest hucksters, seamstresses, dairymen, and so on, whom he had used to watch coming in with their deposits Saturday nights; he had put his cousin Evelyn through the Art School, and given her an extra twelvemonth of study in New York; he had been supporting a family for years, if not in luxury, certainly in ordinary comfort.

At twenty-seven, also, Van's hair was thinning a little on the temples, there was a hard line at the corner of his flat, straight mouth, another between his eyebrows. Since he began to work, he had seldom had, and never asked for, a vacation, even of a week, even of a day. There he stuck at his desk, or at and about kindred desks and offices, cool, steady, briefly civil, ageing before his time, an edifying example of American thrift and industry — yet I know one person, at least, to whom there was something not far from pathetic in the spectacle. Youth's a stuff that can't endure; and what was Van Cleve doing with his? What was he doing with these beautiful, unreturning days, and what, *what* would he be doing at sixty or seventy-five? He was providing against that very time! 'It's a bad thing to be old,' he used to say in his dry and cold way. His manner may have inspired confidence and respect, but it was never gracious. 'It's a bad thing to be old,' said Joshua Van Cleve's grandson; 'but it's the worst thing that can happen to be *poor* and old!'

The young man, with all his harshness, took care not to betray any such opinion to his family, all of whom, setting aside Evelyn, were well under way in years; if old age would not find them in poverty, that was owing solely to

Van Cleve's own efforts, — a fact, however, of which he never would have dreamed of reminding them, even if he himself had fully realized it. He was of the temper to work hard and direct his affairs with economy and prudence, without any need or incentive whatever; and it was with a kind of satirical patience that he received, or rather endured, the devotion and admiration of his domestic circle. 'Why, Grandma, you've got me down fine, haven't you? And of course you're a pretty good judge of men at your time of life and with all your experience!' he would say, in reply to the old lady's half-tearful eulogies; 'I'm a hero and a saint, and the biggest thing on top of the ground. You say so, and you ought to know. My services to the bank are invaluable; I don't believe they could find more than forty or fifty bright young men to fill my place, in case —'

'Oh, don't talk that way, Van!' cried his Aunt Myra, aghast at this suggestion; 'if you should lose your position —!' Her eyes roved wildly over the pretty, comfortable room; in a trice she saw it a garret, a hovel, an almshouse, and herself and Evelyn starving in rags!

'You — you don't think they're going to discharge you, *do* you, Van Cleve?' she said, trembling.

'Why, not that I know of. I guess I'll stay with the job a while yet,' said Van, amused, reading her easily, perhaps somewhat contemptuously. He knew his aunt to be a sincerely good woman, and he supposed that all good women contrived to be not at all self-indulgent, yet thoroughly selfish, after her fashion. 'Don't fly off the handle that way,' he said; 'I'll always manage to take care of you somehow or other, Aunt Myra.'

'Well, I hope *I* count for *something*,' interposed Evelyn, haughtily; 'I expect to do *something* with my brush. I

think I've shown there's *something* in me already, for that matter, getting a picture in the Women's Art League Exhibit with that awfully critical jury that refused some of the most *famous* artists in Ohio —'

'All right, Rosa Bonheur, you get busy "with your brush" and stave off the poor house when the time comes, will you? In the meanwhile I may as well keep on working,' said Van Cleve, cutting her short with the good-humored indifference his cousin found so exasperating. Many a genius has suffered thus from a lack of appreciation in the family; and I fear Evelyn was no fonder of Van Cleve because he had contributed to her artistic education with unhesitating liberality, perhaps at the cost of some scrimping and self-denial; nor did she like him any the better for having forgotten all about these sacrifices, or for holding them of no moment. Yet she was not ungrateful; all that she wanted was for him to take her seriously — and he refused to take her seriously. It was obvious that he left her and her talents and her achievements out of his reckoning altogether.

'All you think about is *money*, Van Cleve Kendrick!' she burst out angrily; 'that's the only *standard* you've got. If I sold a picture for seventy-five or a hundred dollars, you'd believe I could paint — you'd think I was *worth while*!'

'You bet I would!' Van Cleve agreed heartily, if somewhat absently; he had got out his fountain-pen and, sitting at the little old-fashioned black-walnut desk in the corner of the dining-room, was running over the monthly bills which Mrs. Lucas always collected and bestowed in a certain old Japanese lacquer box, to await pay-day. 'Ought n't there to be a bill here from Doctor McCrea?' said Van, looking up; 'he generally sends it at the half year.'

No one answered immediately; and

to his surprise Van Cleve detected a conscious glance pass among the three women. His grandmother spoke at last. 'Evelyn has arranged about that bill,' she said proudly and, at the same time, rather timidly; 'it was forty-five dollars, and Evelyn went to see the doctor and arranged to pay it herself.'

Van Cleve turned his light gray eyes on the girl. 'How?' he asked. 'How are you going to pay it?' He looked interested. 'Did you save it up yourself Evie? By George, that's pretty good!'

'Never mind, Van dearest, we did n't want to bother you with it; we were n't going to say a word to you about it,' his aunt cried out, in a hectic excitement. 'You're always so splendid and honorable, we knew you'd pay the doctor and go without a new spring suit — and you *ought* to have a spring suit, you said so yourself the other day. And we could n't bear to have you disappointed; it's a perfect shame the way you deny yourself all the time, and you have all of us hanging around your neck like millstones.' Her eyes filled up; she almost sobbed the next words. 'So Evelyn thought out a p-plan, and she went to see the doctor, and — *you* tell him, Evie — Oh, Van, she is the *noblest* girl!'

'I simply suggested that I could pay him with a picture, Van,' said Evelyn, not without complacency. 'I told him that I had three that had been exhibited and very highly spoken of, and he could have his choice. You know any one of them is worth ever so much more than his bill, Van,' said Evelyn, earnestly; 'but of course I did n't tell him that in so many words. Only I thought it was n't any harm to let him know that they were very valuable, and that he was n't getting cheated. He said he did n't know much about pictures. So I just told him in a general sort of way, you know, what I would

ask for these, and I could see he was perfectly astonished and very much impressed. I'm going to send the pictures over to-morrow for him to pick out. It's that View of Paradise Park by Moonlight, and Over the Rhine, and that lovely Bend in the River, Fort Thomas —'

'Have you got his bill?' interrupted the other; and, the document being produced, Van Cleve silently folded it away in his letter-case, alongside the rest, with an expression that somehow disconcerted the little assembly.

'I think you'd better give up this — this arrangement, Evelyn,' he said unemotionally. 'I'll send the doctor a check to-day. I'd rather you did n't pay any bills that way.'

'Why, Van, why not?' Evelyn protested; 'oh, of course, I *see*! You think my paintings are n't worth forty-five dollars. You think they are n't worth anything. You don't realize that my pictures are just the same as money.'

'Maybe so. You could n't pay the butcher with 'em,' said Van Cleve — a remark that momentarily silenced argument. He rose, the three women staring at him, hurt, angry, bewildered. 'Now look here, Evelyn,' he said, not unkindly, 'you're not to do anything like this again, you understand me? I'm not saying anything against your pictures; they may be worth all you claim. But they are n't the same as money, not by a long sight. I look after a little piece of property for a man that's a marble-cutter over here on Gilbert Avenue; what would you think if he offered to pay me with a statue of Psyche, hey? Now I know you want to help me, but that's not the way to do it — to go and bunko somebody into taking one of your pictures in return for his work that he's trying to make his living by. Sell your picture first, and do what you want with the money —'

'*Stop*, Van Cleve! Don't you see you're breaking her heart!' Mrs. Lucas screamed, starting to her feet and rushing to throw her arms around her daughter; both of them were sobbing vehemently. 'How *can* you talk so? How *can* you be so brutal?' She faced him in tragic indignation. 'If it had been any other man, anybody but you, Van Cleve, I'd say he ought to be *horsewhipped*!'

'Don't, Mother darling, don't! Now she'll have one of her heart attacks — Van, how *could* you —!' proclaimed Evelyn in her turn. Mrs. Van Cleve ran for the smelling-salts; the maid whirled in from the kitchen; there was a terrifying to-do; in the midst of it, the young man, who was not unfamiliar with this sort of scene, made his escape. He was so little moved by the distress he left behind that he even grinned to himself as he took his way down town, thinking, 'I'd like to have seen McCrea's face when Evie handed him that gold brick!' Apart from performances of this nature, which were likely to be annoying, Mr. Van Cleve attached scarcely any importance to what women said and did; all women, he supposed, were hysterical fools — *ahem*! — well, not that exactly, but ill-balanced and excitable and reasonless — all but one, that is. Van had seen enough of Lorrie Gilbert to know that she, at least, could control herself, and act to good purpose when need arose.

He thought about Lorrie a good deal these days, tried to put her out of his mind, and found it returning to her again and again with a commingled pain and pleasure which he now at last understood. As usual he was ruthlessly clear-eyed and clear-headed about it, ruthlessly plain-spoken with himself. He knew that he was nothing to Lorrie; she had never encouraged him; if Van Cleve had ever assumed a defi-

nately lover-like attitude, she would have denied him with real distress and regretted keenly the lost friend; and, besides, she was credibly reported engaged to another man. Van worked harder than this other man, and he made as much money; if not so ornamental to the community, he was a deal more useful; he was the good apprentice and the worthy steward; but *he* could not marry. Even had Lorrie been as much in love with him as he with her, he could not have asked her to marry him. His sense of duty and his hard pride would have restrained him.

'I'm not going to ask any girl to live with my family — I'm not going to put that on her, and I'm not going to ask her to "wait for me," either,' was his idea; 'I don't want anybody taking a chance on *me*. What would that be, anyhow, but hinting to her to hang on till some of my people died off and left me a little freer? Not for me! When I'm making ten thousand a year will be time enough for marrying. Lorrie'll be a grandmother by that time, most likely! Oh, well!' he sometimes finished with a touch of his harsh fun. Mr. Kendrick did not lack a gift of philosophy; and it was equally characteristic that he never for an instant doubted he would some day make that ten thousand a year and much more.

In the meanwhile, life was not uninteresting even to a hopeless lover — a lover, that is, with as hard a head and as stanch a digestion as this hero's. This very day, when Van caught the next down-going car, he found it crowded passengers reading the latest news from the insurrection in that neighboring West Indian island of which we were beginning to hear so much in those days, and conclamantly airing their views on the subject. 'DOOM OF HAVANA SEALED! GENERAL GOMEZ

CAPTURES THE WATERWORKS!' one man read out of the paper. 'That settles it, boys!' he announced with much solemnity; 'the Spanish'll have to give up now. They can't get any washing done!' And everybody laughed, and another remarked that he had never understood the Spanish were very strong on laundry-work, anyhow. Van Cleve, clinging to his strap, listened inattentively; this kind of talk was rife that winter — had been going the rounds, indeed, for the past year. Maceo — Weyler — McKinley — concentration camps — filibusters — the 'Commodore' expedition — do we not all of us remember it?

Mr. Kendrick was among those who were against intervention — when he thought about Cuba's troubles at all, which was seldom. Of late he had been giving a stricter attention than ever, if that were possible, to the National Loan's affairs. He thought they were in danger of 'going to sleep' at that institution, to use his own words, notwithstanding the fact that to outsiders, at least, it seemed to be prospering greatly. The simple old building itself had recently been remodeled at a handsome cost; you might see the plain citizens who were its patrons surveying with awe the new marble stairs, the figures of 'Commerce' and 'Industry' in the triangular brow above the doors, and the bronze tablets set into the corner-stone with the mystifying legend A.D. MDCCCXCVI. Van Cleve did not wholly approve of the changes, being by nature severely opposed to any sort of show; but he could not deny that the bank took in a number of fresh accounts about that time which may have been due in large part to the increased majesty and solidity of its appearance. Still Van was critical; he had not been with the Loan and Savings all these years for nothing, and he had gone a long way since his

early days in the office, when he had felt an unquestioning respect for his elders and a readiness to learn of them.

'This bank is Julius Gebhardt,' he used to say to himself shrewdly; 'he is the National Loan and Savings, body and bones, hide, horns, and tallow. Every one of the directors is a back number. They keep on electing themselves over and over again, and when they come trailing in here Monday mornings it looks like an overflow meeting from the Old Men's Home. I'll bet they do just what Gebhardt says, and half the time they don't know what he's saying. Of course he's used to it, but it's a pretty big responsibility for one man. He knows the banking business as well as the next man, I suppose, but nobody's infallible.' If he had owned a few more shares, say twenty instead of eight, Van was confident *he* would be on the board, and what was more, would probably be cashier in place of Schlactman, who was in ill health, and talked of moving to Colorado. In fact, Mr. Gebhardt had hinted as much, in his big, warm-hearted, almost fatherly, way. He liked Van Cleve and did not hesitate to show it. The cashier's salary was three thousand. 'I'd have a use for it,' Van thought, with a grim smile.

The family had lately been showing signs of their perennially recurrent restlessness, which Van recognized from ancient acquaintance. Once in a long while it crossed Van Cleve's mind that he might some day surprise them by putting his foot down on all this foolishness; but the time never came. He always had too much to do, and too many things on his mind, to burden himself further by futile attempts at argument with his household; it was easier and infinitely more peaceful to let them have their own way. As for discussing his plans and prospects with

them, or confiding to them all that about the bank and the president and his methods, and Van's own opinions, the young man never dreamed of such a thing. They could not have understood a word of it; they were devoted to him heart and soul, but they could not speak his language, or live in his world. The Office and the Street were his real home, and under his own roof he had companions, but no companionship.

He had forgotten all about the morning's disturbance by dinner-time, when he reached home; and was only reminded of it by finding the house as yet unlighted, in a kind of symbolic gloom, and everybody tiptoeing about in an impressive anxiety. 'Mother has been *very* ill, Van Cleve,' Evelyn told him with a species of reproachful resignation; 'it has been an unusually sharp seizure. Doctor McCrea could n't understand this attack at all, and kept saying she must have had some *nervous shock*. But of course we did n't tell him about this morning,' said Evelyn, magnanimously. 'It does n't make any difference about *me*, Van, but I hope you won't be so cruel again to poor Mother, who only wanted to help you and give you a pleasure.'

'Well, that's so; I'm sorry about that,' said Van, troubled; 'I forgot how easy Aunt Myra gets sick. But you know, Evelyn, I can't have you doing things like that, if only for the looks of the thing. These doctors all keep a pretty good line on who can pay them and who can't; they've *got* to. Doctor McCrea knew I could afford that bill; it was n't exorbitant —'

'Doctor McCrea was *very much disappointed!*' his cousin interrupted triumphantly. 'I explained to him in a tactful way, so as not to put you in a bad light, and he said, "Oh, don't I get any picture, then?" and I could see he *did n't like it at all*, though he

gave a kind of queer laugh. *I could n't say anything, of course.*

Van Cleve grunted, but was otherwise silent, after the exasperating fashion he had of allowing Evelyn the last word, and the peculiar barrenness of victory.

'And there's something else, Van — something you ought to know. The doctor says that Mother —' She was beginning importantly; but was checked by a look from her grandmother.

'Dinner's ready, and we'd better wait till afterward to tell Van Cleve about that,' interrupted the old lady, hastily, remembering other days and the late Joshua. It was always advisable to feed a man first. And accordingly after the meal, during which everybody was painstakingly amiable and lively, she herself reintroduced the subject.

'The doctor thinks that your Aunt Myra ought to be in a different climate, Van Cleve. I have been thinking it myself for some time, and when I spoke of it this morning, he said at once that I was right, and that a change was good for everybody. He said if she could go away for a while, it would undoubtedly make her feel better —'

'Then I explained with *perfect frankness*, because that is always *best*,' Evelyn interrupted; 'that we could n't take trips South and all that sort of thing, which I could see he was about to suggest. "Oh, Doctor McCrea," I said, "*we can't be running off on jaunts that way just for pleasure. We have to make a permanent move. And, besides, we've been here for seven years now, and I think Mother ought to get out of it for good. The Ohio Valley climate never has agreed with her, and now she is fairly saturated with it, and you can see she's losing ground every day.*" He said, "Oh, I think you exaggerate"; but of course,

you know, he said that just to soothe me and keep me from being frightened —'

'You mean to say you want to get up and leave here — you want me to quit my job, and look for another somewhere else,' said Van Cleve, unmoved as usual.

'But if it's a question of Mother's *health*, Van Cleve —'

'You can always get something to do — you're not appreciated in the bank, anyhow. You could get Mr. Gebhardt to transfer you to some other bank; they do things like that all the time, don't they? Mr. Gebhardt thinks so highly of you, he'd do *anything* for you, Van — you could go anywhere on his recommendation,' cried Mrs. Van Cleve.

'Where d'ye want to go now?' said Van Cleve, coming to the point with his disconcerting directness.

Evelyn began eagerly, 'Why, I thought at once of New York. I could look after Mother, and still go on with my professional career. It would be an ideal arrangement —'

'I never heard New York talked up much for a health resort,' said Van Cleve.

'Well, a *health resort* is n't what she needs, you know. It's the complete change that would be so beneficial. Doctor McCrea was *enthusiastic*; he said it could n't possibly do her any harm, and would probably be just as good for her as anywhere. And you know New York is so *interesting*, Van. I *loved* it when I was studying there. I have such clever, *stimulating*, exceptional friends. The change in the *social atmosphere* alone would brace Mother right up, I *know* —'

'New York is a wonderful city,' said Major Van Cleve; 'I remember General Grant making that very remark to me once when we were walking up Fifth Avenue; we were both of us just

back from the War, but it was before he had been elected to the Presidency. He turned to me and said, "Well, Mage," — that was his nickname for me, — "New York is a marvelous place, is n't it?" Rather odd that he should have died and been buried there afterward, I always thought.'

Van Cleve let them talk; he was not angry or out of patience; he was only sourly amused. This was Van's day — a fair sample of all his days. People who happened to be pretty well acquainted with the family used to repeat around a saying of Bob Gilbert's that always brought a laugh from the men, whatever the women thought of it. I suppose it was really dreadfully coarse. "'S shame!' says Bob, who was about three parts drunk, with tearful vehemence; 's shame zose Van Cleves. Kept Van's nose grindstone years — *always* will keep it — 's shame. Know what they all need? Spankin' — *hic* — ol' lady an' all of 'em — need spankin' — reiterated Bob with dark and frowning emphasis. '*Goo* spankin'!'

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH WE GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME

I DO not remember whether it is recorded that the Industrious Apprentice ever took the Idle Apprentice aside, and pointed out to him the folly of his ways, scolded him heartily, and pleaded with him to reform. A man must have a tolerably good conceit of himself who will undertake to direct another man how to live, even though this other may be as notoriously in need of direction as was Robert Gilbert. Van Cleve hesitated and shrank before the task. He told himself that he had too stiff a job doing his own duty, to be qualified to preach theirs to other people. Was he his brother's keeper, anyhow? It was impatience

and indignation that roused him to hunt Bob out and lecture him, at last. Van thought the world was too kind, too stupidly kind, to this culprit; it liked him too well; it was ruinously soft-hearted; it kept on giving him a chance when it should have brought him up with a round turn! And all this in the face of the strange fact that Robert himself asked no quarter; he never offered any excuses; he was the most amiably unashamed and unrepentant sinner on earth, and the most incurably sanguine. 'Never mind, Van old man, don't worry yourself so over me. I hate to see you so worried!' he said affectionately, when the sober Mr. Kendrick had painfully got through with his exhortations. 'I'm going to come out all right, you see if I don't. I'll get out even, don't you worry.'

'You're always saying that, Bob,' said Van Cleve, glumly; 'you know very well you can't keep up this gait and come out anywhere but behind. You're ruining your health, and spoiling your chances, and making your people unhappy. You've got plenty of sense, Bob, and I can't see why —'

'Well, I'm glad you'll allow me that much, anyhow!' said Bob, with the utmost good temper. He met his friend's severe gaze with one full of amusement, insuperable nonchalance, honest affection. 'You're not much of a preacher, Van; your heart's not in it. You don't really want to reform the bad little boy and make him a good little boy, and have him sign the pledge and all that, in the interest of virtue and respectability — not a bit of it, you time-serving old utilitarian, you! You only —'

'Oh, *good, bad* — that's not what I'm talking about!' interrupted Van Cleve, with a movement of irritation; 'I don't want you to make an everlasting fool of yourself, that's all! All this drinking and having a good time with

the boys, what does it amount to? Can't you see there's nothing in it? You can't keep on with *that* all your life. Why, why — damn it, Bob, there's *nothing in it!* Can't you see that?"

"There! Did n't I say that was the way you felt!" Bob stated, grinning. He made an extravagant display of surprise. "Why, Van Cleve, it looks to me as if you were trying to get me to settle down and *work* like yourself! And I used to think you had a sense of humor! Now Phil Cortwright says —"

"Oh, cut it out!" said Van, scowling.

"All right, just as you say," the other retorted tolerantly.

"I'm only talking because I — because I — I think a lot of you, you know, Bob," said Van Cleve, looking down, chewing hard at the end of his cigar, mortally abashed by this sentimental admission.

The sight moved Bob as no amount of arguing or hectoring could have done. "Why, of course I know that, Van!" he cried. The moisture sprang into his eyes; he wiped them unaffectedly. "Why, I know that, my dear old fellow! *You're* all right — everything you say is pretty near right, I guess," he said incoherently. He pulled himself together and went on with more steadiness, even earnestness — for him. "You see, Van Cleve, I've got a different way of looking at it from you. I believe in — in — well, I believe a man's life's his own to do what he wants with, so long as he does n't harm anybody else. Well, then *I* don't harm anybody else, do I? Suppose I *do* — well — lush some off and on, and — and all that, you know — all the other things you say — why, it does n't hurt anybody but me, does it? If I'm willing to take the consequences, why, it does n't need to worry *you* any. I don't ask anybody to suffer for it but myself. Then where's the harm? I'm not re-

sponsible for any one else, and nobody else needs to feel responsible for me. That's the way I look at it."

"Do the family look at it that way, too?" Van Cleve asked.

"The family? Oh, well, they — of course they think more or less as you do, and the rest of the representative citizens," said Bob, smiling, but for the first time a little restive under his friend's eye. "Hang it, you goody-good people don't know how funny and inconsistent you are!" he burst out in a sort of good-natured impatience. "There're plenty of respectable old skinflints walking around town this minute that gouge and grind and pile up the dollars and do more mischief in a day than I can in a year, and because they pass the plate in church, and go home to bed with the chickens, and never drink anything stronger than cold tea, you hold 'em up to me for models —"

"I was n't holding up any models. You're dodging, Bob," said the other, gloomily.

But Bob had returned to his thesis. "Of course I don't mean to keep it up all my life, as you were saying. I can stop whenever I want to — when I get tired of it. In the meanwhile I'm not hurting anybody but myself, and I'm not hurting myself anything to speak of. And I'll pay that score myself," he repeated, rather grandiloquently.

"I don't know whether a man can do that or not," said Van Cleve; "pay for himself, I mean. Looks to me sometimes as if everybody got assessed for him all around."

Robert had left Messrs. Steinberger & Hirsch some while before this date, those gentlemen having, in fact, intimated that his services were no longer required. Even their not unduly exalted standards were too high for the young man, it seemed.

The next news was that young Gil-

bert had got a berth on the *Record-World*, which was a penny sheet that used to come out in six or eight successive editions of an afternoon, with detonating head-lines, every smallest event decorated with the most lurid purple patch conceivable. For a while the young man was quite faithful to his duties, perhaps finding in the haste and tension of the work almost enough of the false excitement he seemed to crave. As invariably happened, everybody in this new world liked him; they liked him even after they, too, had begun to shake their heads over him — even when they, too, had to ‘speak to’ him. In the end, like all the rest of the friends he was constantly making and constantly disappointing, they also acknowledged that Bob was indeed ‘no good.’ He had some fine, warm-blooded virtues; he was loyal, generous, and humane; he was curiously clean-minded and simple with all his gross self-indulgence. But — they agreed sorrowfully — he was not over-clever; he could not be depended on for half an hour; he did not know the meaning of duty and ambition; put him to the test, in short, and you would find Bob Gilbert pretty nearly worthless.

The family accepted the unhappy fact with a plain and prosaic dignity, as do almost all families. No doubt they got used to it in the course of time; and, of course, the Professor and his wife had realized the truth from the first, even when Lorrie was doing her best to shield them from it. Van Cleve told her so in his hard, matter-of-fact way. ‘It’s no use, Lorrie,’ he said; ‘you can’t keep this thing about Bob dark. Your mother’s probably known all along. I should n’t wonder if she thought she was keeping it from you all the while you thought you were keeping it from her. I don’t know why women make believe that way. It

does n’t do any good. Might as well look at things square in the face.’

‘You don’t understand — men *can’t* understand,’ said Lorrie, sadly; ‘why, Mother and I can’t talk about it, even now, to each other. We keep on pretending. Why, you yourself have never talked about it like this before, and yet you knew, you *must* have known about Bob for two or three years, even if you did n’t know before that. Is that why you have n’t — you have n’t been with him so much?’

‘Well, Bob’s never around where I am, you know,’ said Van Cleve, a little lamely; it was not easy to explain his position to Bob’s sister. ‘I’m busy — I have n’t any time to hunt him up. I’m sorry, but —’

‘But you’ll have to let Bob go?’ Lorrie finished for him, unable to keep the bitterness out of her voice. ‘I’m sorry, too, Van. You’re one of the people that can do the most with him — that he pays the most attention to. If his own friends give him up — But I dare say you are right. You can’t sacrifice your own interests — you have yourself to think about and your own future, and you can’t be burdened with Bob.’

‘Yes, I’ve got to think about myself — I’m always thinking about myself,’ Van Cleve agreed with her dryly. Her words stung him to the quick; he was conscious of a certain truth underlying their unkindness and unfairness. He *was* constantly thinking about Van Cleve Kendrick’s affairs and prospects — he *was* thinking about himself, but surely, surely not wholly *for* himself! That very morning Evelyn and his aunt had begun again with their New York plan. They had written to a dozen friends and fellow students, wonderfully able, astute persons, and got all manner of reports, figures, and estimates pointing unanimously to the fact that it was incalculably cheaper

and healthier to live in New York than anywhere else on the face of this globe! Two hundred would move them beautifully — ‘You know we’re very good managers, Van dearest.’ ‘Two hundred, hey? You must think I get my money from the pump!’ he had said in vain jocularly. Now a sudden melancholy invaded the young man; what was he but a money-making machine? he thought dispiritedly. Even Lorrie believed that that was all he cared for — even Lorrie!

As for Lorrie herself, did she know how she hurt him? She was a tender-hearted, good woman, and shrank from inflicting pain on anybody; but even a tender-hearted, good woman may sometimes take advantage of her position to visit some of her own unhappiness on another’s head. And Lorrie would have been more than a mortal girl not to have suspected her power over the young fellow. At any rate, swift contrition and a desire to make amends took hold of her.

‘That sounded horrid, but I did n’t mean it *that* way, you know,’ she said hastily and penitently; ‘it’s only that I *do* wish — you have such an influence over Bob — if he was only out of that — that atmosphere he’s got into — if he was with people like you —’

‘Oh, *influence!*’ Van broke in harshly; ‘I tell you, Lorrie, this talk about “unfortunate surroundings” and “bad influence” and “good influence” makes me very tired. Any fellow that’s too weak-kneed to resist “evil influence” is too weak-kneed to be bolstered up much by good ones. Not you nor I nor the Almighty can make a man go crooked any more than we can make him go straight; he’s got to do it himself. “I got into bad company” — “I was n’t directed right” — “Nobody looked after me.” — Pooh! that’s the old eternal incessant yawp of folly and feebleness and guilt — you don’t

want to begin excusing Bob that way. Of course, I know you will forgive him, and keep on forgiving him, no matter what he does —’

‘And what kind of a sister would I be, if I did n’t?’ cried Lorrie with a great deal of spirit. ‘I don’t at all believe what you say, Van. People are different. We can’t all be pillars of strength. Mr. Cortwright says —’ She stopped short. ‘*Well?*’ she said sharply; for Mr. Kendrick’s countenance had assumed an extremely forbidding and unpleasant expression at the sound of that name.

‘Bob started quoting Cortwright at me, too,’ he said acridly. ‘That’s where he’s got his precious theories about irresponsibility, and all the rest of it. I recognized the brand.’

‘Oh! Then you don’t think Mr. Cortwright is the proper sort of friend for Bob to have, is that it?’ said Lorrie, in an ominous calm.

‘Well, I don’t, Lorrie, since you ask me. I think that association has been the worst thing in the world for a fellow of Bob’s disposition,’ said Van Cleve; and he was honest and disinterested in saying it. ‘I believe Cortwright’s influence —’

‘I thought you said just now that influence had nothing to do with it,’ said Lorrie. And Van Cleve had no answer, alas! His own words confounded him. He was sure he was right — right in his theory, right about the facts; but no juggling would fit the two together!

The interview ended rather stiffly on both sides. Lorrie went upstairs after the young man had left, with a fire-red spot on each cheek. ‘The idea of his hinting *that* about Philip!’ she thought with an anger no criticism of herself could have aroused; ‘Phil never says a word about *him*. And he’s tried and *tried*, and done his best for Bob. What did Van Cleve Kendrick ever do, I’d

like to know? He's ashamed of the way he's abandoned Bob, that's all — he's ashamed and — and jealous, that's what made him talk that way!

And that was all Mr. Kendrick got for his interference. It would have darkened his skies enough to know that he had offended Lorrie or hurt her; but not long after a piece of news descended upon him like another blight — news which, by the way, was already common property, and seemed to have traveled around to everybody before reaching him, who was secretly the most concerned. It had a paragraph all to itself in next Sunday morning's *Society Jottings*: 'The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Gilbert, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Gilbert, who has been a great favorite ever since she made her bow to society, two or three seasons ago, to Mr. Philip Cortwright. Mr. Cortwright is a Eureka College man, a member of the old Cortwright family of Kentucky,' etcetera, etcetera.

Van Cleve heard the announcement silently, with as indifferent a face as he could manage. 'I chose a good time to tell her I did n't approve of Cortwright — tactful and opportune in me, was n't it?' he remarked inwardly, with savage irony. The next time he saw her there were others about, and a good deal of joking allusion going on, and it would undoubtedly have been the proper moment for Mr. Kendrick to tender his compliments on the happy event; but, in point of fact, he did nothing of the kind; he kept silence — and it may be Miss Gilbert liked him just as well for saying nothing and looking morose; she was only human, after all.

In truth, Lorrie was human enough to be very happy these days, in spite of the skeleton in the family closet. It would be hard for a girl yet in her twenties, engaged to be married to a very handsome, devoted, popular (or,

at least, well-known) young fellow, with whom she is quite openly and genuinely in love — it would be a hard matter, I say, for any girl to be seriously unhappy in these circumstances. Of course, they were not to be married for a while yet — Philip's business. It was understood that perhaps next year — her mother's wedding-day had been the tenth of June; if Lorrie should be married next year, the tenth of June, eighteen-ninety-nine, it would be thirty years to the day, after her mother — remarkable fact! That would be the last year of the century, too — another remarkable fact!

'No, it won't be the last year. Nineteen hundred's the last year,' said Cortwright, laughing. He recited the hundred-pennies-in-a-dollar argument which people were making use of to convince one another on this often disputed point. 'Why, you wise, practical little person, who would have thought you would have had to have that explained to you?' he said fondly. It pleased him singularly to catch her tripping; he liked to feel even so trivial a superiority, for there were many moments, when, secure as he was in his own conceit, he was a little afraid, a little abashed, in the presence of this girl whom he was to marry; sometimes he wished uncomfortably that Lorrie were not quite so *good*! 'Why won't you let me kiss you?' he once said to her aggrievedly, in the first hours of their betrothal. 'You belong to me now. I would n't be a man if I did n't want to. Most girls like it — I mean I always supposed they did — I always understood so. How can you be so — so cold?' He put an arm around her, at once masterful and beseeching. 'Please, Lorrie! You know you really like — want me to —' he murmured with lips very close.

'You can kiss me, but not — not my neck, that way,' said Lorrie, backing

off, turning scarlet, troubled rather than angry. 'I — I don't like to have you kiss my neck —' for indeed it was some such intimate caress which he had already attempted that had led to this scene. The young woman shrank from it undefinably; she shrank from the act and from the look in her lover's eyes.

Cortwright obeyed, resenting what he called inwardly her prudery, even while clearly conscious that it was precisely that quality about her which most strongly attracted him. *She* was n't cheap, he thought, with an exultant thrill; and naturally coveted her the more.

This news of Lorrie Gilbert's engagement created only a mild stir socially, having been expected any time these two or three years. Lorrie might have done better, doubtless — she had never lacked attention from men, some of whom had been better off in the worldly way, and perhaps more 'settled' than Mr. Cortwright. But it looked as if he was very much in love with Lorrie, and certainly she was over head and ears in love with him. People in general were glad to hear anything pleasant connected with the poor Gilberts, who had had so much that was sad and discreditable to endure from that ne'er-do-well, Robert. It had got to the pass that their friends seldom even mentioned Robert nowadays. The girls whom he used to know, who came to see Lorrie and gave her engagement luncheons and engagement presents of little silver candlesticks and ornamental spoons and after-dinner coffee-cups, who were already planning linen-showers, and chattering to her about the lovely four-room suites in the new apartment buildings, those girls never asked after Bob. They never invited him to their homes any more; they contrived not to see him on the street. How could they? He had got to look-

ing so seedy and run-down and *dissipated*, they said. Nobody would want to be seen with him — nobody could afford to be seen with him! It was a universal taboo, excepting on the part of Miss Paula Jameson, whom Bob continued to visit in his ostracism more often than ever before. At the moment, however, he was deprived even of that resource, for Paula went to Palm Beach with her mother in March; conceivably, Robert was the only person who missed her. The young lady had never counted at all, socially; she had no friends, and heard from and wrote to nobody, not even Lorrie. 'She's got such *hotel manners*!' was a criticism I once overheard from some other young lady; 'and the way she simply fastened herself on to Lorrie Gilbert! I suppose she found she could n't *get in*, after all, because she does n't stick to Lorrie so much now, but it used to be, really —!'

CHAPTER IX

REMEMBER THE MAINE!

That winter all the world of our town, as of a hundred other towns all over the country, went about its business and pleasure as usual without the slightest suspicion that a tremendous national event was going to take place, though this will doubtless seem to our descendants to have been abundantly foreshadowed. The world was bringing its daughters 'out' at dances and dinners and teas, and going to its clubs and Symphony concerts, and complaining about its servants and the high cost of living, even as it does to-day. Every morning the world got up and read in its newspaper about Zola and Dreyfus with a kind of indignant amusement; it read about the last murder, the last divorce, the last serum discovery and Edison invention; and,

perhaps, wondered indifferently if these mechanical piano-players and motor-vehicles they were experimenting with would ever be of any practical value! It also read that the Spanish minister, whose name it considered unpronounceable and therefore outlandish, had resigned, following some unpleasantness at Washington, — ‘Düpuv de Lome, gone home, no more to roam!’ the comic editor facetiously chanted, — and that a bomb had exploded in the Hotel Inglaterra in the city of Havana, and another bomb in the mayor’s office; and that one of our big battle-ships had been sent down there to protect American interests.

Then came the morning of the 16th of February with some appalling news. Bob Gilbert’s paper, being an afternoon one, did not get that ‘scoop’; but it made a gallant effort and came out at noon with mighty head-lines and exclamation points, with columns of information or misinformation, with pictures of the unfortunate vessel, her captain and officers, and complete details about the Maine’s size, ‘displacement,’ ‘armament,’ cost, and previous career. Bob himself fell into the wildest state of excitement; it kept him sober for a week! To be sure, he was not the only one who lost his head and fumed and fretted and girded at the Administration, and denounced the investigations as cowardly and farcical delays. Within a week of the disaster there were militia companies drilling furiously all over the State, and all over every other state in the Union; there were fiery speeches on the floor of every legislature; and at a big public banquet, while the temper of the Administration still seemed to be for peace, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy got up and made a speech of such strength and significance that everybody present nudged his neighbor, and one gentleman went so far as

to say to the presiding genius of the gathering, ‘Mr. Hanna, may we please fight Spain now?’ So, at any rate, the newspapers reported.

Mr. Van Cleve Kendrick, so far as was known, made but one comment on the situation. ‘I guess we can’t get out of it without a fight; and if we *do* have war, wheat ought to jump some,’ he said; and studied the market reports and gave closer attention to business than ever, these days. The news that troops of the regular army had actually been ordered to Key West, that some millions of dollars had been voted for ‘defense,’ that the Oregon had started for Cape Horn and Atlantic waters, that the Vizcaya had anchored off Manhattan Island (to the terror of the unprotected Manhattanese!); the talk about the Philippines, with consequent searchings of the map, and about the Pacific Squadron; the withdrawal of the United States consul from Havana, and of Mr. Woodford from the Embassy at Madrid — all this news and all the heroic excitement of the times affected Van Cleve not in the least.

The young man was not unpatriotic; he had as much pride and spirit as any of his fellows, and, it cannot be doubted, heard the songs and speeches, and saw the massed soldiery under the banner of his country, with an honorable stirring of the heart. But whatever befell, — and, like the rest of us, he had a hearty belief in the power of our arms and an unshakable expectation of success, — Van must still stay at home and make a living for himself and those dependent on him. He was in odd contrast to that time-honored warrior, Major Stanton, who, if his age and state of health had not prohibited it, as he was careful to assure everybody, would have been the first to offer himself to the Cause. ‘It’s hard for us — hard! We old fellows that went out

for the Union in sixty-one — hard to be shelved now!’ he would say with a magnificent break in his voice, and wagging the grizzled whiskers sadly. It was an impressive spectacle, and Major Van Cleve was very popular on all political-military occasions, where, indeed, he cut an admirable figure, and exercised handsomely his fine gift of eloquence.

Van Cleve’s family, by the way, were going to New York to live. The news created an interest in their set of acquaintances hardly second to that roused by the international complications. They had a dozen reasons for going, any one of them unanswerable: Mrs. Lucas’s health, the possibility of *much greater economy* in living, a wider sphere for Evelyn, and a thoroughly artistic atmosphere — they recited all these arguments with their customary fervor and certainty. It developed that Van Cleve was not intending to move with them; they explained that he could n’t give up his position here, of course; but equally, of course, they would n’t be so selfish as to walk off and leave him without knowing that he was perfectly comfortable; and accordingly a wonderful, ideal, Elysian boarding-house had been discovered where they kept *such* a table, and he would have *such* a room, so large, light, and sunny!

Van had made no comment on these arrangements; the women, indeed, wondered and were aggrieved at his unsympathetic silence; it was true that he gave them ungrudgingly whatever money they asked for, — and in fairness it must be said they asked for as little as possible, — but he paid no heed to their explanations, he took no interest in the plans they made either for themselves or for his own comfort. He would not even go to look at the matchless boarding-house. ‘Why, I suppose it’s all right, if you say so —

it’ll be just as good as home,’ he said, cheerfully indifferent.

‘*Van Cleve*, how can you say such a thing? As if any place could be the same as your own *home*!’ they exclaimed in reproachful chorus; nor could they at all understand why he laughed. They said to each other that Van Cleve was getting more and more wrapped up in his affairs — it would end by making him hard and selfish — he might even become miserly!

It is strange to think that such small doings as these can go on side by side with the great stirring business of the nation on the edge of war, and receive within their own circle quite as much attention. People did not cease to be interested in spring wardrobes and summer trips, in weddings and new houses and house-cleaning and the Musical Festival; everybody, I repeat, thought and talked as much as ever about these things that month of April, as if nothing of moment had been going forward. And on there at Washington, the debate about arbitration and intervention rumbled on, and the Senate recognized Cuba, and the President called out the troops, and the Ultimatum was issued and forestalled; and that energetic Assistant Secretary of the Navy resigned and set about forming his regiment of Rough Riders. The last did really touch us closer, for here and there we heard of some prospective recruit or aspirant for that body, — somebody’s cousin or brother, some young fellow at Harvard or ranching it out West. One of the rumors credited that young Cortwright, — Phil Cortwright that was with Steinberger & Hirsch, — Lorrie Gilbert’s Mr. Cortwright, with ambitions in that direction. Nobody was surprised to hear it; he was a dashing sort of fellow and would make a first-rate cavalryman — any man that came out of Kentucky could ride and shoot, for

that matter. Cortwright could probably get a commission with ease; at any rate, he was going to Washington to make a try for it, everybody presently understood.

Lorrie, looking a little pale, but sweetly resolute and cheerful, confirmed the report. 'Yes. He's going. He thinks he ought to; he wants to do his duty,' she said, with a beautiful pride in her hero; she had no conception of the tinsel and spot-light allurements this martial drama held out for him, as for nine tenths of the other young fellows; and, for the matter of that, when this brave, eager, self-centred restlessness overtakes a man, is there a woman on earth who can hold him? 'I'd go myself — with the Red Cross, you know — if Mother thought she could get along without me. But she wants me here, and there will be plenty of women that *can* go,' said Lorrie, who never had to explain to anybody that she wanted to do *her* duty. 'Bob's going, too — not with the army — his paper's sending him. He's quite wild about it,' she told people. They were liable to remark to one another afterwards that Bob would be no great loss whatever became of him, but the way those things generally turned out, a fellow like Bob came through it all scot-free without a scratch or a day's sickness, while any number of fine, useful men succumbed to the hardships or the enemies' bullets!

Robert, however, showed a disposition to straighten up, under all the excitement, queerly enough; he took himself with gratifying seriousness in the capacity of war-correspondent to the *Record-World*, and was too absorbed in preparations for the campaigning to spare any time to his former disreputable company and diversions. In the beginning, with some idea of enlisting, he had gone and got him-

self examined at the recruiting station for the regular army. 'Those are the fellows that are sure to go, you know,' he said cannily; and he came away a little chopfallen at being rejected by the doctor and sergeant. 'Said my teeth were defective! Did you ever hear of anything so fine-drawn as that?' he told Van Cleve in a comical indignation.

'Teeth, hey?' said Van Cleve, looking the other over with his shrewd, hard, gray eyes; 'they must make a pretty searching examination.'

'Oh, yes, you have to strip, of course. They measure you and test your lungs, and you have to come up to some standard they've got. The doctor said I was a little too light — too thin for my height, you know; but I don't think that would have made any trouble. I told him I'd make it my business to get heavier, and he kind of laughed. He asked me how long I'd had this cough, too — it's nothing but a cold I've had off and on this winter — and I noticed him thumping around my chest; that shows you how particular they are. That's all right, too; I'm not kicking about *that*. They've got to have sound men physically in the army. But *teeth* — piffle!' Robert ejaculated disgustedly. 'Well, as long as I'm going, anyhow, for the paper, I've got the laugh on 'em. But to be with the army itself would be more fun.'

Van Cleve listened to him with an extraordinary inward movement of affection and pity; there were times when he felt old enough to be Bob's father. 'Well, you want to fatten up and — and get rid of your cold so as to be in first-class shape, because it's bound to be a good deal like hard work part of the time, anyhow,' he advised Robert. But when they had parted, he shook his head over the teeth episode. 'I should n't wonder if they said that

to every poor devil they reject, rather than tell him right out what the matter is with him,' he opined sagely; and wondered if the humanity of doctors was not sometimes ill-judged. It did not need a doctor's experience to see at a glance what sort of a fellow Bob was: the pace he went was beginning to tell on him; and even if he behaved himself, he was not of the type wanted in the United States Army.

Bob's mother and sister, who had awaited the verdict in terror, were too much relieved to sympathize with him; his position was likely to be exciting and hazardous enough, anyhow, they thought. Mrs. Gilbert was never seen to shed a tear, or heard to utter a word in opposition; but she used to follow him to the door whenever he left the house, and watch him every step of the road, if he went no farther than the corner or across the street. When he was at home, she would be forever visiting his room on slight errands, even slipping in like a small, gentle, noiseless ghost at any hour of the night to look at him while he slept, as she had when he was a little boy in his crib, years ago. All the things he liked to eat were constantly on the table; and the mother even went so far as to rout out a photograph of Paula Jameson in a striking pose, like a variety actress, a photograph that Mrs. Gilbert cordially detested, and restore it to the place on Bob's bureau whence she had removed it in a temper six months before. 'I want him to remember everything pleasantly,' she said to Lorrie.

Robert himself was quite unconscious or unobservant of these efforts, though he was kind after his fashion. 'Don't you worry, Moms, correspondents never get hurt. They don't have to stand up to be fired at, you know — they can run like rabbits, when they get scared, and nobody blames 'em,' he said, in a laughing but sincere attempt to reas-

sure her. 'There's no Roman soldier, nor boy-stood-on-the-burning-deck about *me*. I'll bet the first volley I hear I'll establish a new world's record for the running high jump. I'll land somewhere in the next county, and I won't get back till New Year's!'

'No, you won't run, Bob; you'd never run away in the wide world!' cried his mother, flushing all over her pretty, faded face; and though she joined in the laugh against herself, the flush remained. The Virginia woman remembered the Shenandoah and the guns of Chancellorsville. It was with faces of resolute calm that she and his sister kissed the young man good-by the morning he started for Tampa and 'the front'; his father wrung his hand; the little boys of the neighborhood hung around, and scrambled for the honor of carrying his suit-case; Mrs. Gilbert watched him down the street for the last time; and he swung on to the rear platform of the trolley-car, and his figure lessened in the distance, waving his new Panama hat. Down at the Louisville and Nashville station, here was Van Cleve Kendrick, that stoic and cynic and temperance lecturer, with a box of cigars and some kind of wonderful confection in leather and nickel-plate, combining a knife, fork, spoon, cup, flask, and goodness knows what else, for camp use! He thrust the gifts confusedly upon Bob while they bade each other good-by. — 'Well, so long, Van!' — 'Here's luck, Bob!' — It was a simple ceremony.

The train-shed was crowded with a great rush of arriving and departing travelers, not a few military-looking gentlemen with military-looking luggage among them, for these were war-times. On Bob's own train, there were a score of newspaper men bent on similar business — jolly fellows all; his kind, gay, boyish face shone on Van Cleve from the midst of them; the

train pulled out; and Van walked off to the office, perhaps envying them a little.

In the meanwhile, Lorrie's Mr. Cortwright got his appointment, according to his confident expectation, and came back to her in high spirits. He had seen and had interviews with the President and the Secretary of War; he was to 'report for duty' at such and such a place, on such and such a date; he was planning his baggage; he had his photograph taken in uniform for Lorrie; the girls used to see it standing on her dressing-table, looking more than ever reckless and handsome, and said to one another that it was a pity he had n't always been in the army, it seemed to suit him so well somehow, he appeared to so much advantage as a military man. Some of her friends may have even envied Lorrie her romantic position; and, in truth, I am not sure that, in spite of her miserable moments of apprehension for him, these last few weeks may not have been the happiest Lorrie had ever spent with her lover.

He had never been so devoted, so thoughtful and tender; and when the dreaded time of parting came, spoke to her in a fashion that became him well, gravely and manfully. 'You're a deal too good for me, my dear; it makes me ashamed to see you care so much,' he said, with real humility; the depth of her feeling, for the first time revealed, surprised and touched and a little awed Philip. 'I — I almost wish you did n't care so much,' he stammered nervously; and he did not offer to kiss her neck now, but, instead, took her hand and laid it against his lips with something like reverence. 'I wish — I wish —!' He was silent, looking down in a swift, passing, useless pain and shame and

regret. After all, he told himself, he was n't much worse than the next man — men could n't *help* some things — and anyhow that life was all over and done with forever for him now — no use bewailing the spilled milk — the thing was to live straight from this on, and be worthy of this splendid girl. Lorrie and he would be married — they would have children —! He kissed her and held her close in honest pride and tenderness.

'I'm not going to be silly any more — I did n't mean to be silly at all — only I c-could n't quite help it,' said Lorrie, bravely, swallowing the rest of her sobs, and raising her head from his shoulder. 'And you may not be in any battles, anyway!' she added, so naïvely hopeful that Cortwright laughed aloud.

'That's right, little woman. I'm going to come back all right,' he said gayly; 'but when it's over, I believe I'll stay in the army; I could get into the regulars, I think. A lot of the volunteer officers did after the Civil War, did n't they? I'll stay in the army and end up a major-general. That'll be better than pegging along with old Leo Hirsch, hey? Give me one more kiss, Mrs. Major-General!'

He went off buoyantly, with his head up and a free step, in his familiar, carelessly graceful style; and Lorrie, standing on the steps, looked after him, strained her eyes after him, as every woman has looked and strained her eyes some time in her life after some man since this world began its journey through the stars. It happened to be a Sunday morning, the first of May, very leafy, green, fresh, and warm; people were coming home from church, and children skipping on the pavements. Lorrie thought she would remember it to her last hour.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM

Leo: A Yellow Cat

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

IF, to your twilight land of dream, —
Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host, —
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veiled eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch, — if only one, —
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

THE SOCIAL ORDER IN AN AMERICAN TOWN

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

AN American town, large enough to contain a fairly complete representation of the different classes and types of people and social organizations, and yet not so large that individualities are submerged in the general mass, or the lines between the classes blurred and made indistinct, is a real epitome of American life. And the best and most typical qualities are to be found in suburban towns. In a town situated near a large city where it can draw nourishment from the city's life and constantly react to it, and yet having a history and tradition of its own so that it does not become a mere colorless reflection of that other, one gets the real flavor of American life, and an insight into the way in which its fabric is woven.

If a modern writer wishes to win an imperishable name as a historian, he has only to write an exhaustive monograph on the life of such a town,—what kind of people live there, how they make their living, what are the social cliques, what the children are being taught in the schools, what the preachers are preaching from the pulpit, what the local political issues are, who form the ruling class, and how the local political machine is made up, what the newspapers and the leaders and the different classes think about things, what magazines and books the people read, how the people amuse themselves, even how they dress and what their houses look like,—in short, all those obvious things that we never think of mentioning; things that we would give much to know about our

ancestors, but that we get only by the most laborious research, and then only in unsatisfactory fragments.

The writer who did this would not only have produced a complete sketch of American civilization in this year of 1913, but he would have given his contemporaries something serious and important to think about. We should then see ourselves for the first time in the glass, not in the touched-up portraits or hideous caricatures which now pass muster for what we know of ourselves. I shall not be foolish enough to attempt any such broad survey as this; but certain of the more obvious features of the social life of a suburban town where I used to spend my summers have tempted me to try to unravel its social psychology, and study the classes of people who live there and the influences and ideals that sway them as classes,—in short, the way they are typical of American life.

The 'lure of the city' is a fact familiar enough in our social introspections, but its dramatic quality never grows stale. This contest between the city and the country that has been going on for fifty years has left the country moribund, and made the city chaotic. The country has been stripped of its traditions, and the city has grown so fast that it has not had time to form any. The suburban town is a sort of last stronghold of Americanism. It is the only place, at least in the East, where life has a real richness and depth. But it is on the firing-line; it has to struggle valiantly for its soul. The

city cuts a wider and wider swath, and the suburbs are stretching in an ever-widening circle from all our cities. The vortex of the city, even the smaller city, is so powerful that it sucks in the hardest and sometimes the most distant towns, and strips them of all their individuality and personal charm. The city swamps its neighbors, turns them into mere aggregations of expressionless streets lined with box-like houses or shanties of stores, and degrades their pleasant meadows into parks and sites. These suburban annexes cease to have a life of their own, and become simply sleeping-places for commuters. The populations are so transient that the towns seem almost to be rebuilt and repopulated every ten years. And the only alternative to this state of affairs seems to be oblivion, stagnation, and slow decay.

When one does come, therefore, into a town which is near enough to a city to be stimulated by it, and yet which has been able to retain its old houses and streets, its old families, its old green, and its stone church, its meadow-land still stretching long fingers straight into the heart of the town, one breathes a new air. Here is America, — what it used to be, and what one wants to keep it. One strikes root in such a place, gets connected with something vital, begins to blot out the feeling of homelessness and sordidness that one has after a protracted journey through the dreary city outskirts and ramshackle towns and unkempt country that make up so much of our Eastern scenery.

In the East, between the pull of the city and the inundation of foreign immigration, we feel the slipping-away of the American ways more keenly. An Eastern town must be unusually tenacious to maintain itself against the currents, but it is for that reason all the more worthy of intensive study; for the

forces and divisions and outlines in its social life are seen with the greater distinctness. Class lines that in other parts of the country, although very real, are softened and blurred, are seen here in clearer light. All the colors are much brighter and, for that very reason, the picture can be plainly seen and understood.

One cannot live long in a town like the one of which I speak, without feeling that the people are graded into very distinct social levels. It is a common enough saying that there are no classes in America, and this, of course, is true if by 'class' is meant some rigid caste based on arbitrary distinctions of race or birth or wealth. But if all that is meant by class is a grading of social and economic superiority and inferiority, with definite groupings and levels of social favor, then such a town has classes, and America has classes. And these distinctions are important; for they influence the actions and ideas and ideals of the people in countless ways and form a necessary background for any real understanding of their life.

Lowest in the social scale is, of course, the factory class. The town has long been an important manufacturing centre, and it is possible to see here almost a history of industrialism in America. There is the old type of mill, now rapidly dying out, and only preserved in favored industries by a beneficent tariff. There is a woolen mill which is the most beautiful example of paternal feudalism that can be found. The present owner inherited it from his father, who had inherited it from his. He lives in a big house overlooking the mill-pond, and personally visits the office every day. The mill employs hundreds of men, women, and children, and one would say that they were fortunate to be so singularly free from absentee capitalism. The owner is one of the most

respected men in the community, head of the board of education, president of the local bank. And yet to an outsider it does not seem as if his employees are one whit better off than if they were working for a soulless corporation. The hours are the maximum allowed by law, the ages of the children the minimum, and there is much night work.

One who has had ideas of the solution of social problems by the developing of more brotherhood between employer and employee is rudely undeceived by the most cursory glance at an institution such as this. The employees of the mill are typical. There are little, dried-up men who have worked there for fifty years, — their sons and daughters joining them as fast as they grew up, — steady, self-respecting men who have perhaps saved enough to buy a little cottage near the mill. Then there are the younger men and women, mostly drifters, who stay in a factory until they are 'laid off' in a season of depression, and then move about until they find work somewhere else. Lastly there is the horde of Italian and Polish boys and girls, begrimed, chattering children who pour out of the mill-gates at night when the whistle blows, and whom one hears running past again in the morning before seven, always hurrying, always chattering.

The town can already boast a Polish quarter and an Italian quarter, the former somehow infinitely the superior in prosperity and attractiveness, and apparently possessing a vigorous community life of its own. The Italian quarter is typical enough of the struggles of too many of our immigrants. It can hardly be possible that these people have left anything worse in the old country than this collection of indescribable hovels, most of them built by the owners, this network of un-

paved streets and small gardens and ashes and filth; and the suffering in that mild native climate of theirs must have been far less than it is here. The town has given them a school and a chapel, but their fearful squalor, apparent to every man who walks about the town, has not seemed to distress their American neighbors in the least. The attitude of the latter is typical. They are filled with an almost childlike faith in the temporary nature of this misery. These people are in America now, you are told, and will soon be making money and building themselves comfortable homes. Meanwhile all that can be done is to surround them with the amenities of civilization, and wait.

The most impressive thing about the working class, on the whole, is the profound oblivion of the rest of the population to them. They form a very considerable proportion of the population, and yet it would be difficult to find any way in which they really count in the life of the town. The other classes have definite social institutions which bind them together, and give them not only recreation but influence. This working class has nothing of the kind. For amusements in their hours of leisure they go to the neighboring city; an occasional employees' ball and a small Socialist local make up practically all of the institutional life of the people. The town thus seems to have a whole class living in it, but not of it, quite apart and detached from the currents of its life.

The psychology of this working class is different from that of the other classes. The prevailing tone is apathy. There is no discontent or envy of the well-to-do, but neither is there that restless eagerness to better their position, and that confidence in their ultimate prosperity, which the American spirit is supposed to instil into a

man. Men in the trades seem to have this spirit, but it is noticeably absent from the factory class. Even the immigrants seem quickly to lose that flush of hope and ambition with which they arrive in this country. The factory routine seems to get into their very souls, so that their whole life settles down to a monotonous drudgery without a look forward or backward. They are chiefly concerned in holding their jobs, and escaping the horrors of unemployment — in making both ends meet. Beyond this there is little horizon for day-dreaming and ambition. Life to them is a constant facing of naked realities, and an actual 'economy,' or management, of resources, not an effort to impress themselves on their neighbors, and to conform to the ways of those about them. This deep-seated divergence in standards and interests from the rest of American life may or may not be important, for the factory class is thus far politically negligible; but it is interesting, and well calculated to suggest many unpleasant things to American minds.

The rest of the people, while they comprise two distinct classes, are much more homogeneous. They touch each other at all points that make for the broader life of the town, and diverge only on aspects of manners and social qualifications. There is first the ruling class, in this case really hereditary, consisting of the direct descendants of the early settlers, and of the men who built the old church in 1789. The old church has been the stronghold of their power; it preceded the town, and gave the old families a political preëminence which, until very recently, has never been seriously questioned. These families still own much of the land of the town, and their power and influence shows itself in a thousand ways. Their members are elders and trustees of the old church, officers of the banks, honor-

ary members of committees for patriotic celebrations. No local enterprise can be started without their assent and approbation. They are not all rich men, by any means, but they are all surrounded by the indefinable glamour of prestige. They are the town, one somehow feels. They rule as all aristocracies do, by divine right. They are the safe men, the responsible men. Their opinions of people and things percolate down through the rest of the people. Their frown is sufficient to choke off a local enterprise; a word from them will quench the strongest of enthusiasms for a new idea or programme or project. It is their interest that determines town policy in the last resort. New schools, parks, fire-houses, municipal ownership, — all these questions are settled finally according to the effect they will have on the pockets and interests of this ruling class.

And yet, strange to say, their activity is seldom direct. They work rather through that great indispensable middle class that makes up the third division of the townspeople. It is hard to define what separates these from the ruling class. Many of the families have lived in the town for many years; many of them are wealthy; many of them have profitable businesses. And yet it is true that in most of the affairs of the town, this class seems to act as the agents of the ruling class. The members of this class are the real backbone of the town's life. They organize the board of trade, "boom" the town, inaugurate and carry through the celebrations, do the political campaigning and organizing, and in general keep the civic machinery running. But little of what they do seems to be carried through on their own prestige. It is always with the advice and consent of the bigger men. This is the curious irony of aristocracies the world over, — that they can wield the ultimate

power without bearing any of the responsibility, or doing any of the actual work. The ruling class in this town no longer assumes even political responsibility. The town committee is composed of members of the middle class, and all the political workers and henchmen throughout the town are equally plebeian. Those good people who lament that politics are corrupt because the 'best men' will not enter public life, forget that this ruling class is behind everything that is done, and is getting its political work done at an extremely cheap rate. If the real rulers had any serious objection to the way things are run, they would soon enough be in politics. They remain out because their interests are well taken care of; another class bears for them all the burden and strife of the day.

The difference between the ruling class and the middle class in our community, though apparently so intangible, shows itself in a dozen different ways. There is a distinct line of cleavage in social matters, in church matters, in recreation and business. 'Society,' of course, in the community is synonymous with the ruling class. An infallible instinct guides the managers of receptions and balls, and the lines are as jealously guarded as if there were actual barriers of nobility erected. The ladies have their literary clubs, where quiet, but none the less effective, campaigns are waged against the admission of undesirable plebeians. The young people ape their elders in everything. The epithet used by 'society' for those who are excluded from its privileges is 'ordinary' or 'common'; the term is at once an explanation and an excuse for the exclusion.

The middle class, on their part, have their own society, and their own exclusions. Their social functions, however, have the virtue of being less formal and less secular. The nucleus

of their social life is the church, and it is curious to observe how closely church lines follow these social lines. The aristocracy is centred in the old church, stanchly Presbyterian. Its temporal and spiritual affairs are in these aristocratic hands as absolutely as they were in the hands of the great-grandfathers who built the church. There is, of course, a strong admixture of the middle class, but little can zeal and hard work do to win for them a seat at the councils. Their strongholds are the Baptist and Methodist churches, and it is the few members of the ruling class who happen to belong to those confessions who are the governed and disfranchised. The church means much more to these middle-class people than it does to the aristocracy. The services are conducted with greater ardor, and attended with much more regularity. The class of 'ordinary' people that support them have not reached the degree of sophistication that makes them ashamed of the hearty church-going of their ancestors. There is a Catholic church, but it confines its ministrations strictly to the working class. Nothing is known of it by the members of the other classes, and any entrance of its priest into public affairs is looked upon with the deepest suspicion.

In business matters the line between the two classes is equally sharp. The members of the ruling class hold, as a rule, business positions of considerable importance in the neighboring city, while the middle class is largely engaged in local trade, or in smaller positions in the city. There is a certain slight social stigma that attaches itself to a young man who takes up work in town, and the city is thus the goal of all the socially ambitious. There is a distinct prejudice, also, on the part of the ruling class against anything that savors of mechanical labor, and this is

another point of divergence from the middle class, who are less squeamish. It would be unjust to imply that the ruling class is not industrious. There are no idle rich in the town, and the differences between the classes are differences of taste and business position, and not in the least of industry and ability.

Lastly, the two classes diverge in the way they amuse themselves. To the outsider it looks as if the middle class contrived to have a better time of it than the aristocracy. The most striking institution of the former is the lodge, — Masons and Odd Fellows and Elks and Woodmen. The class membership of these fraternal organizations is very evident. Of all the institutions of the town, the lodge is the most definitely middle-class. No member of the ruling class or the factory class can be found within the ranks. On the other hand, inclusion in the 'Assembly' dances is the badge of aristocracy. The ruling class has only a near-by country club to compensate it for its exclusion from the lodges, and its native conservatism and thrift permit its giving to this club only a grudging and half-hearted patronage. In comparison with the busy social, political, and church life of the middle class, that of the aristocracy appears almost tame and uninteresting. Their natural caution, prudence, and reserve, and the constant sense of their position in the community, have kept them almost as poorly provided with social institutions as the factory class itself.

Thus these two classes live side by side in the town, strangely alike, yet strangely different, constantly reacting upon each other, each incomplete without the other. The ruling class is much more dependent, of course, on the middle class than the middle class is on it. For it draws its sustenance only from the inferiority of the middle class. Without that middle class, the spice

and joy of aristocracy would be absent. The factory class is too utterly alien, indeed is hardly aware of the existence of an aristocracy, and could not, at its best, even serve and fortify and supplement the ruling class as does that class which the latter affects to despise as 'ordinary.'

In quiet times the two classes seem almost merged into one, but let some knotty local issue arise, and the divergence is clearly seen. There is a certain amount of class jealousy exhibited at such times, and while it rarely affects the political field, it is apt to play havoc in the affairs of a church. That is why church politics are so carefully shunned; they have such fearful potentialities of trouble, and trouble that does not confine itself to the church, but reaches out into every aspect of town life. Religion is a very real thing in an American town, and a middle class that will take dictation in political matters from the 'best men' of the community will bitterly resent any attempt to force its church into action of which it does not approve, or which it is afraid it will not be able to lead. Proposals for church union, for civic organizations of men's clubs, or for organized charity societies are fruitful causes of hard feelings and jealousies. It is hard to preach Christian unity in a town where a church is not only a religious body but the stronghold of a social class. The classes must evidently be merged before the churches can be.

Politically there is not this sensitiveness between the two classes. It is the presence of a foreign element that creates local issues, or it is the injection of religious personalities into a campaign. In suburban towns the dramatic political contests are not between the settled classes in the town, but between the old residents and the new, between the natives and the commuters. And since

the commuter is simply an aggravated type of the modern nomadic American, the political fight in this town that I am speaking of may be fairly typical of a struggle that is going on with more or less virulence all over the land. In some ways the commuter is the most assimilable of all Americans. He is indeed far more fortunate than he deserves to be, for it is he who destroys the personality of a town. Passing lightly from suburb to suburb, sinking no roots, and moving his household gods without a trace of compunction and regret, this aimless drifter is the deadliest foe to the cultivation of that ripening love of surroundings that gives quality to a place, and quality, too, to the individual life. This element of the population depersonalizes American life by not giving it a chance to take root and grow. When it becomes strong enough it begins to play havoc with the politics of a town. For the commuters have permeated all the classes, and when they begin to take an interest in the local issues, party and class lines are slashed into pieces. It is the perennially dramatic contest between the old and the new, and it makes an issue that is really momentous for the future of the town. For the shifting of power means the decay of a tradition, and however self-centred and destitute of real public spirit may have been the rule of the aristocracy, no lover of his town wishes to see things turned over to a loose herd of temporary residents.

In the towns surrounding our town, political control has long since passed out of the hands of the old leaders into those of the commuters, and the communities have paid the penalty in the loss of their distinctive note and charm. In my town, also, it looks as if the fate of the ruling class were irretrievably sealed. They have recently alienated their middle-class following by a pro-

posal to annex the town to the neighboring city, the argument being that annexation must come some time, and that it might as well be now, before all is lost. But this measure has called out all the latent patriotism of the people, and it will undoubtedly be defeated at the polls.

These later developments have brought out much that is typical of American life, for this contest has betrayed the incorrigible un-social-mindedness of the ruling class, the most thoroughly American of all. In spite of their pride in their station in the community, these men, living on the lands of their great-great-grandfathers, with ancestries stretching back to the early settlements, seem to have no sentiment for their community as a community. There is plenty of sentiment for their own class and their own lands, but none for the town. Since they are no longer at the helm, the town is to them almost as if it were not. They are sincerely puzzled and pained at the indignant outcry against the merging of the town with a corrupt, machine-ridden city. They say it will be good for the town to be known as a part of the city. It will raise the value of real estate, and they cannot see the exquisite naïveté which is lent to this argument by the fact that they themselves own most of the real estate in the town. This argument seems to have had weight, however, for the patriotic pride which the average landless American feels in the increase in real-estate values in his community seems to be quite undisturbed by any consideration of the increased tribute that he must pay for the indulgence of that sentiment.

The social spirit of this ruling class seems to consist in the delusion that its own personal interests are identical with those of the community at large. Some such philosophy animates, I suppose,

many of the large corporate and financial American bodies to-day.

The direct result of this annexation contest in my town has been a disillusionment of the middle class. The hearty admiration for the 'best men' has turned into disgust at the meagreness of their local patriotism. The ruling class could keep its power only so long as nothing came to try it. But the heart of the people is in the right place; they admire the great ones of the ruling class because they attribute to them virtues which they do not possess; they admire the successful man because they think he is brave and generous and big, when really he may be only mean and grasping. They are beginning to remind one another that the leading men have never done anything for the town. Any one of half a dozen could endow a Young Men's Christian Association, or some similar institution, which the town needs. Only recently did the town obtain a library, and then not through any exertion of the citizens, but as a windfall from an industrial princeling who had been born in the town, but had never lived there since his childhood.

There is something in the old notables of a town like this that wins almost a grudging admiration. Their self-respect is so stolid, their individualism so incorrigible, their lack of sensitiveness to the social appeal so overwhelming. In command of the board of education, they kept school facilities at the lowest possible point for years, until an iconoclastic superintendent aroused public sentiment and forced the erection of new buildings. The ruling class in command of the old church does nothing to extend its work beyond the traditional services and societies, although there is crying need for social work among the foreign population of the town. And since this ruling class exercises all the spiritual initiative of

the town, none of the other churches or societies stir out of the beaten paths or try any hazardous reforms or risky innovations.

This spiritual initiative is not a thing that is lightly lost. I have not meant to imply that the disillusionment of the middle class was likely to be permanent. On the contrary, even if political control does pass out of the hands of both classes into those of newcomers, the latter will soon be brought under the spell. Wealth and social position will still lead the town. Even though discontent puts political power completely into the hands of the newcomers, they will find themselves unable to make headway against the ideals and prejudices of the ruling class. The neighboring towns have lost their personality because they have lost their ruling class, or because the ruling class has been in too hopeless a minority to maintain its influence. Where it can retain its hold on property and in church affairs, it will continue, though defeated, to be the salt of the earth; its tone will permeate the life of the town. That prevailing tone is, of course, conservative.

The town has been, as I have said, on the firing-line, in constant danger from capture by the commuter element, and consequently the ruling class has been thrown even more strongly on the defensive than is usual. This has shown itself in a distrust of the younger men; their entrance into church and political life has been deprecated, through fear that hot-headedness and an impatience with dilatory methods might lead them to take rash steps that would betray the whole class to the enemy.

Another of the prevailing ideas (typically American) is that the ruling class is *ipso facto* competent to lead in every department of the town's life. A wealthy manufacturer is elected head

of the board of education, a coal-merchant is chairman of the library committee, and so forth. There is no specialization of functions in the ruling class. And this comprehensive scope of activities is acquiesced in by the middle class; indeed is regarded almost as axiomatic. The expert has no opportunity of influencing his fellow-citizens. What can he know in comparison with a man who has lived all his life along the town green and who owns forty houses?

The third dominant ideal is Puritanism. It must be confessed that among the ruling class this is more of an ideal than a rule of life. The town is so near the city that it catches a good deal of the sophistication of the latter. In the ruling class, Puritanism is kept more for public use than for private. Yet it is always correct, even though it is a little uneasy at times, as if it were half ashamed of itself. A candidate for office must have exceptional qualifications if he is to counterbalance the disadvantages of not being a church-goer and a Protestant. It is necessary to 'keep the Sabbath' with considerable strictness. Dances and parties on Saturday night must end promptly at twelve. If Sunday golf and tennis-playing occur among the ruling class, they are discreetly hidden from public gaze. The Presbyterian and Episcopalian ministers direct their philippics against these forms of vice. In the churches of the middle class, the world, the flesh, and the devil appear in the guise of dances and the theatres of the neighboring city. Both classes think very highly, however, of punctilious behavior. The need of maintaining the tone of the community, therefore, prevents the urban sophistication from sinking in very deep.

The most striking form in which Puritanism asserts itself is in the annual contest with the saloon. The sub-

ject of licenses is a thorny question in local politics, and much good casuistry is expended in explaining the position of the ruling class in the matter. Religiously the saloon is anathema, but practically it is an established institution, and therefore entitled to all that respect which our ruling class pays to what is. Prohibition is unthinkable; diminution of the number of licenses is an attack on property rights. Moral sentiment can only be rightfully expended, therefore, on the maintenance of the existing number. It is surprising what a wave of moral fervor will sweep over the town at such a crisis. The existence of eighteen saloons seems to every one, churchman and infidel alike, as tolerable and natural: the presence of nineteen would constitute an inextinguishable communal sin against the Almighty. The pulpits thunder, the town committee is besieged with letters and beset with 'personal influence,' petitions are drawn up, a mass-meeting is held, the moral crisis spoken of, and all good men are called upon to rally to preserve the civic righteousness of the community.

This perennial moral excitement and indulgence illustrate excellently well the American zest for 'moral issues.' Philosophers tell us that an emphasis on strictly moral solutions of political and economic problems argues a relatively primitive state of civilization, — in other words, that the only valid solution of a problem is a scientific solution. But even to the wisest of the ruling class of the town it seems never to have occurred that the saloons might be regulated on some basis of a minimum legitimate demand, and of their being situated in those sections of the town where they will be least troublesome.

This Puritanism of the ruling class, then, supported and even forced by the middle class, is not a reasonable ideal,

but simply an hereditary one. A ruling class follows the line of smallest resistance. The prestige of the 'man of property' gives him an oracular validity that nothing can shake. The efforts of the other classes will only be against the current. The middle class gets carried along with the aristocracy, furnishing power, but no initiative, while the factory class sleeps out its dreamless sleep, untouched, and without influence. The latter class is certainly not touched by the Puritanism of the town; it is little touched by the education.

The High School is practically a class institution; a very small percentage of the school children continue their education so far. Neither is the culture of the town, as a whole, particularly impressive. The university man may well feel that he has been wandering about among the moonbeams, so few of the modern points of view and interests have seeped down into the intellectual life of the town. The annual course of lectures, managed by representatives of the ruling class, carefully side-tracks all the deeper questions of the time; ministers on patriotic subjects, naturalists and travelers, readers of popular plays, make up the list of speakers. The

library caters to an overwhelming demand for recent fiction. A woman's club discusses unfatiguing literary subjects. A quiet censorship is exercised over the public library. Anything that suggests the revolutionary or the obscene is sternly banned. It is considered better to err on the side of prudence. To an outsider the culture of the town seems at times to evince an almost unnecessary anxiety to avoid the controversial and the stimulating. So long as life is smooth and unperturbed, the people do not care whether it is particularly deep or not. And they are content to leave all controversial questions in the hands of their 'best men.'

Shall we be un-American enough to criticize them? Is our national attitude toward our ruling class very different from the attitude in this little town? Just as the ruling class in the town is the converging point for all the currents in town life, so is the ruling class in America the converging point for our national life. Only by understanding it and all its workings, shall we understand our country. One can begin by understanding that little cross-section of American life, the suburban town.

VICARIOUS

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELES

THERE were three professors — associate and full — in the Department of Modern History. There was also an office-boy. His printed title was Department Assistant, but his duties were less dignified than his title.

Each of the professors had his private office opening from the main office. The assistant had a desk in the main office with the telephone close beside it. He answered the telephone and took messages over it, he assorted roll-cards and made out class-books and hunted through the files for records of former students. In the intervals of his occupation he crammed sedulously from ill-printed source-books, in preparation for the work of various advanced courses in history. And now and then, between the two kinds of labor, he lifted down the receiver of the telephone from its hook and, very softly, held over it converse quite unrelated to historical research.

It was, unfortunately, the bachelor professor who first discovered the reason for this diversion. He took his information straight to the head of department and launched it in the form of a question.

‘It was Hawke of Illinois who recommended Barker to us, was n’t it?’

‘Not Hawke; Holland. He said that he had found him so earnest —’

‘Did he say he’d found him married?’ asked the bachelor professor.

He answered the question himself. ‘Very likely Holland did n’t know. It may have come off this summer. What do we pay him, by the way?’

‘It amounts to about forty-five dollars a month,’ the head of department calculated. ‘Are you sure, McFarland? I supposed he’d be engaged, — all graduate students are, — but for anything more than that —’

‘I met the lady in the office just now, looking for her husband. Well, of course he has private means or he could n’t have done it.’

‘Ought n’t to have done it,’ the head of department corrected him. ‘You can get a marriage license, McFarland, for considerably less than forty-five dollars.’

‘And pay your bills with it afterwards?’ the bachelor professor retorted.

He went out across the main office to his own quarters. The assistant had not yet come in. The bachelor professor stopped for an instant beside his desk and went on, laughing. Among the litter of papers at the back of the desk was visible the head of a purple pansy.

He saw the pansy later in the assistant’s buttonhole and commented on it. The assistant reddened to his crisp, fair forelock.

‘My — Mrs. Barker left it for me. We’ve a bed of them at the house where we have our rooms.’

‘And said it without shame,’ the bachelor professor reported to his colleagues. ‘Seemed to expect me to take an interest in her.’

‘I do not know that it would have compromised you to take an interest,’ commented the head of department. He spoke with irritation. ‘It was out-

side of my province but I—I questioned Mr. Barker. It seems he has a little money laid up from working in summer. And with that and the hope of holding his position here till such time as he gets his degree—'

'So *that*'s why he's so abominably conscientious,' the bachelor professor interpolated. 'Well, commend me to wives! Next time I see her, I shall congratulate her.'

Next time he saw her, however, he only bowed and hurried through the office with a distinct and amused sensation of being in the way. It was at the end of a working-day, and the assistant and his wife were departing on some evidently planned expedition, an obtrusive box bespeaking lunch, a bundle of wraps promising late return.

'And on forty-five a month!' the bachelor professor wondered. He stopped to chat beside the assistant's desk next day, with a real humility of spirit, to obscure his curiosity.

But the assistant was not shy of gratifying curiosity. All the office knew presently of his expedients; how he earned the rental of their two rooms by taking care of furnace and lawn—'No more than I'd do if I lived in a house of my own'; how he had engaged to sell books in the Christmas vacation.

'Much as my room-mate used to plan,' the bachelor professor admitted. 'He worked his way through college. But to do it handicapped by a wife!'

They had occasional glimpses of the wife for a time. Then no more glimpses, but still the chance appearance of purple pansies on the assistant's desk. He wore one daily, too. The bachelor professor found himself wondering whether the giver raised them in pots, to have a constant supply; or whether, on an assistant's stipend, she dared to patronize hot-houses.

'She'll get over it, either way,' he prophesied to himself. 'It's all very well for a year or two. After that, I notice they don't pay much attention to aesthetics.'

As the frosts came on, he was consciously observant of the symbolic flower. There came a day in December when it was visibly drooping; then a second day when only a dead wisp of it hung limply to the thread of his coat.

'I thought they'd get down to a bread-and-butter basis,' the bachelor professor rejoiced to the head of department. 'I tell you, Callend, it's a justification of bachelorhood. If the pansies won't outlast the first winter—'

'It's a justification of poor work, apparently,' said the head of department. 'He's forgotten my syllabus sheets.' He opened the door. 'There was to be a syllabus from the typewriter this morning, Mr. Barker. If you have it there—'

'I—I forgot to stop for it,' said the assistant. He reached for his hat. 'It won't take me ten minutes to get it. Only—if the telephone should ring—' He was turning the hat round and round between his fingers. The set crease of his smile was like a scar across his face. 'I'm expecting a message. That is, — we — The doctor said —'

'Not—sick?' said the bachelor professor under his breath.

But the head of department was himself a man of family. He had the assistant by the shoulders.

'Go home, man!' he was commanding. 'Go home, and don't come back till it's a week old!'

He must have followed his command with inquiries, with further injunctions, for for five days the assistant disappeared from his desk. In the interval three professors of modern his-

tory carried their own syllabus sheets, kept their own roll-books — two of them self-consciously, with an air of furtive understanding, the third with irritation and obvious injury.

‘I never asked any man to discommoded himself for me,’ the manner of the bachelor professor announced aggressively as he made his occasional journeys to the neglected telephone. He was careful to evince no undue interest when the assistant returned, but he could not ignore the little hum of felicitation which filled the outer office. ‘A boy,’ he learned through the medium of the Professor of the Far East. ‘Weighed eight pounds.’

The Professor of the Far East had himself a son, — a late addition to his married happiness, — and had become since its arrival, so the bachelor professor noted, ‘a regular old woman.’ He stopped often beside the assistant’s desk to compare notes on unmanly topics, his wife called on the assistant’s wife, and there was an interchange of advices between them.

It was through the medium of the wives that there filtered into general department knowledge certain facts concerning the assistant’s household — that Mrs. Barker was ‘no manager,’ that the baby was inclined to be delicate, that the assistant himself had duties not included in the curriculum.

‘Though he does not neglect his work,’ the head of department pointed out. ‘Sometimes I almost wish he would. When I recollect how a child breaks into your time —’

‘And he ought to know,’ the bachelor professor reminded himself. ‘Mrs. Callend would give him chance enough to find out.’ He went over to the assistant’s desk. ‘If you’re crowded, Mr. Barker,’ he suggested, ‘don’t trouble with that list of references for next week. If you want to let them go over till after Commencement —’

‘Why, thank you, Dr. McFarland,’ said the assistant, gratefully. He looked up with a smile so brilliant that it was obviously false. ‘I shall have time enough, I think. In fact, I was just telling Professor Helmer that I’m rather looking for something to fill in my evenings — typewriting or tutoring or something of the kind. If you should hear of anything —’

‘Idiot!’ said the bachelor professor, inside his own office. ‘Idiot! And yet you can’t offer to help him out — not while he keeps up a front like that!’

He was surer than ever of the impossibility when, next day, the assistant knocked at his office door. If the assistant’s smile had been brilliant the day before, it was glittering tinsel now. His bearing was almost offensively jaunty.

‘May I trouble you a moment, Dr. McFarland? About those references, if you are quite sure it would n’t inconvenience you — You see, I was interrupted last night —’

‘Something wrong at home?’ said the bachelor professor.

The smile wavered, came back reinforced.

‘The boy was n’t quite himself. He seemed to have a little cold —’

The telephone rang and he hurried to answer it. All the office could hear his quick replies — an anguish of monosyllables.

‘Yes? What? Yes. Two degrees? Yes, I’ll be *right* home.’

He was back at his post in the afternoon. The Professor of the Far East clapped him jocularly on the shoulder and spoke of *his* baby’s first cold.

‘Called a doctor every time he sneezed. Two hundred and thirty dollars I paid out last winter for a baby that never was sick at all.’

‘Mine’s sick,’ said the assistant, with his haunted smile. ‘He’s got fever.’

He was late in his arrival next morning. The bachelor professor, stopping with an inquiry, was answered before he spoke by the elaborate indifference of the father's manner.

'No; I don't know that I can call him better. Some little thing wrong about his teeth. They're going to operate —'

'*What!*' cried the bachelor professor.

'— Going to operate this afternoon. They're to telegraph me —'

The bachelor professor crossed the room to the office of the head of department. He stopped beside the desk as he had stopped beside the assistant's desk, and scowled down at its occupant.

'Callend, young Barker's no business to be here to-day. His baby —'

'I spoke with Mr. Barker as I came in,' said the head of department. He looked up under gray brows. 'There seems to be nothing he could do if he were at the hospital. I did not suggest his going. You see, McFarland, you've never been under a strain of this kind —'

'No; thank the Lord!' said the bachelor professor.

'And, perhaps, you underestimate the value of occupation. One thing, though. If you could somehow suggest to Helmer that he talk less to Mr. Barker about *his* baby —'

'He'll be dumb, then,' commented the colleague of Helmer sourly.

Matters grew worse as the morning went on. The bachelor professor had an engagement for luncheon. He telephoned his regrets at eleven; returning from the telephone to his own quarters, he was fiercely irritated to observe that the head of department was still in his office.

'And with his door open,' he noted.

He shut his own door with unnecessary emphasis.

But the assistant seemed to observe neither the closed door nor the open one. He went about his duties, smiling valiantly — smiling while he distributed History 9 syllabus sheets to the class in History 7; smiling while his unsteady fingers shook ink over the bachelor professor's immaculate roll-book. Just after noon the Professor of the Far East burst in on his colleagues.

'Find an errand for him somewhere,' he demanded. 'I can't work while he's around. I keep on thinking all the while, "What if it were my boy?"'

'What if it were, indeed!' said the head of department, a little flatly. He gathered up some loose sheets off his desk. 'Mr. Barker, will you take these over to the typewriter? Don't hurry; if you want to stay out in the air —'

The assistant rose unreadily. 'Thank you. I'll be right back, though. If there should be any word —'

He was gone before the sentence was finished.

From the head of department's window they watched him hurry across the lawn.

'He'll be back, certainly, if he keeps up that pace,' the bachelor professor commented. 'But whatever is to happen will happen while he's gone, none the less.'

He wandered about the room, plucking at the books and papers. Presently, at a sound, he stopped and looked into the outer office. 'See there?' he demanded, with a kind of triumph.

A small boy stood in the office. He held a yellow envelope between his fingers. For an instant all three waited, staring at him; then the head of department went forward, took the envelope, and signed the necessary receipt. He came back, balancing it.

'I don't know — There's hardly time to send it after him.'

'Lay it on his desk,' the Professor of the Far East suggested.

'And for decency's sake, shut the door. Don't let him feel we're spying on him,' the bachelor professor insisted.

But the head of department hesitated, his hand on the knob.

'I think I'll leave it open, McFarland. If it should be — the worst news — However, there's no need for three of us. If you two have other things on hand —'

'You've a one-thirty class yourself, have n't you?' the bachelor professor inquired. He resumed his pacing.

They heard the assistant on the stairs presently. They heard him hurry into the room; stop; drag his way toward the desk. There was a noise of tearing paper, the crackle of the sheet spread large; then, unmistakably, a sob.

'Oh, my God, if it was Harold!' said the Professor of the Far East, under his breath.

It was a long minute before the assistant stirred. When he did, he came toward the threshold, and the head of department went forward to meet him — haltingly.

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'Mr. Barker — there's not much I can say. My own oldest boy —'

'I just heard,' said the assistant.

He held out the paper.

The bachelor professor leaned forward and plucked the yellow sheet from his fingers. There were four words in the message. He took them in at a glance.

'Tooth through. Temperature normal.'

'Callend,' said the bachelor professor gently, 'you've still time to make that one-thirty class if you wish to make it. I think I'll get back to work myself, too.'

Inside his own quarters he stood still, looking down at the paper.

'And when they're sick,' he analyzed, 'when they're sick, you're in torment. And when they're well, you dare n't rejoice for fear they'll fall sick again. And yet you could n't persuade any one of them it was n't worth while — not even on forty-five dollars a month. There's something — something I miss — Well, thank the Lord, the Department of Modern History at least can resume operations. The assistant's baby has safely cut a tooth.'

THE SECOND DEATH

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

IN Matthew Arnold's essay on 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' there is a well-known passage from which I may quote a few words to serve as a text for the present essay. These words express what many would call a typical modern view of an ancient problem.

I

In this essay, just before the words which I shall quote, Matthew Arnold has been speaking of the relation between Paul's moral experiences and their religious interpretation, as the Apostle formulates it in the Epistle to the Romans. Referring to a somewhat earlier stage of his own argument, Arnold here says, 'We left Paul in collision with a fact of human nature, but in itself a sterile fact, a fact upon which it is possible to dwell too long, although Puritanism, thinking this impossible, has remained intensely absorbed in the contemplation of it, and, indeed, has never properly got beyond it, — the sense of sin. Sin,' continues Matthew Arnold, 'is not a monster to be mused on, but an impotence to be got rid of. All thinking about it, beyond what is indispensable for the firm effort to get rid of it, is waste of energy and waste of time. We then enter that element of morbid and subjective brooding, in which so many have perished. This sense of sin, however, it is also possible to have not strongly enough to beget the firm effort to get rid of it; and the Greeks, with all their great gifts, had this sense not strongly enough; its

strength in the Hebrew people is one of this people's mainsprings. And no Hebrew prophet or psalmist felt what sin was more powerfully than Paul.' In the sequel, Arnold shows how Paul's experience of the spiritual influence of Jesus enabled the Apostle to solve his own problem of sin without falling into that dangerous brooding which Arnold attributes to the typical Puritan spirit. As a result, Arnold identifies his own view of sin with that of Paul, and counsels us to judge the whole matter in the same way.

We have here nothing to do with the correctness of Matthew Arnold's criticism of Protestantism; and also nothing to say, at the present moment, about the adequacy of Arnold's interpretation either of Paul or of Jesus. But we are concerned with that characteristically modern view of the problem of sin which Arnold so clearly states in the words just quoted. What constitutes the moral burden of the individual man — what holds him back from salvation — may be described in terms of his natural heritage, — his inborn defect of character, — or in terms of his training, — or, finally, in terms of whatever he has voluntarily done which has been knowingly unrighteous.

In the present essay I am not intending to deal with man's original defects of moral nature, nor yet with the faults which his training, through its social vicissitudes, may have bred in him. I am to consider that which we call, in the stricter sense, sin. Whether

correctly or incorrectly, a man often views certain of his deeds as in some specially intimate sense his own, and may also believe that, among these his own deeds, some have been willfully counter to what he believes to be right. Such wrongful deeds a man may regard as his own sins. He may decline to plead ignorance, or bad training, or uncontrollable defect of temper, or overwhelming temptation, as the ground and excuse for just these deeds. Before the forum of his own conscience he may say, 'That deed was the result of my own moral choice, and was my sin.'

For the time being I shall not presuppose, for the purpose of this argument, any philosophical theory about free will. I shall not assert that, as a fact, there is any genuinely free will whatever. At the moment, I shall provisionally accept only so much of the verdict of common sense as any man accepts when he says, 'That was my own voluntary deed, and was knowingly and willfully sinful.' Hereupon I shall ask: Is Matthew Arnold's opinion correct with regard to the way in which the fact and the sense of sin ought to be viewed by a man who believes that he has, by what he calls his own 'free act and deed,' sinned? Is Arnold's opinion sound and adequate, when he says, 'Sin is not a monster to be mused on, but an impotence to be got rid of. All thinking about it, beyond what is indispensable for the firm effort to get rid of it, is waste of energy and waste of time — a brooding in which so many have perished.' Arnold praises Paul for having taken sin seriously enough to get rid of it, but also praises him for not having brooded over sin except to the degree that was 'indispensable to the effort to get rid of it.' Excessive brooding over sin is, in Arnold's opinion, an evil characteristic of Puritanism. Is Arnold right in his definition of what constitutes ex-

cess in thinking about sin? Is he right when he says, 'Sin is an impotence to be got rid of'?

'Get rid of your sin,' says Matthew Arnold. Paul did so. He did so through what he called a loving union with the spirit of Christ. As he expressed the matter, he 'died' to sin. He 'lived' henceforth to the righteousness of his Master and of the Christian community. So far as sin is concerned, is not this version heartily acceptable to the modern mind? Is it not sensible, simple, and in spirit strictly normal, as well as moral and religious? Does it not dispose, once for all, both of the religious and of the practical aspect of the problem of sin?

I cannot better state the task of this essay than by taking the opportunity, which Arnold's clearness of speech gives me, to begin the study of our question in the light of so favorite a modern opinion.

II

It would not be useful for us to consider any further, in this place, Paul's own actual doctrine about such sin as an individual thinks to have been due to his own voluntary and personal deed. Paul's view regarding the nature of original sin involves other questions than the one which is at present before us. We speak here not of original sin, but of knowing and voluntary evil-doing. Paul's idea of salvation from original sin through grace and through loving union with the spirit of the Master, is inseparable from his special opinions regarding the church as the body of Christ, and regarding the supernatural existence of the risen Christ as the spirit of the church. These matters also are not now before us. The same may be said of Paul's views concerning the forgiveness of our voluntary sins. For, in Paul's mind, the whole doctrine of the sins which the

individual has knowingly and willfully committed, is further complicated by the Apostle's teachings about predestination. And for an inquiry into those teachings there is, in this essay, neither space nor motive. Manifold and impressive though Paul's dealings with the problem of sin are, we shall therefore do well, upon this occasion, to approach the doctrine of the voluntary sins of the individual from another side than the one which Paul most emphasizes. Let us turn to aspects of the Christian tradition about willful sin for which Paul is not mainly responsible.

We all know, in any case, that Arnold's own views about the sense and the thought of sin are not the views which have been prevalent in the past history of Christianity. And Arnold's hostility to the Puritan spirit carries him too far when he seems to attribute to Puritanism the principal responsibility for having made the fact and the sense of sin so prominent as it has been in Christian thought. Long before Puritanism, mediæval Christianity had its own meditations concerning sin. Others than Puritans have brooded too much over their sins. And not all Puritans have cultivated the thought of sin with a morbid intensity.

I have no space for a history of the Christian doctrine of willful sin. But, by way of preparation for my principal argument, I shall next call to mind a few of the more familiar Christian beliefs concerning the perils and the results of voluntary sin, without caring at the moment whether these beliefs are mediæval, or Puritan, or not. Thereafter, I shall try to translate the sense of these traditional beliefs into terms which seem to me to be worthy of the serious consideration of the modern man. After this restatement and interpretation of the Christian doctrine, — not of original sin, but of the

voluntary sin of the individual, — we shall have new means of seeing whether Arnold is justified in declaring that no thought about sin is wise except such thought as is indispensable for arousing the effort 'to get rid of sin.'

III

Countless efforts have been made to sum up in a few words the spirit of the ethical teaching of Jesus. I make no new effort, I contribute no novel word or insight, when I now venture to say, simply in passing, that the religion of the founder, as preserved in the sayings, is a religion of Whole-Heartedness. The voluntary good deed is one which, whatever its outward expression may be, carries with it the whole heart of love, both to God and to the neighbor. The special act — whether it be giving the cup of cold water, or whether it be the martyr's heroism in confessing the name of Jesus in presence of the persecutor — matters less than the inward spirit. The Master gives no elaborate code to be applied to each new situation. The whole heart devoted to the cause of the Kingdom of Heaven, — this is what is needed.

On the other hand, whatever willful deed does not spring from love of God and man, and especially whatever deed breaks with the instinctive dictates of whole-hearted love, is sin. And sin means alienation from the Kingdom and from the Father; and hence, in the end, means destruction. Here the august severity of the teaching is fully manifested. But from this destruction there is indeed an escape. It is the escape by the road of repentance. That is the only road which is emphatically and repeatedly insisted upon in the sayings of Jesus, as we have them. But this repentance must include a whole-hearted willingness to forgive those who trespass against us. Thus

repentance means a return both to the Father and to the whole-hearted life of love. Another name for this whole-heartedness, in action as well as in repentance, is faith. For the true lover of God instinctively believes the word of the Son of Man who teaches these things, and is sure that the Kingdom of God will come.

But, like the rest of the reported sayings of Jesus, this simple and august doctrine of the peril of sin, and of the way of escape through repentance, comes to us with many indications that some further and fuller revelation of its meaning is yet to follow. Jesus appears in the Gospel reports as himself formally announcing to individuals that their sins are forgiven. The escape from sin is therefore not always wholly due to the repentant sinner's own initiative. Assistance is needed. And Jesus appears in the records as assisting. He assists, not only as the teacher who announces the Kingdom, but as the one who has 'power to forgive sins.' Here again I simply follow the well-known records. I am no judge as to what sayings are authentic.

I am sure, however, that it was but an inevitable development of the original teaching of the founder, and of these early reports about his authority to forgive, when the Christian community later conceived that salvation from personal and voluntary sin had become possible through the work which the departed Lord had done while on earth. *How* Christ saved from sin became, hereupon, a problem. But *that* he saved from sin, and that he somehow did so through what he won for men by his death, became a central constituent of the later Christian tradition.

A corollary of this central teaching was a further opinion which tradition also emphasized, and, for centuries, emphasized the more, the further the

Apostolic age receded into the past. This further opinion was, that the willful sinner is powerless to return to a whole-hearted union with God through any deed of his own. He could not 'get rid of sin,' either by means of repentance or otherwise, unless the work of Christ had prepared the way. This, in sum, was long the common tradition of the Christian world. How the saving work of Christ became, or could be made, efficacious for obtaining the forgiveness of the willful sin of an individual, — this question, as we well know, received momentous and conflicting answers as the Christian Church grew, differentiated, and went through its various experiences of heresy, of schism, and of the learned interpretation of its faith. Here, again, the details of the history of dogma, and the practice of the church and of its sects in dealing with the forgiveness of sins, concern us not at all.

We need, however, to remind ourselves, at this point, of one further aspect of the tradition about willful sin. That sin, if unforgiven, leads to 'death,' was a thought which Judaism had inherited from the religion of the prophets of Israel. It was a grave thought, simple in its origin, essential to the ethical development of the faith of Israel, and capable of vast development in the light both of experience and of imagination. Because of the later growth of the doctrine of the future life, the word 'death' came to mean, for the Christian mind, what it could not yet have meant for the early prophets of Israel. And, in consequence, Christian tradition gradually developed a teaching that the divinely ordained penalty of unforgiven sin — the doom of the willful sinner — is a 'second death,' an essentially endless penalty. The Apocalypse imaginatively pictures this doom. When the church came to define its faith as to

the future life, it developed a well-known group of opinions concerning this endless penalty of sin. In its outlines this group of opinions is familiar even to all children who have learned anything of the faith of the fathers. An essentially analogous group of opinions is found in various religions that are not Christian. In its origin this group of opinions goes back to the very beginnings of those forms of ethical religion whose history is at all closely parallel to the history of Judaism or of Christianity. The motives which are here in question lie deeply rooted in human nature; but I have no right and no space to attempt to analyze them here. It is enough for my purpose to state that the idea of the endless penalty of unforgiven sin is by no means peculiar to Puritanism; and that it is certainly an idea which, for those who accept it with any hearty faith, very easily leads to many thoughts about sin which tend to exceed the strictly artistic measure which Matthew Arnold assigns as the only fitting one for all such thoughts.

To think of a supposed 'endless penalty' as a certain doom for all unforgiven sin, may not lead to morbid brooding. For the man who begins such thoughts may be sedately sure that he is no sinner. Or again, although he confesses himself a sinner, he may be pleasantly convinced that forgiveness is readily and surely attainable, at least for himself. And, as we shall soon see, there are still other reasons why no morbid thought need be connected with the idea of endless penalty. But no doubt such a doctrine of endless penalty tends to awaken thoughts which have a less modern seeming, and which involve a less sure confidence in one's personal power to 'get rid of sin' than Matthew Arnold's words, as we have cited them, convey. If, without any attempt to dwell further, either upon

the history or the complications of the traditional Christian doctrine of the willful sin of the individual, we reduce that doctrine to its simplest terms, it consists of two theses, both of which have had a vast and tragic influence upon the fortunes of Christian civilization. The theses are these. First: By no deed of his own, unaided by the supernatural consequences of the work of Christ, can the willful sinner win forgiveness. Second: The penalty of unforgiven sin is the endless second death.

IV

The contrast between these two traditional theses and the modern spirit seems manifest enough, even if we do not make use of Matthew Arnold's definition of the reasonable attitude toward sin. The old faith held that the very essence of its revelation concerning righteousness was bound up with its conception of the consequences of unforgiven sin. On the other hand, if the education of the human race has taught us any coherent lesson, it has taught us to respect the right of a rational being to be judged by moral standards which he himself can see to be reasonable. Hence the moral dignity of the modern idea of man seems to depend upon declining to regard as just and righteous any penalty which is supposed to be inflicted by the merely arbitrary will of any supernatural power. The just penalty of sin, to the modern mind, must therefore be the penalty, whatever it is, which the enlightened sinner, if fully awake to the nature of his deed, and rational in his estimate of his deed, would voluntarily inflict upon himself. And how can one better express that penalty than by following the spirit of Matthew Arnold's advice: 'Get rid of your sin'? This advice, to be sure, has its own deliberate sternness. For 'the firm effort

to get rid of sin,' may involve long labor and deep grief. But 'endless penalty,' a 'second death,'—what ethically tolerable meaning can a modern mind attach to these words?

Is not, then, the chasm between the modern ethical view and the ancient faith, at this point, simply impassable? Have the two not parted company altogether, both in letter and, still more, in their inmost spirit?

To this question some representatives of modern liberal Christianity would at once reply that, as I have already pointed out, the early Gospel tradition does not attribute to Jesus himself the more hopeless aspects of the doctrine of sin, as the later tradition was led to define them. Jesus, according to the reports of his teaching in the Gospels, does indeed more than once use a doctrine of the endless penalty of unforgiven sin,—a doctrine with which a portion of the Judaism of his day was more or less familiar. In well-known parables he speaks of the torments of another world. And, in general, he deals with willful sin unsparingly. But he seems to leave the door of repentance always open. The Father waits for the Prodigal Son's return. And the Prodigal Son returns of his own will. We hear nothing in the parables about his being unable effectively to repent unless some supernatural plan of salvation has first been worked out for him. Is it not possible, then, to reconcile the Christian spirit and the modern man by simply returning to the Christianity of the parables? So, in our day, many assert.

I do not believe that the parables, in the form in which we possess them, present to us any complete view of the essence of the Christian doctrine of sin, or of the sinner's way of escape. I do not believe that they were intended by the Master to do so. Our reports of the founder's teachings about sin indi-

cate that these teachings were intended to receive a further interpretation and supplement. Our real problem is whether the interpretation and supplement which later Christian tradition gave, through its doctrine of sin, and of the endless penalty of sin, was, despite its tragedy, its mythical setting, and its arbitrariness, a teaching whose ethical spirit we can still accept or, at least, understand. Is the later teaching, in any sense, a just development of the underlying meaning of the parables? Does any deeper idea inform the traditional doctrine that the willful sinner is powerless to save himself from a just and endless penalty through any repentance, or through any new deed, of his own?

As I undertake to answer these questions, let me ask the reader to bear in mind one general historical consideration. Christianity, even in its most imaginative and in its most tragic teachings, has always been under the influence of very profound ethical motives,—the motives which already inspired the prophets of Israel. The founder's doctrine of the Kingdom, as we now possess that doctrine, was an outline of an ethical religion. It was also a prologue to a religion that was yet to be more fully revealed, or at least explained. This, as I suppose, was the founder's personal intention.

When the early church sought to express its own spirit, it was never knowingly false, it was often most fluently, yet faithfully, true, to the deeper meaning of the founder. Its expressions were borrowed from many sources. Its imagination was constructive of many novelties. Only its deeper spirit was marvelously steadfast. Even when, in its darker moods, its imagination dwelt upon the problem of sin, it saw far more than it was able to express in acceptable formulas. Its imagery was often of local, or of

heathen, or even of primitive, origin. But the truth is that the imagery, rendered edifying and teachable, often bears, and invites, an interpretation whose message is neither local nor primitive. Such an interpretation, I believe, to be possible in case of the doctrine of sin and of its penalty; and to my own interpretation I must now invite attention.

V

There is one not infrequent thought about sin upon which Matthew Arnold's rule would surely permit us to dwell; for it is a thought which helps us, if not wholly 'to get rid of sin,' still, in advance of decisive action, to forestall some temptations to sin which we might otherwise find too insistent for our safety. It is the thought which many a man expresses when he says, of some imagined act, If I were to do that, I should be false to all that I hold most dear; I should throw away my honor; I should violate the fidelity that is to me the very essence of my moral interest in my existence. The thought thus expressed may be sometimes merely conventional; but it may also be very earnest and heartfelt. Every man who has a moral code which he accepts, not merely as the customary and, to him, opaque or senseless verdict of his tribe or of his caste, but as his own chosen, personal ideal of life, has the power to formulate what for him would seem (to borrow the religious phraseology) his 'sin against the Holy Ghost,'—his own morally 'impossible' choice, so far as he can now predetermine what he really means to do. Different men, no doubt, have different exemplary sins in mind when they use such words. Their various codes may be expressions of quite different and largely accidental social traditions; their diverse examples of what, for each of them, would be his own instance of the unpardonable

sin, may be the outcome of the *tabus* of whatever social order you please. I care for the moment not at all for the objective ethical correctness of any one man's definition of his own moral code. And I am certainly here formulating no ethical code of my own. I am simply pointing out that, when a man becomes conscious of his own rule of life, of his own ideal of what makes his voluntary life worth while, he tends to arrange his ideas of right and wrong acts so that, for him at least, *some* acts, when he contemplates the bare possibility of doing them himself, appear to him to be acts such that they would involve for him a kind of moral suicide, — a deliberate wrecking of what makes life, for himself, morally worth while.

One common-sense way of expressing such an individual judgment upon these extreme acts of wrongdoing, is to say, If I were to do that of my own free will, I could thereafter never forgive myself.

Now, in case a man thinks of his own possible actions in this way, he need not be morbidly brooding over sins of which it is well not to think too much. He *may* be simply surveying his plan of life in a resolute way, and deciding, as well as he can, where he stands, what his leading ideas are, and what makes his voluntary life, from his own point of view, worth living. Such thoughts tend to clear our moral air, if only we think them in terms of our own personal ideals, and do not, as is too often the case, apply them solely to render more dramatic our judgments about our neighbors.

VI

In order to be able to formulate such thoughts, one must have an 'ideal,' even if one cannot state it in an abstract form. One must think of one's voluntary life in terms of fidelity

to some such 'ideal,' or set of ideals. One must regard one's self as a creature with a purpose in living. One must have what they call a 'mission' in one's own world. And so, whether one uses philosophical theories or religious beliefs, or does not use them, one must, when one speaks thus, actually have some sort of spiritual realm in which, as one believes, one's moral life is lived, a realm to whose *total* order, as one supposes, one could be false if one chose.

One's mission, one's business, must ideally extend, in some fashion, to the very boundaries of this spiritual realm, so that, if one actually chose to commit one's supposed unpardonable sin, one could exist in this entire realm only as, in some sense and degree, an outcast, — estranged, so far as that one unpardonable fault estranged one, from one's own chosen moral hearth and fireside. At least this is how one resolves, in advance of decisive action, to view the matter, in case one has the precious privilege of being able to make such resolves. And I say that so to find one's self resolving, is to find *not* weakness and brooding, but resoluteness and clearness. Life seems simply blurred and dim if one can nowhere find in it such sharp moral outlines. And if one becomes conscious of such sharp outlines, one is not saying, Behold me, the infallible judge of moral values for all mankind. Behold me with the absolute moral code precisely worked out. For one is so far making no laws for one's neighbors. One is accepting no merely traditional tabus. One is simply making up one's mind so as to give a more coherent sense to one's choices. The penalty of *not* being able to make such resolves regarding what would be one's own unpardonable sin, is simply the penalty of flabbiness and irresoluteness. To remain unaware of what we propose to

do, never helps us to live. To be aware of our coherent plan, to have a moral world and a business that, in ideal, extends to the very boundaries of this world, and to view one's life, or any part of it, as an expression of one's own personal will, is to assert one's genuine freedom, and is not to accept any external bondage. But it is also to bind one's self, in all the clearness of a calm resolve. It is to view certain at least abstractly possible deeds as moral catastrophes, as creators of chaos, as deeds whereby the self, *if* it chose them, would, at least in so far, banish itself from its own country.

To be able to view life in this way, to resolve thus deliberately what genuine and thorough-going sin would mean for one's own vision, requires a certain maturity. Not all ordinary misdeeds are in question when one thinks of the unpardonable sin. Blunders of all sorts fill one's childhood and youth. What Paul conceived as our original sin may have expressed itself for years in deeds that our social order condemns, and that our later life deeply deplores. And yet, in all this maze of past evil-doing and of folly, we may have been, so far, either helpless victims of our nature and of our training, or blind followers of false gods. What Paul calls sin may have 'abounded.' And yet, as we look back, we may now judge that all this was merely a means whereby, henceforth, 'grace may more abound.' We may have learned to say, — it may be wise, and even our actual duty to say, — I will not brood over these which were either my ignorant or my helpless sins. I will henceforth firmly and simply resolve 'to get rid of them.' That is for me the best. Bygones are bygones. Remorse is a waste of time. These 'confusions of a wasted youth,' must be henceforth simply ignored. That is the way of cheer. It is also the way of true righteousness. I can live wisely

only in case I forget my former follies, except in so far as a memory of these follies helps me not to repeat them.

One may only the more insist upon this cheering doctrine of Lethe and forgiveness for the past, and of 'grace abounding' for the future, when there come into one's life those happenings which Paul viewed as a new birth, and as a 'dying to sin.' These 'workings of grace,' if they occur to us, may transform our 'old man' of inherited defect, of social waywardness, of contentiousness, and of narrow hatred for our neighbors and for 'the law,' into the 'new life.' It is a new life to us because we now seem to have found our own cause, and have learned to love our sense of intimate companionship with the universe. Now, for the first time, we have found a life that seems to us to have transparent sense, unity of aim, and an abiding and sustaining inspiration about it.

If this result has taken place, then, whatever our cause, or our moral opinions, or our religion, may be, we shall tend to rejoice with Paul that we have now 'died' to the old life of ignorance and of evil-working distractions. Hereupon we may be ready to say, with him, and joyously, 'There is no condemnation' for us who are ready to walk after what we now take to be 'the spirit.' The past is dead. Grace has served us. Forgiveness covers the evil deeds that were gone. For those deeds, as we now see, were *not* done by our awakened selves. They were not our own 'free acts' at all. They were the workings of what Paul called 'the flesh.' 'Grace' has blotted them out.

I am still speaking not of any one faith about the grace that saves, or about the ideal of life. Let a man find his salvation as it may happen to him to find it. But the main point that I have further to insist upon is this:

Whenever and however we have become morally mature enough to get life all colored through and through by what seems to us a genuinely illuminating moral faith, so that it seems to us as if, in every deed, we could serve, despite our weakness, our one highest cause, and be faithful to all our moral world at every moment, — then this inspiration has to be paid for. The abundance of grace means, henceforth, a new gravity of life. For we have now to face the further fact that, if we have thus won vast ideals, and a will that is now inspired to serve them, we can imagine ourselves becoming false to this our own will, to this which gives our life its genuine value. We can imagine ourselves breaking faith with our own world-wide cause and inspiration. One who has found his cause, if he has a will of his own, can become a conscious and deliberate traitor. One who has found his loyalty is indeed, at first, under the obsession of the new spirit of grace. But if, henceforth, he lives with a will of his own, he can, by a willful closing of his eyes to the light, *become* disloyal. Our actual voluntary life does not bear out any theory as to the fatally predestined perseverance of the saints. For our voluntary life seems to us as if it were free either to persevere or not to persevere. The more precious the light that has seemed to come to me, the deeper is the disgrace to which, in my own eyes, I can condemn myself, if I voluntarily become false to this light. Now, it is indeed not well to brood over such chances of falsity. But it is manly to face the fact that they are present.

In all this statement, I have presupposed no philosophical theory of free-will, and have not assumed the truth of any one ethical code or doctrine. I have been speaking simply in terms of moral experience, and have been pointing out how the world seems to a man

who reaches sufficient moral maturity to possess, even if but for a season, a pervasive and practically coherent ideal of life, and to value himself as a possible servant of his cause, but a servant whose freedom to choose is still his own.

What I point out is that, if a man has won practically a free and conscious view of what his honor requires of him, the reverse side of this view is also present. This reverse side takes the form of knowing what, for this man himself, it would mean to be willfully false to his honor. One who knows that he freely serves his cause, knows that he could, if he chose, become a traitor. And if indeed he freely serves his cause, he knows whether or no he could forgive himself if he willfully became a traitor. Whoever, through grace, has found the beloved of his life, and now freely lives the life of love, knows that he could, if he chose, betray his beloved. And he knows what estimate his own free choice now requires him to put upon such betrayal. Choose your cause, your beloved, and your moral ideal, as you please. What I now point out is that so to choose is to imply your power to define what, for you, would be the unpardonable sin if you committed it. This unpardonable sin would be betrayal.

VII

So far I have discussed the moral possibility of treason. We seem to be free. Therefore, it seems to us as if treason were possible. But now, *do* any of us ever actually thus betray our own chosen cause? Do we ever actually turn traitor to our own flag, — to the flag that we have sworn to serve, — after taking our oath, not as unto men, but as unto ourselves and our cause? Do any of us ever really commit that which, in our own eyes, is the unpardonable sin?

Here, again, let every one of us judge for himself. And let him also judge rather himself than his neighbor. For we are here considering not customary codes, or outward seeming, but how a man who knows his ideal and knows his own will finds that his inward deed appears to himself. Still, apart from all evil-speaking, the common experience of mankind *seems* to show that such actual and deliberate sin against the light, such conscious and willful treason, occasionally takes place. So far as we know of such treason at all, or reasonably believe in its existence, it appears to us to be, on the whole, the worst evil with which man afflicts his fellows and his social order in this distracted world of human doings. The blindness and the naïve cruelty of crude passion, the strife and hatred with which the natural social order is filled, often seem to us mild when we compare them with the spiritual harm that follows the intentional betrayal of great causes once fully accepted, but then willfully forsaken, by those to whom they have been intrusted. 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.' This is the word which seems especially fitted for the traitor's own case; for he has seen the great light. The realm of the spirit has been graciously opened to him. He has willingly entered. He has chosen to serve. And then he has closed his eyes; and, by his own free choice, a darkness, far worse than that of man's primal savagery, has come upon him. And the social world, the unity of brotherhood, the beloved life which he has betrayed, — how desolate he has left what was fairest in it! He has brought back again to its primal chaos the fair order of those who trusted and who lived and loved together in one spirit.

But we are here little concerned with what others think of the traitor, if such

traitor there be. We are interested in what (if the light against which he has sinned returns to him) the traitor is henceforth to think of himself. Arnold would say, Let him think of his sin, — that is, in this case, of his treason, — only in so far as is indispensable to the 'firm resolve to get rid of it.' We ask whether Arnold's rule seems any longer quite adequate to meet the situation. Of course I am not venturing to assign to the supposed traitor any penalties *except* those which his own will really intends to assign to him. I am not acting in the least as his providence. I am leaving him quite free to decide his own fate. I am certainly not counseling him to feel any particular kind or degree of the mere emotion called remorse. For all that I now shall say, he is quite free, if that is his desire, to forget his treason once for all, and to begin business afresh with a new moral ideal, or with no ideal at all, as he may choose.

What I ask is simply this: *If* he resumes his former position of knowing and choosing an ideal, if he also remembers what ideal he formerly chose, and what and how and how deliberately he betrayed, and knows himself for what he is, what does he judge regarding the now inevitable and endless consequences of his deed? And what answer will he now make to Matthew Arnold's kind advice, 'Get rid of your sin'? He need not answer in a brooding way. He need be no Puritan. He may remain as cheerful in his passing feelings as you please. He may quite calmly rehearse the facts. He may decline to shed any tear, either of repentance or of terror. My only hypothesis is that he sees the facts as they are and confesses, however coolly and dispassionately, the moral value which, as a matter of simple coherence of view and opinion, he now assigns to himself.

VIII

He will answer Matthew Arnold's advice, as I think, thus: Get rid of my sin? How can I get rid of it? It is done. It is past. It is as irrevocable as the Archæan geological period, or as the collision of stellar masses, the light of whose result we saw here on earth a few years ago, in the constellation Perseus. I am the one who, at such a time, with such a light of the spirit shining before me, with my eyes thus and thus open to my business and to the moral universe, first, so far as I could freely act at all, freely closed my eyes, and then committed what my own will had already defined to be my unpardonable sin. So far as in me lay, in all my weakness, but yet with all the wit and the strength that just then were mine, I was a traitor. That fact, that event, that deed, is irrevocable. The fact that I am the one who then did thus and so, not ignorantly, but knowingly, — that fact will outlast the ages. That fact is as endless as time. And, in so far as I continue to value myself as a being whose life is coherent in its meaning, this fact that then and there I was a traitor, will always constitute a genuine penalty, — my own penalty, a penalty that no god assigns to me, but that I, simply because I am myself, and take an interest in knowing myself, assign to myself, precisely in so far as, and whenever, I am awake to the meaning of my own life. I can never undo that deed. If I ever say, I have undone that deed, I shall be both a fool and a liar. Counsel me, if you will, to forget that deed. Counsel me to do good deeds without number to set over against that treason. Counsel me to be cheerful, and to despise Puritanism. Counsel me to plunge into Lethe. All such counsel may be, in its way and time, good. Only do not counsel me 'to get rid of' just that sin. That, so

far as the real facts are concerned, cannot be done. For I am, and to the end of endless time shall remain, the doer of that willfully traitorous deed. Whatever other value I may get, that value I retain forever. My guilt is as enduring as time.

But hereupon a bystander will naturally invite our supposed traitor to repent, and to repent thoroughly, of his treason. The traitor, now cool and reasonable once more, can only apply to his own case Fitzgerald's word in the stanza from Omar Khayyam:—

The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

These very familiar lines are sometimes viewed as oriental fatalism. But they are, in fact, fully applicable to the freest of deeds when once that deed is done.

We need not further pursue any supposed colloquy between the traitor and those who comment upon the situation. The simple fact is that each deed is *ipso facto* irrevocable; that our hypothetical traitor, in his own deed, has been false to whatever light he then and there had, and to whatever ideal he then viewed as his highest good. Hereupon, no new deed, however good or however faithful, and however much of worthy consequences it introduces into the future life of the traitor, or of his world, can annul the fact that the one traitorous deed was actually done. No question as to whether the traitor, when he first chose the cause which he later betrayed, was then ethically correct in his choice, aids us to estimate just the one matter which is here in question, — namely, the value of the traitor as the doer of that one traitorous deed. For his treason consists not in his blunders in the choice of his cause, but in his sinning against such light as he then and there had. The

question is, furthermore, not one as to his general moral character, apart from this one act of treason. To condemn at one stroke the whole man for the one deed is, of course, absurd. But it is the one deed which is now in question.

This man may *also* be the doer of countless good deeds. But our present question is solely as to his value as the doer of that one traitorous deed. This value he has through his own irrevocable choice. Whatever other values his other deeds may give him, this one value remains, never to be removed. By no deed of his own can he ever escape from that penalty which consists in his having introduced into the moral world the one evil which was, at the time, as great an evil as he could, then, of his own will, introduce.

In brief, by his own deed of treason, the traitor has consigned himself — not indeed his *whole* self, but his self as the doer of this deed — to what one may call the *hell of the irrevocable*. All deeds are indeed irrevocable. But only the traitorous sin against the light is such that, in advance, the traitor's own free acceptance of a cause has stamped it with the character of being what his own will had defined as his own unpardonable sin. Whatever else the traitor may hereafter do, — however much he may later become, and remain, through his life, in this or any other world, a saint, the fact will remain: there was a moment when he freely did whatever he could to wreck the cause that he had sworn to serve. The traitor can henceforth do nothing that will give to himself, precisely in so far as he was the doer of that one deed, any character which is essentially different from the one determined by his treason.

The hell of the irrevocable: all of us know what it is to come to the border of it when we contemplate our own past mistakes or mischances. But we

can enter it and dwell there only when the fact, 'This deed is irrevocable,' is combined with the further fact, 'This deed is one that, unless I call treason my good, and moral suicide my life, I cannot forgive myself for having done.'

Now to use these expressions is not to condemn the traitor, or any one else, to endless emotional horrors of remorse, or to any sensuous pangs of penalty or grief, or to any one set of emotions whatever. It is simply to say, If I morally value myself at all, it remains for me a genuine and irrevocable evil in my world, that ever I was, even if for but that one moment, and in that one deed, with all my mind and my soul and my heart and my strength, a traitor. And if I ever had any cause, and then betrayed it, — such an evil not only was my deed, but such an evil forever remains, so far as that one deed was done, the *only* value that I can attribute to myself precisely *as* the doer of that deed at that time.

What the pungency of the odors, what the remorseful griefs, of the hell of the irrevocable may be, for a given individual, we need not attempt to determine, and I have not the least right or desire to imagine. Certainly remorse is a poor companion for an active life; and I do not counsel any one, traitor or not traitor, to cultivate remorse. Our question is not one about one's feelings, but about one's genuine value as a moral agent. Certainly forgetfulness is often useful when one looks forward to new deeds. I do not counsel any one uselessly to dwell upon the past. Still the fact remains, that the more I come to the large and coherent views of my life and of its meaning, the more will the fact that, by my own traitorous deed, I have banished myself to the hell of the irrevocable, appear to me both a vast and a grave fact in my world. I shall learn, if I wisely grow into new life, neither to be

crushed by any sort of facing of that fact, nor to brood unduly over its everlasting presence as a fact in my life. But so long as I remain awake to the real values of my life, and to the coherence of my meaning, I shall know that while no god shuts me, or could possibly shut me, if he would, into this hell, it is my own will to say that, for this treason, just in so far as I willfully and knowingly committed this treason, I shall permit none of the gods to forgive me. For it is my precious privilege to assert my own reasonable will, by freely accepting my place in the hell of the irrevocable, and by never forgiving myself for this sin against the light.

If any new deed can assign to just that one traitorous deed of mine any essentially novel and reconciling meaning, that new deed will in any case certainly *not* be mine. I can do good deeds in future; but I cannot revoke my individual past deed. If it ever comes to appear as anything but what I myself then and there made it, that change will be due to no deed of mine. Nothing that I myself can do will ever really reconcile me to my own deed, so far as it was that treason.

This, then, as I suppose, is the essential meaning which underlies the traditional doctrine of the endless penalty of willful sin. This deeper meaning is that, quite apart from the judgment of any of the gods, and wholly in accordance with the true rational will of the one who has done the deed of betrayal, the guilt of a free act of betrayal is as enduring as time. This doctrine so interpreted is, I insist, *not* cheerless. It is simply resolute. It is the word of one who is ready to say to himself, Such was my deed, and I did it. No repentance, no pardoning power can deprive us of the duty and — as I repeat — the precious privilege of saying that of our own deed.

‘THE REST IS SILENCE’

BY MABEL EARLE

(Horatio speaks.)

BEYOND these ancient walls of Elsinore
A shrouding mist is folded on the snow.
(Here by the battlements he leans no more,
Watching the guard below.)

League after league along the cliff the gray
Wide water darkens with the darkening west.
(O troubled soul, by what uncharted way
Hast thou gone forth to rest?)

Within, the shadows creep across the walls,
Through the long corridors as dusk grows dim.
(The echoing vastness of the vaulted halls
To-night is full of him.)

A gust of wind steals shuddering down the floor
Where once he paced his hours of heart-wrung watch.
(It may be that his foot is at the door,
His hand upon the latch.)

‘The rest is silence.’ — Ah, my liege, my prince!
Though storm-winds sweep the seas, and cannon roar,
Silence is on thy lips, and ever since
Silence in Elsinore!

ALICE AND EDUCATION

BY F. B. R. HELLEMS

I

“If there’s no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, as we need n’t try to find any.” Unfortunately this sage declaration of the King of Hearts, uttered when he was examining the cryptic anonymous document introduced at the historic trial, represents only too accurately the attitude of most readers of Lewis Carroll. They prefer to follow the fantastic adventures and marvelous wanderings of Alice in a mood of otiose enjoyment, untroubled by any glimmer of wonder whether the careless and happy feet of childhood might not lead them to some glorious kingdom. But the true spirit, in which we ought to read, breathes in the peremptory monarch’s later declaration. “And yet I don’t know,” he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee and looking at them with one eye. “I seem to see some meaning in them after all.” Then he proceeds with laudable energy to search for reliable evidence beneath the meaningless surface.

This inspiring example has been constantly before me in the preparation of the present paper, which is the outcome of a long and painstaking examination of the two masterpieces pervaded by the personality of Alice, undertaken in the belief that under the winsome mask of delicious mockery would be found many serious and abiding truths. And I may state forthwith that my study soon led irresistibly to the conclusion that these apparently

frivolous fables were really an allegory of education.

Of a general tendency to symbolic presentation we have very definite and unescapable examples in many of Professor Dodgson’s recognized works. *The Hunting of the Snark*, published in 1876, is accepted by every intelligent commentator as an allegory. It is true that the poem is rather bewildering, and students are not all agreed as to the exact hidden meaning, although there is a preponderance of opinion that ‘The Pursuit of Fame’ is the real subject cloaked by this whimsical verse. Again, both parts of *Sylvie and Bruno* give unmistakable evidence of this same tendency; for beneath all the drollery is a manifest effort to communicate profound theological dogma. Moreover, his inherent incapacity to separate the serious from the lighter vein is seen most strikingly in *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* (1879). Herein Professor Dodgson made a profound and valuable contribution to Euclidean geometry; but it was thrown into dramatic form, and, despite the advice of all his friends, contained so much apparent levity, so many clutching jokes, that most readers refused to take it seriously.

Space forbids my adducing further arguments of this type; but I am sure that with the foregoing I may count upon the sympathetic toleration of my readers, if not upon their unhesitating acquiescence. For their complete conviction I must await the ineluctable conclusiveness of specific passages and

interpretations to which we shall turn in a moment.

I have no desire to blink the fact that Professor Dodgson formally denies that our two books are anything more than they appear on the surface. But no carefully trained investigator will be deceived by this threadbare device, which is as old as literature itself, and was particularly in vogue about the time these volumes were given to the world. The example of Kingsley is enough. *Water-Babies* appeared in 1863, two years before *Alice in Wonderland*; and the reverend author goes out of his way to declare that the tale has no moral whatsoever. But nobody is deceived. We all know that Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid represents the old dispensation, and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby the new, while tiny Tom is nothing less than the human soul.

But in whatever sense we take Tom (I always find pleasure in thinking that he and Alice might have been playmates), it is clear that

The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,

is simply the human race in its search, ever eager and ever puzzled, for education and educational methods.

II

With this unavoidable clearing of the ground, I feel that we may now turn to a few of the anticipations that impart to these allegories their real value. In my more ambitious study, which I plan to make as nearly exhaustive as the nature of the subject will permit, I hope to expound Professor Dodgson's system as a unified and philosophic whole, and to place him in a niche of honor a little below Plato, but well above such pedagogical celebrities as Comenius and Herbert Spencer. In the mean time, I must limit

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myself to a few of those esoteric cogitations that are obviously relevant to the stage of educational evolution represented by the twentieth century, which William Morris prophesied might well prove to be the Century of Education.

From the many tempting themes we may select first, 'The Play Element in the Development of the Child.'

We all know the history of the movement. Long prior to the proud and grand doctrine of onto-phylogenetic parallelism, and to the invaluable Teutonic researches on the play of beast and man, we find Rousseau hinting that we must employ the superabundant energy of childhood. From Rousseau it was but a step to the epoch-making conclusion of Froebel, who fixed upon the restlessness of children as the most potent utilizable factor in their education. From this seed sprang the kindergarten. If their restless activity was to be turned to account, the children would have to play; and from the kindergarten the play-element spread upward and outward until we have reached our present superb devotion to a theory which declares that the child must never do what he dislikes or does not understand, and that whatever is hard is to be shunned. We must not only utilize the play-impulse, but magnify it.

This stage was clearly anticipated by the chapter on the Lobster Quadrille. In order to emphasize the importance attached thereto by Professor Dodgson I would point out not only that it occupies *one fourteenth* of the whole *Wonderland* volume, but also that the author employs a very effective device to quicken our attention; for in the preceding chapter, just as our interest in the subject of lessons was keyed to the highest pitch, the Gryphon *interrupted in a very decided tone* with instructions to the Mock Turtle to 'tell her something about the games.'

The Lobster Quadrille itself is evidently intended to represent a kindergarten game that shall entertain the child, improve his knowledge of living creatures, develop the imagination, and bring him to unity with himself, — quite as Froebel demanded. As a matter of pedagogical method, one observes instantly that the Mock Turtle, after vividly describing a part of the dance, proposed that he and the Gryphon should do the first figure. No mere verbal presentation for him. Then, just as in a well-regulated kindergarten, the two creatures executed the interesting movements, while one of them sang, and both waved their fore-arms to mark the time.

With reference to the song itself, which begins, “‘Will you walk a little faster,” said a whiting to a snail,’ and could be quoted by any of my readers, I would merely point out that the rhythm is strongly marked, so as to be caught easily by the childish ear; that there is enough repetition to avoid fatiguing the delicate organisms; and that, while many of the thoughts are familiar, there is just enough novelty to stimulate curiosity and thereby insure mental growth. It may be confidently asserted that the most captious of my readers will feel the superiority of this poetry — for it is poetry — to such favorite songs as, ‘My heart is God’s little garden,’ or, ‘The grasshopper green had a game of tag with some crickets that lived near by.’

In passing, we should not neglect the reference to the doctrine of immortality, the comforting assurance of a life hereafter, not formally obtruded, but gently and graciously intimated in that always attractive phrase, ‘the other shore.’ The sterling moralist in Professor Dodgson is never thrust upon our notice; but he is never quite absent.

At the conclusion of the song, the Gryphon and Mock Turtle skillfully

utilized the interest and curiosity now aroused to impart some valuable information as to marine life. I must not quote the passage, but everybody will remember how the Gryphon explained to Alice that the whiting was so-called because it did the boots and shoes under the sea, where they obviously must be done with whiting; and that the shoes were made of soles and eels.

Later on, still with due attention to method, Alice was herself made to repeat a verse, but, like some children, being dimly and half-resentfully aware that she was being taught, she became so confused that the voice of the slug-gard turned into the voice of the lobster. (It has always been suspected that the prominence of the lobster throughout the chapter has some special meaning.) Eventually she sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.

If it should appear to any teacher that Professor Dodgson goes rather far in the importance assigned to play and the principles of ease and pleasantness in juvenile training, I would suggest that he represents a natural reaction from the formalism then in vogue; and that in particular he is striving to refute a passage in *Water-Babies*, which had appeared two years before, and was being widely quoted with strong approval. Tom had been playing with lobsters (again that symbolic crustacean) and other aquatic creatures, and had asked to go home with Ellie on Sunday. To his request, the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, replies, ‘Those who go there, must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like.’ It is no wonder that such a progressive intellect and tender heart as Professor Dodgson was driven to an extreme in his protests against this benighted and barbarous mediæ-

valism. It is no wonder that we still follow in his gentle footsteps.

From a consideration of the play-element, we have a natural transition to Nature Study. The *Alice* books not only advocate this pursuit, but breathe about it the charming aura of novelty. I have not been able to determine how directly Professor Dodgson is indebted to Pestalozzi; for, as a matter of fact, even later students have failed to attach due importance to that educator's substantial service in this field, when he was working at Stanz. But without Pestalozzi, or any other one thinker, this beneficent step of pedagogical evolution was bound to be taken. We could not see children confined forever in mud-walled prisons. Liberation was inevitable. And who can fail to recognize the tremendous gain when, as one of Mr. Punch's young men has felicitously voiced the change, —

We gave up Euclid and rule of three
And nature-studied the bumble-bee.

It was only to be expected that our educational Lynceus should grasp the uttermost possibilities of this emancipating movement. It is no accident that one of the first stopping-places of Alice after passing through the looking-glass, was the 'Garden of Live Flowers.' Nor is it merely by hap that she enters into such close communion with these children of Proserpina that she can actually share their thoughts. Would that every child in America might learn the lesson!

"O Tiger-lily," said Alice, "I wish you could talk."

"We can talk," said the Tiger-lily, "when there's anybody worth talking to."

There is the secret. Furthermore, like all really profound teachers, as distinguished from those who merely seem profound, he shuns the sentimental fallacy of over-idealizing. The

flowers have personalities; they are not merely uniform entities of angelic temperament. The regal Rose and the lowly Daisy alike will have their joke, declaring that the tree will take care of them, for it says 'Bough-wough,' and can bark in time of danger. The imperial Tiger-lily loses her temper at the garrulous smaller flowers; while the Violet and the Rose are distinctly rude to Alice, the former snarling out in a severe tone, 'It's my opinion you never think at all,' and the latter exclaiming, with even more startling asperity, 'I never saw anybody that looked stupider.' This same insistence on the unfriendly possibilities of nature may be marked in the scene in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, where the trees are represented as frankly hostile to mankind. And both teachers are right in refusing to darken knowledge with half-truths.

Even more inspiring than the wonderful live flowers are the looking-glass insects. We must learn the fauna as well as the flora. Beginning with the Horse-fly we pass to the Rocking-horse-fly; and the importance of drawing for children is driven home by Sir John Tenniel's copy from life of that domestic insect, to which I have often compared the curious stick-insects of Ceylon. The Snapdragon-fly, with the Bread-and-butter-fly, must likewise appeal to the budding sense of childhood, if only the opportunity is given. But here again our teacher will not have us neglect the final, bitter truth. If the Bread-and-butter-fly cannot find its proper food it must die. "But that must happen often," remarked Alice thoughtfully. (Children will think if we only let them.) "It always happens," said the Gnat. Nature, that is the universal creator, is also the universal destroyer.

Just a little later comes a real difficulty. The Gnat, you will remember, having made a very silly pun, 'sighed

deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.' "'You shouldn't make jokes," Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy.'" One of my Parisian correspondents will have it that the Gnat was unhappy simply because the pun was so bad; but I am inclined to believe, with a fellow investigator at Berlin, that the incident is hinting once more at the idea that all living things feel joy and grief, even as mankind. Life is one. From the lowest forms of protozoa to the godlike genius who passes beyond the flaming battlements of the world to storm their secrets from the stars, life is one.

However, from this tangle, we are carried to the idyllic scene where Alice and the Fawn converse together. They have forgotten their different worlds, have forgotten their very selves, in this moment of complete understanding. I could quote passage after passage dealing with the theme of nature-study, but here, I think, is the supreme lesson; and I prefer to bid farewell to this subject with the picture of our gentle heroine gazing wistfully into the great soulful eyes of this creature of the wild. It is the burgeoning genius of the race learning to read, with love, the manuscript of God.

But the more advanced educational thought of to-day is so completely in accord with the above deductions from my master's teaching, that there is no occasion to carry the discussion further.

I had planned to continue this part of my paper with a number of other anticipations of our modern theories and practice, including: The Abuse of Memory (*cf.* Alice and the White Queen and King); Shortening the Period of Formal Study (*cf.* the Gryphon's explanation of lesson as that which lessens from day to day); Self-Expression and Vocational Activity (*cf.* the Cook); Methods in Education (*cf.* Tweedledum and Tweedledee); Devel-

oping the Imagination (*passim*); The Emotions in Education (*cf.* The Walrus and the Carpenter); and many others. Then, with the light shed by these general discussions, I had hoped to consider the curricula of primary and secondary schools, and to move from them to the college and university.

III

However, I must omit all the intervening stages in order to take up one or two of his anticipations of the problems of higher education; for herein, I think, we shall find some of his most pointed and pertinent reflections. Among these fundamental questions are The Elective System and Original Research; and inasmuch as the former offers an instance of our author's passing even beyond our position at the beginning of the twentieth century, we may give it prior consideration.

Nobody has failed to observe the triumphant progress of the elective system. It came to many as a glorious ennobling emancipation from the old hide-bound curriculum. To others it seemed to offer the possibility of developing breadth of horizon without exacting depth of thought. It increased the number of students in many institutions, thereby encouraging state legislatures or generous private benefactors to open the flood-gates of the golden life-giving stream. It evoked reams of debate, always earnest, and often bitter. But somehow the controversy has been softened, until even the most earnest partisan ought to be able to read with keen enjoyment Professor Dodgson's inimitable description of the elective system, under the guise of the Caucus Race. If a few of my readers have hitherto questioned my interpretations, I look for their instant agreement on this point. If our author was not writing of the elective

system, he was writing of nothing serious whatever. On this I am willing to stake my exegetical reputation.

It will be remembered that they formed a damp and queer-looking party on the bank of the pool. 'There was a Duck, and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures.' The Lory, with his assumption of superiority, and the Mouse, with his technical aridity, may well represent the older curriculum. They have nothing to offer that promises immediate results. But the Dodo proceeds to move for the adoption of more energetic remedies, and, notwithstanding the protests against his long words, he carries the day. His solution comes in the proposal for a Caucus race; and with truly commendable pedagogical instinct he declares that the best way to explain it is to do it.

'First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle ("the exact shape does n't matter," it said), and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half-an-hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out, "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

'This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said, "Everybody has won, and all must have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices asked.

"Why, she, of course," said the

Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, "Prizes! Prizes!"

So the colleges and universities, like Alice, having no idea what to do, put their hands in their pockets and took out a number of diplomas. These, after being tied with the beautiful and sentimental college colors, were distributed as prizes, and it always 'turned out that there was one apiece all round.'

There can be no doubt, however, that my revered teacher disapproved of the elective system. His own training had been quite the reverse; and he explicitly states that, 'Alice thought the whole thing very absurd; but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh.' Accordingly, despite the eminence of the most distinguished sponsor of the elective system, despite the brilliance and number of its advocates, I can only declare in favor of a group system. *Malo errare cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire.*

'There is nothing more beautiful than a key, as long as we do not know what it opens.' Readers of Maeterlinck will recognize the suggestive avowal of Aglavaine, which I have borrowed to apply to the thrill of the student when he is introduced by the professor to original research. Only a master symbolist, like Maeterlinck, has a right to attempt to utter in prose our profound emotion, when

We felt a grand and beautiful fear,
For we knew a marvelous thought drew near.

Organized work in original investigation by students in our American universities may be said to date from the foundation of Johns Hopkins. Before that event, research was largely a matter of individual initiative and pursuit, while facilities for the publication of original articles were inadequate. In an article on 'Three Decades of the

American University,' I have already paid generous tribute to the solid, pioneer services rendered by that institution. In the last forty years, however, the spirit of investigation has poured through a million channels. It has been of incalculable benefit; but by its side there has spread a keenness of contention for the recognition of the investigator's service that is dangerously near to being unphilosophical. Indeed, the proverbial *odium theologicum* could scarcely exhibit greater acerbity than the rivalry of fellow specialists about priority of discovery, accuracy of observation, or interpretation of minutiae. The struggle never ends; but occasionally a truce is patched up, with public assurances of good-will and private confidence of complete victory on both sides. Inevitably there has sprung up a certain distrust on the part of the more aggressive Philistines, although the world at large is generally content with a smiling, tolerant, more or less disdainful, aloofness. All of these phases were manifestly before Professor Dodgson's mind when he was composing under the caption, 'It's my own Invention.'

Turning first to inventive originality and investigation, we are attracted at once by the eager, active persistence of the White Knight. This chevalier of education has the unusual spirit that can delight in discovery or invention purely for its own sake, without despising practical results. To word the thought in Huxley's matchless phraseology, he can enjoy a sail over the illimitable ocean of the unknowable, without begrudging to applied science its utilization of the flotsam and jetsam.

As examples of the utilitarian aspect, we have his painful elaboration of the beehive and the mouse-trap, which he has hung to his saddle, in case any bees or mice should come near; and the ank-

lets round the horse's feet, to guard against the biting of sharks. Equally humane and practical are some of the other results of his investigations, such as the plan for preventing one's hair from falling out, or the discovery that the great art of riding is to keep your balance properly. Nor should we fail to note that his heart is never daunted by the skepticism of Alice.

But even finer, more professorial, more like Thales, is the unsullied, oblivious, self-effacing devotion to unrewarded research, the final joy of the seeker.

"How can you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by his feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

"What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same."

Then he described his invention of a new pudding, and Alice, like the distrustful Philistine, raised the query as to its practicability. This evokes the superb rejoinder, uttered with bowed head and lowered voice, —

"I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked. In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked. And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

The famous retort of Pasteur to the shoddy French nobility, when he declared that the spirit of science was above thoughts of personal gain, was no finer than this hushed self-revelation, coming straight from the heart.

Herewith, the remaining points of this topic may be promptly dismissed. We have seen that the comments of Alice represent both the carping Philistine and the uncomprehending public. It only remains for us to notice that the bickerings of researchful enthusiasts are depicted both by the quarrel between the two White Knights

over the ownership of the helmet, and by the bout between the Red Knight and the first White Knight when they come upon Alice. Indeed, the choice of knights for the leading personæ of this instructive drama hints at the same tendency, although it is doubtless intended also to suggest the chivalrous devotion of the true investigator.

The next question would naturally have been *The Study of the Classics* in our Colleges, to which a new interest has been given by the agitation at Amherst. Both sides of the controversy are represented in our volume, an excellent starting-point being offered by the different impressions of the Classical Master we receive from the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle. The former maintained that he was an old crab, whereas the latter asserted that he taught Laughing and Grief. Assuredly the Turtle's phrase has in mind the strong humanistic tendency of classical studies, while the Gryphon's vigorous but contemptuous designation intimates a belief that such studies lead to 'progress backwards,' if I may become indebted to Mr. Cable's lovable schoolmaster.

Omitting this and many other topics, I may tarry a moment on Professor Dodgson's surprising references to philosophy; and it must not be taken as an admission either of slothfulness or incapacity, if I confess that a few details are not quite clear to me. Despite the fact that a Kantian discussion of time is placed on the lips of the Mad Hatter; despite the fact that the same problem, together with the non-existence of space and the unsubstantiality of matter, is suggested by the cake that must be served first and cut afterwards, I am nevertheless convinced that the household of the Duchess must represent the penetralia containing the ultimate arcana.

That noble personage herself probably symbolizes the older, more purely metaphysical schools. This is indicated by her dignified vocabulary and stately copious presentation, as well as by her contempt for lower mathematics, and for mere human affections.

The latter aspects are perceived at once in the dialogue following Alice's uncertainty whether the period required for the earth to revolve on its axis might be twenty-four hours or twelve; for the Duchess exclaims impatiently that she never could abide figures, and begins that most unfeeling of all lullabies: 'Speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes.' Furthermore, that titled lady's subsequent treatment of her offspring corresponds very closely to what is recorded of two or three famous representatives of the metaphysical school. This behavior of hers cannot be explained, much less justified, on any other basis.

The former aspects, the characteristic vocabulary and presentation, are so unmistakably set forth in the following passage that I merely transcribe it.

"It's a mineral, I think," said Alice, in support of her contention that mustard was not a bird.

"Of course it is," said the Duchess, "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is — 'The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.'"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark. "It's a vegetable. It does n't look like one, but it is."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is — 'Be what you would seem to be' — or, if you'd like it put more simply — 'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than

what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.”

“I think I should understand that better,” Alice said very politely, “if I had it written down; but I can’t quite follow it as you say it.”

“That’s nothing to what I could say if I chose,” the Duchess replied, in a pleased tone.

The Cheshire Cat, on the other hand, most probably anticipates the more optimistic development of pragmatism; and I hope I may be forgiven the personal intrusion, if I point out that I was the first writer to emphasize the lightly mentioned fact that *the cat is part of the household of the Duchess and, therefore, must be interpreted philosophically*.

That it pictures optimism in some form is incontrovertible. The insistence that the comfort-giving grin appears before the body of the animal, and remains after the latter’s vanishing, can only be explained by reference to a philosophy that will have all well with the world regardless of disharmonies and defects in the system of things; a philosophy, as is suggested by a clever French litterateur, that strives to erect a world temple with such a beautiful façade that it shall hide the bitter disappointment of mankind within the sanctum. And if we are dealing with some form of optimism, I can only conclude that it is the more hopeful and vigorous phase of pragmatism.

The most pertinent, I might almost say, the most unanswerable, passage in favor of this pragmatic interpretation is the following:—

“Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,” said the Cat.

“I don’t much care where —” said Alice.

“Then it does n’t much matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

“— so long as I get somewhere,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you’re sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you only walk long enough.”

None of my readers can fail to recognize the essentials of pragmatism in this passage. There is the crucial recognition that philosophy must be connected with actual needs; that it must deal with actual conditions; that it must appreciate human limitations. Indications of the same trend are to be seen in the Cat’s vivid interest in the baby that turned into a pig, as well as in his friendly converse with Alice at the croquet party.

One argument, suggested to me by a conservative, philosophical friend, I shrink from introducing; but, inasmuch as he insists that it is finally conclusive, I indulge his fancy. You will remember that when the King and Queen order the beheading of the Cat, there springs up an argument as to whether you can cut off a head when there is no body to cut it off from. Then, at the critical moment of the inquisition, the Cat’s head begins to fade away and soon entirely disappears. My colleague maintains most stoutly that this can only represent pragmatism before a searching examination at the hands of an expert dialectician. If he is right, I could set down as final the explanation I have proposed. But in any event the evidence is very strong, and until some other student shall propose a more satisfactory theory, we may continue to regard the Cheshire Cat as a symbol of the more optimistic phases of pragmatism.

IV

Topic after topic crowds upon me like imprisoned birds fluttering toward the door of their cage; but I must leave

them all unreleased save one. In both volumes the master leaves the supreme lesson until the end, and in both volumes the lesson is the same. He would have us remember in all education that human creatures are the one thing really important. We spin our theories and weave them into the fabric of a system; but the child and the man are above systems and theories. Bergson has rendered a genuine service by his insistence that life is self-developing and self-comprehending. On ultimate metaphysical analysis, life is the universe discovering itself and creating itself; it is at once *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. Ever and ever it works and plays with the visible and invisible world, to find its highest expression in man. And for this highest manifestation, who shall make a final system of education? But our puny systematizers will have at least a day for their schematic panaceas, not realizing how soon they must cease to be, when mankind, half-smiling, half-angry, bids them go. And this truth, the eternal lesson, the final message, is delivered to us in redoubled clarity. At the close of the *Wonderland* volume our heroine declares, "Who cares for you? You are nothing but a pack of cards." Likewise, at the climax of the *Looking-Glass* allegory, she breaks up the fantastic banquet: 'One good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles come crashing down together in a heap on the floor.'

So has it fared, so will it ever fare with all systems and theories of education that place their faith in methods or mechanism, and would raise themselves above human nature. Eventually the children of men will eat bread and butter instead of dream-cakes; will shake the Red Queen into a companionable kitten; will come back from Wonderland to the simple natural life of healthful human beings.

Here, with reluctance and no little difficulty, I check my eager pen. As I review the paper, I am painfully aware that it is both incomplete and fragmentary. I can only pray that my readers will view the *dissecta membra* with mercy, and wait with patience for my authoritative and exhaustive treatment. Howbeit, even this popular presentation in simple form may have served to establish the contention with which I began. Nor can I quite resign the hope that, as a result of my efforts, many lovers of Professor Dodgson will read him with enlarged understanding as well as with enhanced pleasure.

If it shall appear to the more practical-minded critics of my paper that I have occasionally discovered a hidden meaning where none existed, I can only point out that in such recondite matters, making constant demands on the creative imagination, a pioneer is bound to go astray at times. But he must persist in his task, strengthening himself with the encouragement of mighty souls like Schiller, whose words seem almost prophetic in the closeness of their application: *Wage du zu irren und zu träumen: Hoher Sinn liegt oft in kind'schem Spiel*. My sole aim has been the discovery of the truth; and if I have ever doubted that under some astounding detail of this childish allegory there lay an ultimate lesson, I have always been saved from disheartenment by the comforting assurance of our author himself: —

"I can't tell you now what the moral of that is," said the metaphysical Duchess, "but I shall remember presently."

"Perhaps it has n't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess, "everything's got a moral, if only you can find it."

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS¹

BY JOHN MUIR

I LEARNED arithmetic in Scotland without understanding any of it, although I had the rules by heart. But when I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age I began to grow hungry for real knowledge, and persuaded father, who was willing enough to have me study provided my farm work was kept up, to buy me a higher arithmetic. Beginning at the beginning, in one summer I easily finished it, without assistance, in the short intervals between the end of dinner and the afternoon start for the harvest and hay-fields, accomplishing more without a teacher in a few scraps of time, than in years in school before my mind was ready for such work. Then in succession I took up algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and made some little progress in each, and reviewed grammar. I was fond of reading, but father brought only a few religious books from Scotland.

Fortunately, several of our neighbors brought a dozen or two of all sorts of books, which I borrowed and read, keeping all of them except the religious ones carefully hidden from father's eye. Among these were Scott's novels, which, like all other novels, were strictly forbidden, but devoured with glorious pleasure in secret. Father was easily persuaded to buy Josephus's *Wars of the Jews*, and D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, and I tried hard to get him to buy Plutarch's

Lives, which, as I told him, everybody, even religious people, praised as a grand good book; but he would have nothing to do with the old pagan until the graham bread and anti-flesh doctrines came suddenly into our backwoods neighborhood, making a stir something like phrenology and spirit-rappings, which were mysterious in their attacks as influenza. He then thought it possible that Plutarch might be turned to account on the food question by revealing what those old Greeks and Romans ate to make them strong; so at last we gained our glorious Plutarch.

Dick's *Christian Philosophy*, which I borrowed from a neighbor, I thought I might venture to read in the open, trusting that the word 'Christian' would be proof against its cautious condemnation. But father balked at the word 'Philosophy,' and quoted from the Bible a verse which spoke of 'philosophy falsely so-called.' I then ventured to speak in defense of the book, arguing that we could not do without at least a little of the most useful kinds of philosophy.

'Yes, we can,' he said, with enthusiasm, 'the Bible is the only book human beings can possible require throughout all the journey from earth to heaven.'

'But how,' I contended, 'can we find the way to heaven without the Bible, and how after we grow old can we read the Bible without a little helpful science? Just think, father, you cannot read your Bible without spectacles, and millions of others are in the same fix; and spectacles cannot be made

¹ Former chapters from John Muir's life have appeared in the past three issues of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

without some knowledge of the science of optics.'

'Oh,' he replied, perceiving the drift of the argument, 'there will always be plenty of worldly people to make spectacles.'

To this I stubbornly replied with a quotation from the Bible with reference to the time coming when 'all shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest,' and then who will make the spectacles? But he still objected to my reading that book, called me a contumacious quibbler too fond of disputation, and ordered me to return it to the accommodating owner. I managed, however, to read it later.

On the food question father insisted that those who argued for a vegetable diet were in the right, because our teeth showed plainly that they were made with reference to fruit and grain, and not for flesh like those of dogs and wolves and tigers. He therefore promptly adopted a vegetable diet, and requested mother to make the bread from graham flour instead of bolted flour. Mother put both kinds on the table, and meat also, to let all the family take their choice; and while father was insisting on the foolishness of eating flesh, I came to her help by calling his attention to the passage in the Bible which told the story of Elijah the Prophet, who, when he was pursued by enemies who wanted to take his life, was hidden by the Lord by the brook Cherith, and fed by ravens; and surely the Lord knew what was good to eat, whether bread or meat. And on what, I asked, did the Lord feed Elijah? On vegetables or graham bread? No, he directed the ravens to feed his prophet on flesh. The Bible being the sole rule, father at once acknowledged that he was mistaken. The Lord never would have sent flesh to Elijah by the ravens if graham bread were better.

I remember as a great and sudden

discovery that the poetry of the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton was a source of inspiring, exhilarating, uplifting pleasure and I became anxious to know all the poets, and saved up small sums to buy as many of their books as possible. Within three or four years I was the proud possessor of parts of Shakespeare's, Milton's, Cowper's, Henry Kirk White's, Campbell's, and Aken-side's works, and quite a number of others seldom read nowadays. I think it was in my fifteenth year that I began to relish good literature with enthusiasm, and smack my lips over favorite lines; but there was desperately little time for reading, even in the winter evenings — only a few stolen minutes now and then.

Father's strict rule was, straight to bed immediately after family worship, which in winter was usually over by eight o'clock. I was in the habit of lingering in the kitchen with a book and candle after the rest of the family had retired, and considered myself fortunate if I got five minutes reading before father noticed the light and ordered me to bed; an order that, of course, I immediately obeyed. But night after night I tried to steal minutes in the same lingering way; and how keenly precious those minutes were, few nowadays can know. Father failed, perhaps, two or three times in a whole winter to notice my light for nearly ten minutes, magnificent golden blocks of time, long to be remembered like holidays or geological periods. One evening when I was reading Church History father was particularly irritable and called out with hope-killing emphasis, '*John, go to bed!* Must I give you a separate order every night to get you to go to bed? Now, I will have no irregularity in the family; you *must* go when the rest go, and without my having to tell you.' Then, as an after-thought, as if judging that his words

and tone of voice were too severe for so pardonable an offense, he unwarily added, 'If you *will* read, get up in the morning and read. You may get up in the morning as early as you like.'

That night I went to bed wishing with all my heart and soul that somebody or something might call me out of sleep to avail myself of this wonderful indulgence; and next morning, to my joyful surprise, I awoke before father called me. A boy sleeps soundly after working all day in the snowy woods, but that frosty morning I sprang out of bed as if called by a trumpet blast, rushed downstairs scarce feeling my chilblains, enormously eager to see how much time I had won; and, when I held up my candle to a little clock that stood on a bracket in the kitchen, I found that it was only one o'clock. I had gained five hours, almost half a day! 'Five hours to myself!' I said, 'five huge, solid hours!' I can hardly think of any other event in my life, any discovery I ever made that gave birth to joy so transportingly glorious as the possession of these five frosty hours.

In the glad tumultuous excitement of so much suddenly acquired time-wealth I hardly knew what to do with it. I first thought of going on with my reading, but the zero weather would make a fire necessary, and it occurred to me that father might object to the cost of firewood that took time to chop. Therefore I prudently decided to go down cellar, where I at least would find a tolerable temperature very little below the freezing point, for the walls were banked up in the fall to keep the potatoes from freezing. There were a few tools in a corner of the cellar, a vise, a few files, a hammer, and so forth, that father had brought from Scotland, but no saw excepting a coarse, crooked one that was unfit for sawing dry hickory or oak. So I made a fine-tooth saw suitable for my work

out of a strip of steel that had formed part of an old-fashioned corset, that cut the hardest wood smoothly. I also made my own brad-awls and punches, a pair of compasses, and so forth, out of wire and old files, and went to work on a model of a self-setting sawmill I had invented.

Next morning I managed joyfully to get up at the same gloriously early hour. My cellar workshop was immediately under father's bed and the filing and tapping in making cog-wheels, journals, cams, and so forth, must no doubt have annoyed him; but with the permission he had granted, in his mind, and doubtless hoping that I would soon tire of getting up at one o'clock, he impatiently waited about two weeks before saying a word. I did not vary more than five minutes from one o'clock all winter, nor did I feel any bad effects whatever, nor did I think at all about the subject as to whether so little sleep might be in any way injurious; it was a grand triumph of will power over cold and common comfort and work-weariness in abruptly cutting down my ten hours' allowance of sleep to five. I simply felt that I was rich beyond anything I could have dreamed of or hoped for. I was far more than happy. Like Tam-o'-Shanter, I was 'glorious, O'er a' the ills of life victorious.'

Father, as was customary in Scotland, gave thanks and asked a blessing before meals, not merely as a matter of form and decent Christian manners, for he regarded food as a gift derived directly from the hands of the Father in heaven. Therefore every meal was to him a sacrament requiring conduct and attitude of mind not unlike that befitting the Lord's supper. No idle word was allowed to be spoken at our table, much less any laughing or fun or story-telling. When we were at the breakfast-table, about two weeks after the great

golden time-discovery, father cleared his throat, preliminary, as we all knew, to saying something considered important. I feared that it was to be on the subject of my early rising, and dreaded the withdrawal of the permission he had granted on account of the noise I made, but still hoping that, as he had given his word that I might get up as early as I wished, he would as a Scotchman stand to it, even though it was given in an unguarded moment and taken in a sense unreasonably far-reaching. The solemn sacramental silence was broken by the dreaded question, —

‘John, what time is it when you get up in the morning?’

‘About one o’clock,’ I replied in a low, meek, guilty tone of voice.

‘And what kind of a time is that, getting up in the middle of the night and disturbing the whole family?’

I simply reminded him of the permission he had freely granted me to get up as early as I wished.

‘I *know* it,’ he said, in an almost agonizing tone of voice; ‘I *know* I gave you that miserable permission, but I never imagined that you would get up in the middle of the night.’

To this I cautiously made no reply, but continued to listen for the heavenly one-o’clock call, and it never failed.

After completing my self-setting sawmill I dammed one of the streams in the meadow and put the mill in operation. This invention was speedily followed by a lot of others, — water-wheels, curious door-locks and latches, thermometers, hygrometers, pyrometers, clocks, a barometer, an automatic contrivance for feeding the horses at any required hour, a lamp-lighter and fire-lighter, an early-or-late-rising machine, and so forth.

After the sawmill was proved and discharged from my mind, I happened to think it would be a fine thing to

make a timekeeper which would tell the day of the week and the day of the month, as well as strike like a common clock and point out the hours; also to have an attachment whereby it could be connected with a bedstead to set me on my feet at any hour in the morning; also to start fires, light lamps, and so forth. I had learned the time laws of the pendulum from a book, but with this exception I knew nothing of timekeepers, for I had never seen the inside of any sort of clock or watch. After long brooding, the novel clock was at length completed in my mind, and was tried and found to be durable, and to work well and look well, before I had begun to build it in wood. I carried small parts of it in my pocket to whittle at when I was out at work, on the farm, using every spare or stolen moment within reach without father’s knowing anything about it.

In the middle of summer, when harvesting was in progress, the novel time-machine was nearly completed. It was hidden upstairs in a spare bedroom where some tools were kept. I did the making and mending on the farm; but one day at noon, when I happened to be away, father went upstairs for a hammer or something and discovered the mysterious machine back of the bedstead. My sister Margaret saw him on his knees examining it, and at the first opportunity whispered in my ear, ‘John, fayther saw that thing you’re making upstairs.’ None of the family knew what I was doing, but they knew very well that all such work was frowned on by father, and kindly warned me of any danger that threatened my plans. The fine invention seemed doomed to destruction before its time-ticking commenced, although I had carried it so long in my mind that I thought it handsome, and like the nest of Burns’s wee mousie it had cost me mony a weary whittling

nibble. When we were at dinner several days after the sad discovery, father began to clear his throat, and I feared the doom of martyrdom was about to be pronounced on my grand clock.

'John,' he inquired, 'what is that thing you are making upstairs?'

I replied in desperation that I did n't know what to call it.

'What! You mean to say you don't know what you are trying to do?'

'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I know very well what I am doing.'

'What then is the thing for?'

'It's for a lot of things,' I replied, 'but getting people up early in the morning is one of the main things it is intended for; therefore, it might perhaps be called an early-rising machine.'

After getting up so extravagantly early, to make a machine for getting up perhaps still earlier seemed so ridiculous that he very nearly laughed. But after controlling himself, and getting command of a sufficiently solemn face and voice, he said severely, 'Do you not think it is very wrong to waste your time on such nonsense?'

'No,' I said meekly, 'I don't think I'm doing any wrong.'

'Well,' he replied, 'I assure you I do; and if you were only half as zealous in the study of religion as you are in contriving and whittling these useless, nonsensical things, it would be infinitely better for you. I want you to be like Paul; who said that he desired to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified.'

To this I made no reply, gloomily believing my fine machine was to be burned, but still taking what comfort I could in realizing that anyhow I had enjoyed inventing and making it.

After a few days, finding that nothing more was to be said, and that father, after all, had not had the heart to destroy it, all necessity for secrecy

being ended, I finished it in the half-hours that we had at noon, and set it in the parlor between two chairs, hung moraine boulders, that had come from the direction of Lake Superior, on it for weights, and set it running. We were then hauling grain into the barn. Father at this period devoted himself entirely to the Bible and did no farm work whatever. The clock had a good loud tick and when he heard it strike, one of my sisters told me that he left his study, went to the parlor, got down on his knees, and carefully examined the machinery, which was all in plain sight, not being inclosed in a case. This he did repeatedly, and evidently seemed a little proud of my ability to invent and whittle such a thing, though careful to give no encouragement for anything more of the kind in future.

But somehow it seemed impossible to stop. Inventing and whittling faster than ever, I made another hickory clock, shaped like a scythe to symbolize the scythe of Father Time. The pendulum is a bunch of arrows symbolizing the flight of time. It hangs on a leafless mossy oak snag showing the effect of time, and on the snath is written, 'All flesh is grass.' This, especially the inscription, rather pleased father, and of course mother and all my sisters and brothers admired it. Like the first, it indicates the days of the week and month, starts fires and beds at any given hour and minute, and though made more than fifty years ago, is still a good timekeeper.

My mind still running on clocks, I invented a big one like a town clock, with four dials, with the time figures so large they could be read by all our immediate neighbors as well as ourselves when at work in the fields, and on the side next the house the days of the week and month were indicated. It was to be placed on the peak of the barn roof. But just as it was all but

finished father stopped me, saying that it would bring too many people around the barn. I then asked permission to put it on the top of a black oak tree near the house. Studying the larger main branches I thought I could secure a sufficiently rigid foundation for it, while the trimmed sprays and leaves would conceal the angles of the cabin required to shelter the works from the weather, and the two-second pendulum, fourteen feet long, could be snugly incased on the side of the trunk. Nothing about the grand, useful time-keeper, I argued, would disfigure the tree, for it would look something like a big hawk's nest. 'But that,' he objected, 'would draw still bigger, bothersome trampling crowds about the place, for who ever heard of anything so queer as a big clock on the top of a tree.' So I had to lay aside its big wheels and cams and rest content with the pleasure of inventing it, and looking at it in my mind and listening to the deep, solemn throbbing of its long two-second pendulum, with its two old axes back to back for the bob.

One of my inventions was a large thermometer made of an iron rod, about three feet long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter, that had formed part of a wagon-box. The expansion and contraction of this rod was multiplied by a series of levers made of strips of hoop-iron. The pressure of the rod against the levers was kept constant by a small counterweight, so that the slightest change in the length of the rod was instantly shown on a dial about three feet wide, multiplied about thirty-two thousand times. The zero point was gained by packing the rod in wet snow. The scale was so large that the big black hand on the white painted dial could be seen distinctly, and the temperature read, while we were ploughing in the field below the house. The extremes of heat and cold

caused the hand to make several revolutions. The number of these revolutions was indicated on a small dial marked on the larger one. This thermometer was fastened on the side of the house, and was so sensitive that when any one approached it within four or five feet the heat radiated from the observer's body caused the hand of the dial to move so fast that the motion was plainly visible, and when he stepped back, the hand moved slowly back to its normal position. It was regarded as a great wonder by the neighbors, and even by my own all-Bible father.

Talking over plans with me one day, a friendly neighbor said, 'Now, John, if you wish to get into a machine-shop, just take some of your inventions to the state fair, and you may be sure that as soon as they are seen they will open the door of any shop in the country for you. You will be welcomed everywhere.' And when I doubtfully asked if people would care to look at things made of wood, he said, 'Made of wood! Made of wood! What does it matter what they're made of when they are so out-and-out original. There's nothing else like them in the world. That is what will attract attention, and besides they're mighty handsome things anyway to come from the backwoods.' So I was encouraged to leave home and go at his direction to the state fair when it was being held in Madison.

When I told father that I was about to leave home, and inquired whether, if I should happen to be in need of money, he would send me a little, he said, 'No. Depend entirely on yourself.' Good advice, I suppose, but surely needlessly severe for a bashful home-loving boy who had worked so hard. I had the gold sovereign that my grandfather had given me when I left Scotland, and a few dollars, perhaps ten,

that I had made by raising a few bushels of grain on a little patch of sandy, abandoned ground. So when I left home to try the world I had only fifteen dollars in my pocket.

Strange to say, father carefully taught us to consider ourselves very poor worms of the dust, conceived in sin, and so forth, and devoutly believed that quenching every spark of pride and self-confidence was a sacred duty, without realizing that in so doing he might, at the same time, be quenching everything else. Praise he considered most venomous, and tried to assure me that when I was fairly out in the wicked world, making my own way, I would soon learn that, although I might have thought him a hard taskmaster at times, strangers were far harder. On the contrary, I found no lack of kindness and sympathy. All the baggage I carried was a package made up of the two clocks and a small thermometer made of a piece of old washboard, all three tied together, with no covering or case of any sort, the whole looking like one very complicated machine.

The aching parting from mother and my sisters was of course hard to bear. Father let David drive me down to Pardeeville, a place I had never before seen, though it is only nine miles south of the Hickory Hill farm. When we arrived at the village tavern it seemed deserted. Not a single person was in sight. I set my clock baggage on the rickety platform. David said good-bye and started for home, leaving me alone in the world. The grinding noise made by the wagon in turning short brought out the landlord, and the first thing that caught his eye was my strange bundle. Then he looked at me and said, 'Hello, young man, what's this?'

'Machines,' I said, 'for keeping time and getting up in the morning, and so forth.'

'Well! Well! That's a mighty queer

get-up. You must be a Down-East Yankee. Where did you get the pattern for such a thing?'

'In my head,' I said.

Some one down the street happened to notice the landlord looking intently at something and came up to see what it was. Three or four people in that little village formed an attractive crowd, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the greater part of the population of Pardeeville stood gazing in a circle around my strange hickory belongings. I kept outside of the circle to avoid being seen, and had the advantage of hearing the remarks without being embarrassed.

I stayed overnight at this little tavern, waiting for a train. In the morning I went to the station, and set my bundle on the platform. Along came the thundering train, a glorious sight; the first train I had ever waited for. When the conductor saw my queer baggage, he cried, 'Hello! What have we here?'

'Inventions for keeping time, early rising, and so forth. May I take them into the car with me?'

'You can take them where you like,' he replied, 'but you had better give them to the baggage-master. If you take them into the car they will draw a crowd and might get broken.'

So I gave them to the baggage-master, and made haste to ask the conductor whether I might ride on the engine. He good-naturedly said, 'Yes, it's the right place for you. Run ahead, and tell the engineer what I say.' But the engineer bluntly refused to let me on, saying, 'It don't matter what the conductor told you. I say you can't ride on my engine.'

By this time the conductor, standing ready to start his train, was watching to see what luck I had, and when he saw me returning came ahead to meet me.

'The engineer won't let me on,' I reported.

'Won't he?' said the kind conductor. 'Oh, I guess he will. You come down with me.' And so he actually took the time and patience to walk the length of that long train to get me on to the engine.

'Charlie,' said he, addressing the engineer, 'don't you ever take a passenger?'

'Very seldom,' he replied.

'Anyhow, I wish you would take this young man on. He has the strangest machines in the baggage car I ever saw in my life. I believe he could make a locomotive. He wants to see the engine running. Let him on.' Then, in a low whisper, he told me to jump on, which I did gladly, the engineer offering neither encouragement nor objection.

As soon as the train was started the engineer asked what the 'strange thing' the conductor spoke of really was.

'Only inventions for keeping time, getting folks up in the morning, and so forth,' I hastily replied; and before he could ask any more questions I asked permission to go outside of the cab to see the machinery. This he kindly granted, adding, 'Be careful not to fall off, and when you hear me whistling for a station you come back, because if it is reported against me to the superintendent that I allow boys to run all over my engine, I might lose my job.'

Assuring him that I would come back promptly, I went out and walked along the footboard on the side of the boiler, watching the magnificent machine rushing through the landscape as if glorying in its strength like a living creature. While seated on the cow-catcher platform I seemed to be fairly flying, and the wonderful display of power and motion was enchanting. This was the first time I had ever been

on a train, much less a locomotive, since I had left Scotland. When I got to Madison I thanked the kind conductor and engineer for my glorious ride, inquired the way to the fair, shouldered my inventions, and walked to the fair-ground.

When I applied for an admission ticket at a window by the gate I told the agent that I had something to exhibit.

'What is it?' he inquired.

'Well, here it is. Look at it.'

When he craned his neck through the window and got a glimpse of my bundle he cried excitedly, 'Oh! *you* don't need a ticket — come right in.'

When I inquired of the agent where such things as mine should be exhibited, he said, 'You see that building up on the hill with a big flag on it? That's the Fine Arts Hall and it's just the place for your wonderful invention.'

So I went up to the Fine Arts Hall and looked in, wondering if they would allow wooden things in so fine a place.

I was met at the door by a dignified gentleman who greeted me kindly and said, 'Young man, what have we got here?'

'Two clocks and a thermometer,' I replied.

'Did you make these? They look wonderfully beautiful and novel and must I think prove the most interesting feature of the fair.'

'Where shall I place them?' I inquired.

'Just look around, young man, and choose the place you like best, whether it is occupied or not. You can have your pick of all the building, and a carpenter to make the necessary shelving and assist you in every way possible!'

So I quickly had a shelf made large enough for all of them, went out on the hill and picked up some glacial boulders of the right size for weights, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the clocks were

running. They seemed to attract more attention than anything else in the hall. I got lots of praise from the crowd and the newspaper reporters. The local press reports were copied into the Eastern papers. It was considered wonderful that a boy on a farm had been able to invent and make such things, and almost every spectator foretold good fortune. But I had been so lectured by my father to avoid praise, above all things, that I was afraid to read those kind newspaper notices, and never clipped out or preserved any of them, just glanced at them, and turned away my eyes from beholding vanity, and so forth. They gave me a prize of ten or fifteen dollars, and a diploma for wonderful things not down in the list of exhibits.

Many years later, after I had written articles and books, I received a letter from the gentleman who had charge of the Fine Arts Hall. He proved to have been the Professor of English Literature in the University of Wisconsin at this fair-time, and long afterward he sent me clippings of reports of his lectures. He had a lecture on me, discussing style, and so forth, and telling how well he remembered my arrival at the hall in my shirt sleeves with those mechanical wonders on my shoulder, and so forth, and so forth. These inventions, though of little importance, opened all doors for me, and made marks that have lasted many years, simply because they were original and promising.

I was looking around in the meantime to find out where I should go to seek my fortune. An inventor at the fair, by the name of Wiard, was exhibiting an ice-boat he had invented to run on the upper Mississippi from Prairie du Chien to St. Paul during the winter months, explaining how useful it would be thus to make a highway of the river while it was closed to ordinary navigation by ice. After he saw my inven-

tions, he offered me a place in his foundry and machine-shop in Prairie du Chien, and promised to assist me all he could. So I made up my mind to accept his offer and rode with him to Prairie du Chien in his ice-boat, which was mounted on a flat car. I soon found, however, that he was seldom at home, and that I was not likely to learn much at his small shop. I found a place where I could work for my board and devote my spare hours to mechanical drawing, geometry, and physics. Making but little headway, however, although the Pelton family for whom I worked were very kind, I made up my mind after a few months' stay in Prairie du Chien to return to Madison, hoping that in some way I might be able to gain an education.

At Madison I raised a few dollars by making and selling a few of those bedsteads that set the sleepers on their feet in the morning — inserting in the footboard the works of an ordinary clock that could be bought for a dollar. I also made a few dollars addressing circulars in an insurance office, while at the same time I was paying my board by taking care of a pair of horses and going errands. This is of no great interest except that I was thus earning my bread while hoping that something might turn up that would enable me to make money enough to enter the state university. This was my ambition, and it never wavered, no matter what I was doing. No university it seemed to me could be more admirably situated, and as I sauntered about it, charmed with its fine lawns and trees and beautiful lakes, and saw the students going and coming with their books, and occasionally practicing with a theodolite in measuring distances, I thought that if I could only join them it would be the greatest joy of life. I was desperately hungry and thirsty for knowledge and willing to endure anything to get it.

One day I chanced to meet a student who had noticed my inventions at the fair and now recognized me. And when I said, 'You are fortunate fellows to be allowed to study in this beautiful place; I wish I could join you,' — 'Well, why don't you?' he asked. 'I haven't money enough,' I said. 'Oh, as to money,' he reassuringly explained, 'very little is required. I presume you're able to enter the Freshman class, and you can board yourself, as quite a number of us do, at a cost of about a dollar a week. The baker and milkman come every day. You can live on bread and milk.' 'Well,' I thought, 'maybe I have money enough for at least one beginning term.' Anyhow I could n't help trying.

With fear and trembling, overladen with ignorance, I called on Professor Stirling, the dean of the faculty, who was then acting president, presented my case, told him how far I had got on with my studies at home, and that I had n't been to school since leaving Scotland at the age of eleven years (excepting one short term of a couple of months at a district school), because I could not be spared from the farm work. After hearing my story the kind professor welcomed me to the glorious university — next, it seemed to me, to the Kingdom of Heaven. After a few weeks in the preparatory department, I entered the Freshman class. In Latin I found that one of the books in use I had already studied in Scotland. So after an interruption of a dozen years I began my Latin over again where I had left off; and strange to say, most of it came back to me, especially the grammar which I had committed to memory at the Dunbar Grammar School.

During the four years that I was in the university I earned enough in the harvest-fields during the long summer vacations to carry me through the balance of each year, working very hard,

cutting with a cradle four acres of wheat a day, and helping to put it in the shock. But having to buy books and paying I think thirty-two dollars a year for instruction, and occasionally buying acids and retorts, glass tubing, bell-glasses, flasks, and so forth, I had to cut down expenses for board now and then to half a dollar a week.

One winter I taught school ten miles north of Madison, earning much-needed money at the rate of twenty dollars a month, 'boarding round,' and keeping up my university work by studying at night. As I was not then well enough off to own a watch, I used one of my hickory clocks, not only for keeping time, but for starting the school-fire in the cold mornings, and regulating class times. I carried it out on my shoulder to the old log schoolhouse, and set it to work on a little shelf nailed to one of the knotty, bulging logs. The winter was very cold, and I had to go to the schoolhouse and start the fire about eight o'clock, to warm it before the arrival of the scholars. This was a rather trying job, and one that my clock might easily be made to do. Therefore, after supper one evening, I told the head of the family with whom I was boarding that if he would give me a candle I would go back to the schoolhouse and make arrangements for lighting the fire at eight o'clock, without my having to be present until time to open the school at nine. He said, 'Oh, young man, you have some curious things in the school-room, but I don't think you can do that.' I said, 'Oh, yes! It's easy'; and in hardly more than an hour the simple job was completed.

I had only to place a teaspoonful of powdered chlorate of potash and sugar on the stove hearth near a few shavings and kindlings, and at the required time make the clock, through a simple arrangement, touch the inflam-

mable mixture with a drop of sulphuric acid. Every evening after school was dismissed I shoveled out what was left of the fire into the snow, put in a little kindling, filled up the big box-stove with heavy oak wood, placed the lighting arrangement on the hearth, and set the clock to drop the acid at the hour of eight; all this requiring only a few minutes.

The first morning after I had made this simple arrangement I invited the doubting farmer to watch the old squat schoolhouse from a window that overlooked it, to see if a good smoke did not rise from the stovepipe. Sure enough, on the minute, he saw a tall column curling gracefully up through the frosty air; but, instead of congratulating me on my success, he solemnly shook his head and said in a hollow, lugubrious voice, 'Young man, you will be setting fire to the schoolhouse.' All winter long that faithful clock-fire never failed, and by the time I got to the schoolhouse the stove was usually red-hot.

At the beginning of the long summer vacations I returned to the Hickory Hill farm to earn the means in the harvest-fields to continue my university course, walking all the way to save railroad fares. And although I cradled four acres of wheat a day, I made the long hard sweaty day's work still longer and harder by keeping up my study of plants. At the noon hour I collected a large handful, put them in water to keep them fresh, and after supper got to work on them, and sat up till after midnight, analyzing and classifying, thus leaving only four hours for sleep; and by the end of the first year after taking up botany I knew the principal flowering plants of the region.

I received my first lesson in botany from a student by the name of Griswold who is now county judge of the county of Waukesha, Wisconsin. In

the university he was often laughed at on account of his anxiety to instruct others, and his frequently saying with fine emphasis, 'Imparting instruction is my greatest enjoyment.'

Nevertheless I still indulged my love of mechanical inventions. I invented a desk in which the books I had to study were arranged in order at the beginning of each term. I also made a bed which set me on my feet every morning at the hour determined on, and in dark winter mornings just as the bed set me on the floor it lighted a lamp. Then, after the minutes allowed for dressing had elapsed, a click was heard and the first book to be studied was pushed up from a rack below the top of the desk, thrown open, and allowed to remain there the number of minutes required. Then the machinery closed the book and allowed it to drop back into its stall; then moved the rack forward and threw up the next in order, and so on, all the day being divided according to the times of recitation, and the time required and allotted to each study. Besides this, I thought it would be a fine thing in the summer-time when the sun rose early, to dispense with the clock-controlled bed-machinery, and make use of sunbeams instead. This I did simply by taking a lens out of my small spy-glass, fixing it on a frame on the sill of my bedroom window, and pointing it to the sunrise; the sunbeams focused on a thread burned it through, allowing the bed-machinery to put me on my feet. When I wished to get up at any given time after sunrise I had only to turn the pivoted frame that held the lens the requisite number of degrees or minutes. Thus I took Emerson's advice and hitched my dumping-wagon bed to a star.

Although I was four years at the university, I did not take the regular course of studies, but instead picked

out what I thought would be most useful to me, particularly chemistry, which opened a new world, and mathematics and physics, a little Greek and Latin, botany and geology. I was far from satisfied with what I had learned, and should have stayed longer. Anyhow I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma or of making a

name, urged on and on through endless inspiring Godful beauty.

From the top of a hill on the north side of Lake Mendota I gained a last wistful lingering view of the beautiful university grounds and buildings where I had spent so many hungry and happy and hopeful days. There with streaming eyes I bade my blessed Alma Mater farewell. But I was only leaving one university for another, the Wisconsin University for the University of the Wilderness.

(The End.)

ENTERTAINING THE CANDIDATE

BY KATHARINE BAKER

BAG in hand, brother stops in for fifteen minutes, from campaigning, to get some clean shirts. He says the candidate will be in town day after to-morrow. Do we want him to come here, or shall he go to a hotel?

We want him, of course. But we deprecate the brevity of this notice. Also the cook and chambermaid are new, and remarkably inexpert. Brother, however, declines to feel any concern. His confidence in our power to cope with emergencies is flattering if exasperating.

There is nothing in the markets at this time of year. Guests have a malignant facility in choosing such times. We scour the country for forty miles in search of green vegetables. We confide in the fishmonger, who grieves sympathetically over the 'phone, because all crabs are now cold-storage, and

he'd be deceiving us if he said otherwise.

Still we are determined to have luncheon prepared in the house. Last time the august judge dined with us we summoned a caterer from a hundred miles away, and though the caterer's food was good, it was late. We love promptness, and we are going to have it. Ladies knew all about efficiency long before Mr. Frederick Taylor. Only they could n't teach it to servants, and he would find he could n't either. But every mistress of a house knows how to make short cuts, and is expert at 'record production' in emergencies.

The casual brother says there will be one or two dozen people at luncheon. He will telephone us fifteen minutes before they arrive. Yes, really, that's the best he can do.

So we prepare for one or two dozen

people, and they must sit down to luncheon because men hate a buffet meal. We struggle with the problem, how many chickens are required for twelve or twenty-four people? The answer, however, is really obvious. Enough for twenty-four will be enough for twelve.

Day after to-morrow arrives. The gardener comes in to lay hearth-fires and carry tables. We get out china and silver. We make salad and rolls, fruit-cup and cake. We guide the cook's faltering steps over the critical moments of soup and chicken. We do the oysters in our own particular way, which we fancy inimitable. We arrange bushels of flowers in bowls, vases, and baskets, and set them on mantels, tables, book-cases, everywhere that a flower can find a footing. The chauffeur comes in proudly with the flower-holder from the limousine, and we fill it in honor of the distinguished guest.

Then we go outside to see that the approach to the house is satisfactory. The bland old gardener points to the ivy-covered wall, and says with innocent joy, '— it, ain't that ivory the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life?' And we can't deny that the lawn looks well, with ivy, and cosmos, and innumerable chrysanthemums.

The cook and chambermaid will have to help wait on the table. The chambermaid, who is what the butler contemptuously calls 'an educated nigger,' and so knows nothing useful, announces that she has no white uniform. All she has is a cold in her head. We give her a blouse and skirt, wondering why Providence does n't eliminate the unfit.

We run upstairs to put on our costliest shoes and stockings, and our most perishable gown. The leisurely brother gets us on the wire to say that there will be twenty guests in ten minutes.

Descending, we reset the tables to

seat twenty guests, light the wood-fires, toss together twenty mint-juleps, and a few over for luck, repeat our clear instructions to the goggling chambermaid, desperately implore the butler to see that she keeps on the job, drop a last touch of flavoring in the soup, and are sitting by the fire with an air of childish gayety and carelessness when the train of motor-cars draws up to the door.

Here is the judge, courteous and authoritative. Here is his assiduous suite. The room fills with faces well known in every country that an illustrated newspaper can penetrate. From the Golden Gate and the Rio Grande, from New York and Alabama, these men have come together, intent on wresting to themselves the control of the Western Hemisphere. Now they are a sort of highly respectable guerillas. To-morrow, very likely, they will be awe-inspiring magnates.

Theoretically we are impressed. Actually they have mannerisms, and some of them wear spectacles. We reflect that the triumvirs very likely had mannerisms, too, and Antony himself might have been glad to own spectacles. We try to feel reverence for the high calling of these men. We hope they'll like our luncheon.

The butler brings in the juleps and we maintain a detached look, as though those juleps were just a happy thought of the butler himself, and we were as much surprised as anybody. The judge won't have one, but most everybody else will. The newspaper men look love and gratitude at the butler.

That earnest youth is the judge's secretary. The huge, iron-gray man expects to be a governor after November fifth, if dreams come true. The amiable old gentleman who never leaves the judge's side, has come two thousand miles out of pure political enthusiasm, to protect the candidate

from assassins. He can do it, too, we conclude, when we look past his smiling mouth into his steely eyes.

Here is the campaign manager, business man and man-of-the-world.

This pretty little newspaper-woman from Utah implores us to get an utterance on suffrage from the judge. Just a word. It will save him thousands of votes. Well, she's a dear little thing, but we can't take advantage of our guest.

Luncheon is announced. Brother, slightly apologetic, murmurs that there are twenty-three. Entirely unforeseen. He babbles incoherently.

But it's all right. We women won't come to the table. Voting and eating and things like that are better left to the men anyway. Why should women want to do either, when they have fathers and brothers to do it for them? We can sit in the gallery and watch. It's very nice for us. And exclusive. Nothing promiscuous. Yes, go on. We'll wait.

Whoever is listening to our conversation professes heartbreak at our decision, and edges toward the rapidly filling dining-room.

We sit down to play lady of leisure, in various affected attitudes. We are not going near the kitchen again. The luncheon is simple. Everything is perfectly arranged. The servants can do it all. It's mere machine work.

From afar we observe the soup vanishing. Then one by one we stammer, — 'The mayonnaise —' — 'I wonder if the rolls are hot —' — 'Cook's coffee is impossible,' — fade silently up the front stair, and scurry down the kitchen-way.

We cover the perishable gown with a huge white apron, we send up a fervent prayer for the costly shoes, and go where we are needed most.

We save the day for good coffee. With the precision of a juggler we

rescue plates from the chambermaid, who is overcome by this introduction to the great world and dawdles contemplatively through the pantry door. Charmed with our proficiency, she stands by our side, and watches us clear a shelf of china in the twinkling of an eye. If she could find a stool, she would sit at our feet, making motion studies. But she could n't find it if it were already there. She could n't find anything. We order her back to the dining-room, where she takes up a strategic position by the window, from which she can idly survey the mob outside, and the hungry men within.

The last coffee-cup has passed through the doorway. Cigars and matches are circulating in the butler's capable hands. No more need for us.

We shed the enveloping aprons, disappear from the kitchen, and materialize again, elegantly useless, in the drawing-room. Nobody can say that luncheon was n't hot and promptly served.

Chairs begin to clatter. They are rising from the table. A brass band outside bursts into being.

Brother had foretold that band to us, and we had expressed vivid doubts. He said it would cost eighty dollars. Now eighty dollars in itself is a respectable sum, a sum capable even of exerting some mild fascination, but eighty dollars viewed in relation to a band becomes merely ludicrous.

We said an eighty-dollar band was a thing innately impossible, like free-trade, or a dachshund. Brother attested that the next best grade of band would demand eight hundred. We justly caviled at eight hundred. We inquired, Why any band? Brother claimed that it would make a cheerful noise, and we yielded.

So at this moment the band begins to make a noise. We perceive at once that the price was accurately gauged.

It is unquestionably an eighty-dollar band. We begin to believe in dachshunds.

To these supposedly cheerful strains the gentlemen stream into the drawing-room. They beam reptely. They tell us what a fine luncheon it was. They are eloquent about it. All the conditions of their entertainment were ideal, they would have us believe. They imply that we are mighty lucky, in that our men can provide us with such a luxurious existence. They smile with majestic benignity at these fair, but frivolous, pensioners on masculine bounty. American women are petted, helpless dolls, anyway. Foreigners have said so. They clasp our useless hands in fervent farewells. They proceed in state to the waiting cars. They hope we will follow them to the meeting. Oh, yes, we will come, though incapable of apprehending the high problems of government.

Led by the honest band, surrounded by flags, followed by cheers, they disappear in magnificent procession. Now we may straggle to the dining-room and eat cold though matchless oysters, tepid chicken, and in general whatever there is any left of.

The chambermaid has broken a lovely old Minton plate. We are glad we did n't use the coffee-cups that were made in France for Dolly Madison. She would have enjoyed wrecking those.

We hurry, because we don't want to miss the meeting altogether. We think enviously of the men. In our secret souls, we'd like to campaign. We love to talk better than anything else in the world, and we could make nice speeches, too. But we must do the oysters and the odd jobs, and keep the hearth-fires going, like responsible vestal virgins. It's woman's sphere. Man gave it to her because he did n't want it himself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON ADOPTING ONE'S PARENTS

It is strange how persistently one is dogged and tracked down by one's dreams. A dream is the toughest of living things. I myself have been hounded through life by an ideal. As an infant I burned with a spirit of adoption, expansive, indiscriminate, impersonal; while I was still of years to be myself coddled and kissed, curled, cribbed, scoured, and spanked, I imaged myself the mother of an orphan asylum. Still uncertain in speech, I lisped lullabies to armfuls of babies, of every size, sex, and condition. The

babies were delivered at my door by packet, singly and by the dozen, in all degrees of filth, abuse, and emaciation. Vigorously I tubbed them, fed them, bedded them, patted them, or paddywhacked them, just as my maternal conscience demanded. Oh, it was a brave institution, that orphan asylum of mine; it solaced my waking hours, and at night I fell asleep sucking the thumb of philanthropy.

The orphan asylum lasted into my teens, and then it contracted, restricted itself in the sex and number to be admitted; but the spirit of things was much the same; for he was to be lonely

and abused, world-worn and weary, and twenty-nine or thirty perhaps. Gladly would he seek refuge for his battered head on the wise and wifely bosom of sixteen. But he did n't. The brisk little years came trudging along, and they carried him and my sixteenth birthday far and far away, but still the world, for all of me, was unadopted. Then the orphan asylum came sneaking back again, but this time it was only one, — one baby. Why could not I, I asked myself, when the days of my spinsterhood should be grown less busy, pick up a bit of a boy- or girl-thing, and run off with it, and have it for my own, somewhere in the house where Joy lives?

Then, while I dreamed of these things, I heard a little noise outside, and there at my door sat two waifs and strays whom fate and fortune had tossed and buffeted until they were forespent. I lifted up the hat of the one, and I undid the blessed bonnet-strings of the other, and lo, it was my parents; and here was my orphan asylum at last, fallen on my very doorstep!

Only consider how much better fortune had done for me than I should have done for myself! How much better than adopting an unlimited orphan asylum, a stray foundling, or a spouse 'so outwearied, so foredone,' as the one previously mentioned, was it to find myself in a twinkling the proud possessor of a lusty brace of parents between whom and the world I stand as natural protector! Here is adoption enough for me. My orphan asylum, my foundling, my husband, might have been to me for shame and undoing. The asylum might have gone on a mutiny; the foundling might have broken out all over in hereditary tendencies; for the choice flowers of English speech in which I should have sought to instruct its infant tongue, the vicious suckling might have returned me profanity and

spontaneous billingsgate; it might too have been vulgar, tending to sneak into corners and chew gum. These are not things I have reason to expect of my parents. As for a man, — a living, eating, smoking man, — I need not enlarge on the temerity of a woman who would voluntarily adopt into a well-regulated heart a totally unexplored husband.

No; if a woman will adopt, parents are the best material for the purpose. They will not be insubordinate; from the days when from the vantage of my high chair I clamored sharply with my spoon for attention, and received it, have they not been carefully trained in the docility befitting all good American parents? Nor, being in their safe and sober sixties, are they likely to blossom into naughtinesses, large or small, so that the folk will shoot out their lorgnettes at me, sneering, 'Pray is this the best you can do in the way of imparting a bringing-up?' — And how much better than an adopted husband are an adopted father and mother! They will not go about tapping cigar ashes over my maidenly prejudices; they will tread gingerly and not make a horrid mess of my very best emotions. Yes; to all ladies about to adopt, I recommend parents.

I warn you, however, that you must go about your adopting pretty cautiously. It is never the desire of the genuinely adoptive to inspire awe, still less gratitude. The parent becomes shy under adoption; at first he recoiled from my fire that warmed him, and she held back from my board that fed her. They flagrantly declared that they wanted to go home, — their own home, the home that was n't there. But I held on to them, affirming that I had caught them, fair prey in a fair chase, and never, never would I let them escape into any little old den in a great waste world that they might have

the bad taste to prefer. At this they sulked, courteously, resignedly. Worst of all, they looked at me with the strange eyes with which one regards that alien to all men, a benefactor. The adopter must be patient, — waiting, showing slowly how shabby it is of parents, when their children give them bread, to give them in return that stone, gratitude.

Thus, after a while, the parents will find themselves growing warm and well-fed and cosy and comfortable, and they will begin to put forth little shoots of sprightliness and glee. Instead of concealing their shabby feet under petticoats and desks and tables, out will come the tattered seam and worn sole, and, 'Shoe me, child!' the parent will cry. Or, when one goes tripping and comes home again, the parents will come swarming about one's pockets and one's portmanteau demanding, 'What have you brought me, daughter?' These are the things the adopter was waiting and watching for, and wanting.

Thus my dreams have come true, my ideal has found me. In the streets and on the trolleys of the world I am no longer a stranger. 'Allow me, sir, my turn at the car-strap, none of your airs with me, if you please; despite petticoats, I, too, am a family man. I am none of your lonely ones; I, also, belong to a latch-key, have mouths to feed, have little ones at home.' At the sound of my key they will fly down the stairs, fall upon and welcome me in to my hearth and my slippers, and together in the fire-glow, the parents and I shall have our glorious topsy-turvy Children's Hour.

You, sir, who elbow me going businessward, are you plotting surprises for birthdays and Christmas Days and holidays and other days? So, too, I. Sometimes a pretty little check comes in, not too small nor yet so big as to

be serious. Then I scamper over the house until I find him. The rascal knows what's coming. We regard the check right-side up first, then over I flip it on its face and write, 'Pay to the order of —,' and by that time down he is and deep he is, among those precious book-catalogues previously annotated, noting wantonly, like the prodigal father heaven made him.

Do you, sir, in your pride and fatness, marshal your brood to the theatre? So I, mine. And do the eyes of your brood, that is young, glow and brighten, twinkle or grow dim, as you watch, half so prettily as do those of my brood, that is old? Can you, you commonplace, sober-going fathers and mothers of families obtained by the ordinary conventions of nature, know the fine, aromatic flavor of my fun?

What exhilaration have you known like my pride of saying, 'Whist you, there, parents out in the cold world, in here quick, where it is warm, where I am! in, away from that bogey, Old Age, who will catch you if he can, — and who will catch me, too, before the time, if I don't have you to be young for!'

WHAT WOULD JANE SAY?

WAS it not Jane Austen, most scrupulous and also most aristocratic of artists, who dared to reply to the Prince Regent's request for an historical novel, that she did not feel it possible to undertake work outside the limits of her own observation? Disloyal, and yet most loyal, Jane! who said much of forms and respect, whose heads of families are 'looked up to' by circle upon circle of kinsmen and neighbors, who said less than little of Art and Structure and Theme, but who could, upon occasion, daintily and distinctly make her choice between deferences, and follow the voice of her artistic con-

science. Why is there not more of Jane with us? with us who make and buy many editions of her and write essays upon her, deliver lectures upon her, construct synopses of her, and wring the withers of the undergraduate by sternly bidding him note that, at his age, Miss Austen had finished *Pride and Prejudice*.

It is good for criticism that it be personal and intimate. Why, for instance, when even I wish to go over to the majority and write a short story, why do not I overhaul my bedside copy of Jane and make note of that one most golden precept, to remain within the limits of my own observation? Suffice that I do not. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*. I rise from a diet of Italian vermicelli and cold Slav, or from long observation of those patient jewelers whom Thackeray unconsciously immortalized as Messrs. Howell and James of Bond Street, and I go out in search of a situation. Or rather, I combine shop-worn bits in that literary bargain-counter, my mind. And I picture to myself a man, a man of some forty years, pacing his bachelor chambers, looking out ever and anon into a dull, wintry, London street, and returning toward his bookcases by a desk littered with the pads, the proof-sheets, the marked volumes of the professional writer. He sits down and draws to him paper and the letter he has to answer, which, with the privilege of my class, I read over his shoulder. From a woman, of course, and a woman of dignity, though loving. 'Do not,' she writes, 'make the unavoidable harder for us both. We have both seen it clearly, planned for it. Father's need does not grow less, and we must still put away the thought of futures.'

And now, nothing being further from me than the male mind, or the male mind working under such circumstances, I have decided that a short

story can be constructed out of his answer. For would not the manufacture of that answer enable me to display Method, Subtlety, Technique? could not I, by taking much thought, create for posterity the picture of a very mean mind of literary ability trying to wound a woman's heart? Could not I, by showing the various stages of that letter, the evolutions of the brain contriving it, succeed in ingeniously building up, by implication, two human characters and their mutual past? By implication only, — no vulgar direct narrative.

Opportunity is here abundant for the management of that much-prized thing, to be spoken of only with respectful capitals, — Suggestive Detail. My hero, my subject rather, reaches a point in his composition where the chill fear strikes him that a dexterous turn of phrase, colored rich with reminiscence of some older artist, and yet his own, which flows from his pen, has been used by him recently. Accursed human trick of repetition! He searches his memory for evidence to convict or clear himself. Unfortunately the rough draft of that other letter was not kept as usual, and a temporary illness had prevented its harvesting into the note-book. But the matter is serious, since the two women are friends. Women, one knows, are not of stern stuff; the stricter masculine code of honor does not prevail among them. Letters have been shown, letters may yet be shown. — Thus would I suggest, subtly, as one perceives, and stiffening the too-fluid movement of my narrative by allusion and echo from older literature. And my final phrase, that was long ago decided upon. The letter dispatched, the door closing upon the silent servant, who goes out into the storm with the perfected work in his hand, the writer should fling himself with a sigh of satisfaction upon the fireside couch, and

take down a volume of Meredith with a sense of intellectual kinship.

What would Jane say? I think I hear an echo, — 'outside the limits of my own observation.' And yet, indignant, I demand, What would Jane write about in my place? Would Jane go out into the kitchen and gather the romantic material which flourishes there hot and hot while I do *rechauffés* in the study? The cook is thirty-five, short-tempered but sunshiny; she has been divorced, and her one child lies buried far away in a prairie state; her husband, after drunken threats and wearisome prayers for forgiveness, has at length gone his solitary road; the absurdly opportune 'lover of my childhood,' with no money saved in the past, no prospect of work in the future, and a very large black cigar in his mouth in the present, has appeared. And my cook, regardless of these many tenses, is trustfully featherstitching her middle-aged trousseau without heed to the angry contempt of all the old ladies in the neighborhood. It is a Mary Wilkins idyl of New England fidelity, an Esther Waters of Chicago.

And yet again, — What would Jane say? Are these my observations? Because my cook lives in my kitchen, is she therefore my raw material? Do not I see, alas! that in thinking of her I put her in her literary class, that I have an obsession of literature and no experiences? Who shall cleanse me from these masses of vicarious and superincumbent knowledge and give me to find myself?

Well may I guess that no word of reply would be Jane's. In whatever nook she sits sewing, she only smiles.

FROM CONCORD TO SYRIA

WHAT have I brought with me from the Paradise of the New World, you ask. What have I gained in the coun-

try of gold and iron, of freedom and trusts? How much have I accumulated in the land of plenty and profusion — how big a draft do I present at the Imperial Ottoman Bank? Ah, yes! These are pertinent questions, my neighbor. I went to America with a lean purse; I came back, alas! not purseful but purseless. Do not conclude from this, however, that I am poor. On the contrary, I deposit in many banks, including the Bank of Wisdom; and my credit is good in many kingdoms, including the Kingdom of the Soul. And of a truth, the more I draw on my accounts, no matter how big the sum, the bigger my balance becomes. This is, indeed, a miracle of the Soul — a paradox not defined or described in the illustrated catalogues of market-men.

His best companions, innocence and health:
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

I come back to my native country with no ulterior political or maleficent purpose. I am not here to undermine the tottering throne of his Eminence the Patriarch; nor to rival his Excellency the Pasha in his political jobbery and his *éclat*; nor to supersede any decorated *chic* Bey in office; nor to erect a filature near that of my rich neighbor; nor to apply for a franchise to establish a trolley-car system in the Lebanons. 'Blameless and harmless, the sons of God.' And I share with them at least the last attribute, Excellencies, and worthy Signiors. I return to my native mountains on a little — er — private business, — only, perhaps, to see the cyclamens of the season again. And I have brought with me from the Eldorado across the Atlantic a pair of walking shoes and three books published respectively in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The good Gray Poet, the Sage of Concord, and the Recluse of Walden are my only companions in this *grand congé*. Whitman and

Emerson and Thoreau are come to pay you a visit, my beloved Syria.

But who are these strangers? I am asked. Why do they come so late? What is their mission to Syria, that is to say, their design upon her? Ah, dear Mother, my companions are neither missionaries, nor travelers, nor philanthropists. They come not to shed tears with you — like the paid mourners of antiquity; they come not to gaze at your ruins and rob you of the remnants of your temples and your gods; they come not to pity your poverty and trim the sacred ragged edges of the garment of your glory. My companions knew and loved you long before you became the helpless victim of cormorant hierarchs and decorated obscurants and rogues. Not that they ever visited you in the flesh; but clothed in the supernal and eternal mystery of genius, they continue to live and journey in the world of the human spirit, even like your ancient cedars, even like your sacred legends.

With a little digression I shall endeavor to make my companions better known to you. The elecampane, that most peculiar of perennial herbs, is not a stranger to your roads and fields. Its odor is strong, acrid, penetrating; the slightest touch of it has an immediate and enduring effect. When you approach it, you must, willy-nilly, carry away with you some token of its love. And one of its idiosyncrasies is that it only blooms when the hills and fields are shorn of every other variety of flower. It is the message of spring to autumn — the *billet doux*, as it were, of May to September. It bursts with beautiful yellow flowers, to console the almost flowerless season. And when all the bushes and herbs of the Lebanon coppices and fields are glorying in their fragrance and beauty, the elecampane waves its mucilaginous and wilted branches in perfect self-satisfac-

tion. But when Nature withholds her favors from these wild daughters of spring, the flowering of the elecampane begins in good earnest. Ay, the life beautiful is not denied even this bold and ungainly plant, which is ubiquitous in these hills. On the waysides, in the fields, on the high ridges, in the pine forests, over terraces and under grapevines, it grows and glories in its abundance, and in its pungent generosity. Ah, how it fans and flatters the thistle; how it nestles round the lilies in the valley; how it spreads itself beneath the grapevines; how it waves its pennant of self-satisfaction on yonder height! Here, beneath an oak or a pine, it stands erect in its arrogance; there, it is bending over the humble crocus, or sheltering the delicate and graceful cyclamen.

Whitman is the elecampane in the field of poetry.

The furze, on the other hand, is the idol of your heaths and copses. This plant, of course, is not without its thorn. But its smooth and tender stem, its frail and fragrant yellow blossoms, — those soft, wee shells of amber, — the profusion and the symmetry of its bushes, the delicacy of its tone of mystery, all tend to emphasize its attractive and inviting charms. A furze-bush in full bloom is the crowning glory of your heaths and copses, thickly overgrown. In the *wadis* below one seldom meets with the furze; it only abounds on the hill-tops, among gray cliffs and crannied rocks and boulders, where even the ferns and poppies feel at home. And a little rest on one of these smooth, fern-spread rock-couches, under the cool and shady arbor of furze-bushes, in their delicate fragrance of mystery, is ineffable delight to a pilgrim soul. Here, indeed, is a happy image of Transcendentalism. Here is Emerson for me, — a furze-bush in full bloom.

Now let me go down the valley to introduce to you the third of my companions, the stern and unique Thoreau. You are no doubt acquainted with the terebinth and the nenuphar. They are very rare in your valleys and forests. The terebinth is mantled in a vague and mystic charm; its little heart-shaped pods, filled with gum and incense, bespeak an esoteric beauty. Not that Thoreau ever dealt in incense. What he had of it, he kept for his own beatific self.

Yes, the terebinth is a symbol of the moralist in Thoreau. And the nenuphar, with its delicate and cream-colored blossoms, — the choicest in your dells and dales, — is a symbol of the poet. The first represents for me the vigorous and ruthless thinker; the second, the singer, sweet and quaint. For does not the terebinth stand alone in a pine grove, or beneath some

mighty ridge, or over some high and terribly abrupt precipice? And so, too, the nenuphar. The terebinth, moreover, can bear fruits of poetry. Graft upon it a pistachio and it will give forth those delicious and æsthetic nuts, — those little emeralds in golden shells, — so rare outside of Asia.

These, then, are my companions, dear Mother. The terebinth and the nenuphar of your valleys — Thoreau. The flowering furze-bush on your hill-tops with a smooth and mighty boulder for its throne — Emerson. The acrid elecampane in your fields, on your waysides, in your vineyards — Whitman.

And if the symbol does not fit the subject, or the subject is not at ease in the symbol, the fault is not mine; for my American walking shoes are new, and my Oriental eyes are old. But those who slip on the way, believe me, often see deeper than those who do not.

THE AMERICAN WAGE-EARNER AGAIN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 14, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — In the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there was an article by W. Jett Lauck, headed 'A Real Myth.'

Mr. Lauck is well-informed about immigration matters and the various nationalities employed in the textile and other mills.

It is true that the native American wage-earner has largely disappeared from the textile and other mills, and that his place has been taken by foreigners of various nationalities. The

American has not been driven out, and is not non-existent. He is in demand, and employed on railroads and in many other occupations.

Mr. Lauck says: 'It is apparent that our wage-earners are not getting their proper share of tariff benefits, and that their compensation might be greatly increased without any serious injury to profits or to industry. The rates paid to workers in the iron and steel, paper and news-print, and the cotton, woolen, and worsted goods industries, for example, might be doubled, and still leave large profits to be divided by

the manufacturer and the wholesale and retail merchants.'

This statement is entirely erroneous as regards the textile industries. I know this perfectly well from my connection with various textile manufacturing mills. Doubling wages would not only destroy all profits, but would make a large annual deficit. The foreign wage-earners in these mills are certainly securing their share of protection from the tariff, and the wages received, low, perhaps, compared with some of the more arduous and skilled employments, suffice to draw thousands of them to this country from Europe, where the wages are very much less, while they are such here as enable them to send large amounts of money abroad annually. Their method of living in many cases is very objectionable, but it is not under the control of the corporations employing them, and is either such as they are used to abroad or is adopted as a means of saving money for remittance home.

It is not true that the recent mechanical inventions have rendered skilled operatives unnecessary. Neither is it true that the labor unions have been disrupted, or that they are not in a position to demand advance in wages.

The Tariff Board secured costs of goods made in American mills, as their books and accounts were freely shown, but they had much less opportunity for getting the actual wages paid in England, and still less on the continent of Europe. It was not very important that they should get the actual costs on foreign goods, because the determining cause of competitive importations is the *price* of the goods in foreign markets. The cost of American goods, as stated by the Tariff Board, was the cost at the mill, and did not take into account heavy charges for depreciation, taxes, interest, general expenses, and selling-costs. The high rate of duty

on worsted goods is largely caused by exorbitant duties on raw wool, a charge from which all manufacturing nations of Europe are free.

Mr. Lauck also says the tariff protects the manufacturer by imposing restrictions upon commodities, and thus enables him to *control* local markets and prices. This is certainly not a correct statement, and in all textile industries there is most intense competition.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

December 11, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — My comment upon Mr. Lyman's letter is as follows: —

1. Mr. Lyman states that the American wage-earner has been displaced in textile establishments but that he has gone into better occupations. There is no evidence to support this statement, and, although numerous attempts have been made to follow out these race-substitutions, none have been successful. The native American may have gone into more highly remunerative work, but all the data which I have been able to obtain indicate that Americans have not found more lucrative employment. My contention is, however, that, if immigration had been restricted, the original employees in textile establishments would have remained, and would have had their wages greatly increased without interfering with the profits of the mill-owner, provided, of course, the protective tariff remained in force.

2. Mr. Lyman's contention that textile workers in New England are now receiving their share of protection from the tariff is erroneous. By comparing the British Board of Trade Reports on Cost of Living in American Cities with the Tariff Board Reports on Wages, Mr. Lyman will find that

the English cotton-mill operatives' real wages exceed those of the cotton-mill operatives in New England. Any one who is acquainted with living conditions among the operatives in Lancashire, England, will, I think, freely admit that they are much better than those prevailing among the operatives in Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester. The English woolen and worsted workers in Yorkshire are relatively in a worse condition because of the lack of organization among these classes of operatives in England.

3. Mr. Lyman's claim that immigrant workers send money to their home countries is true. They are enabled to do this, however, not because of any benefits which they receive from the tariff, but because of their exceedingly low standards of living, which enable them to save.

4. It is true, in general, as Mr. Lyman states, that textile manufacturers are not responsible for the presence of the immigrant in New England, and his bad living conditions. It seems to me equally true, however, that it is sham and hypocrisy for the manufacturers, who know these conditions, to make an appeal for protective tariff legislation in the name of the American wage-earner, who appears in the ratio of about 1 to 10 among their employees.

5. Mr. Lyman's contention that recent immigration has not disrupted trade unions is erroneous. Until the past year, there were no active labor organizations in any of the mill centres in New England except Fall River, and there were only four weak unions there. Recently there has been activity in organizing in an attempt to offset the Industrial Workers of the World.

6. Of course, I did not mean to say that mechanical inventions had made skilled operatives 'absolutely unnecessary,' but, as compared with former years, 'unnecessary.' This proposition

seems to me to be self-evident. Mr. Lyman's acknowledgment of the class of operatives in New England is a demonstration of this fact.

7. Mr. Lyman states that wages and prices were not ascertained by the Tariff Board in England. It so happened that I represented the Tariff Board in England and, along with another agent of the Board, for several months collected prices and labor and other cost *in detail*. These costs and prices were published in the Board's report in a form arranged for comparison with American costs and prices. They constitute unanswerable proof that the New England textile operative is not receiving benefits to correspond with our present customs-duties.

8. Mr. Lyman objects strongly to my statement that wages could be 'doubled' in the textile industries without injuring profits. My contention was based on the assumption that the manufacturer secured the tariff bounty. In cotton-goods manufacturing, the jobber and converter probably secure the benefit from the tariff, and the mill profits would not permit a radical increase in wages. In woollens and worsteds, conditions are similar, but wages could more easily be raised, because a large combination controls the selling, as well as the manufacturing, of a considerable number of cloths. If any mill or mills control the domestic output for a given fabric, or should combine to do so, my contention would hold good. In any event, the benefits of the tariff are not being received by the operatives, and, if the object of the protective system is to help the wage-earner, and if this purpose was carried out, the wages of the operatives could still be greatly increased, and reasonable profits would remain to the manufacturer and the jobber.

Faithfully yours,

W. JETT LAUCK.